

25 Christmas Gifts from Hollywood! *Complete directions*

PHOTOPLAY

December 15c



Color Scoops:
June Allyson,
and
ome

P 2-52 2V R 132542 G
MRS C SLOBERG
TELELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Trim-up Girls of 1951

Are you in the know?



What does Hippy Hannah aim to be?

- ☐ A wallflower
- ☐ A bouncing beauty
- ☐ An eavesdropper

Tuning in on her neighbors? Nay, nay. Just bouncing her way to streamlined beauty. If you're hip-hefty, bump 'em off—10 minutes daily, against the wall. Stirrs up circulation; helps trim over-rounded curves. (Mind though—no 'tween-meal nibblings!) Improving your figure improves your poise. But keeping poised on problem days depends so much on *comfort*. Choose *Kotex*. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape!*



Will you see the New Year in with—

- ☐ Pink elephants
- ☐ Pink lemonade
- ☐ Rose-colored glasses

Whatever you're doing New Year's Eve—don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot *next* year. A rootin' tootin' celebration won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. You can make merry and still make sense. Taking *extra* care to spurn crash-happy drivers. At certain times, you'll want to guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the *extra* protection of Kotex and that special *safety center*.



Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- ☐ The tartan skirt
- ☐ The grey flannel dress
- ☐ The chinchilla coat

If you're in the Smooth Set, you already know—these three outfits are fashion "firsts." Does your best study-buddy own a tartan skirt? Knit her some Argyle sox, to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas! Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So . . . Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies*. (Different sizes, for different days.) By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll learn which is "definitely for you."



When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- ☐ Run for the farthest exit
- ☐ Mumble hi and g'bye
- ☐ Take time out

Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes . . . even at calendar time. With Kotex, there

are no telltale outlines, what with those *flat pressed ends* to prevent them. You're care-free. Moreover, your new Kotex Belt gives you added confidence, comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic . . . non-twisting . . . non-curling. Washable; dries in a wink!



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



How to learn your social P's and Q's?

- ☐ The hard way
- ☐ Via charm school
- ☐ Get "In The Know"

Want quick answers to dating dilemmas? Hints on etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for the new, fascinating booklet "Are You In The Know?"—it's *free!* It's a collection of the most important poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know" magazine advertisements (*without "commercials"*)—reprinted in booklet form by special request. Get your free copy! Mail the coupon!



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Her Charm Has Quit Working

Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night . . . now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to . . . and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl . . . even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next . . . without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, rinse the mouth regularly with it night and morning as well.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis

BEFORE ANY DATE...**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**...IT'S BREATH TAKING!



READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with **COLGATE** **DENTAL CREAM** **STOPS TOOTH** **DECAY BEST**

**Better Than Any Other Way of
Preventing Tooth Decay According
to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
Ammoniated or Not
Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!





***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

CONTENTS

DECEMBER, 1950

HIGHLIGHTS

Toast to the Future.....	Fred R. Sammis	31
Where Will They Go from Here?.....	Maxine Arnold	32
On This Enchanted Eve.....	Ruth Waterbury	34
I Was There (June Allyson, Dick Powell).....	John Engstead	36
That Mad Man Marlon (Marlon Brando).....	Elsa Maxwell	40
25 Christmas Gifts You Can Make.....		42
Photoplay Sneak Previews "A Place in the Sun".....		46
How a Star Is Born.....	Fredda Dudley	50
Lost—Their Blue Heaven (Dan Dailey).....	Louella O. Parsons	52
Merrily They Roll Along.....	Kay Mulvey	54
... and All Through the House (Broderick Crawford)....	Lyle Wheeler	56
Glad Hands (Ann Miller).....	Vicky Riley	58
Pin-up Girls of 1951.....	Phyllis McGinley	60
Pardon Their Conceits!.....	Sheilah Graham	62
Photoplay Fashions.....		64
Winter Gaieties.....	Edith Gwynn	70
Your Photoplay Photo-Plays.....		72
(A Bill Holden Adventure Told in Comics)		

FEATURES IN COLOR

Sally Forrest.....	33	Virginia Mayo.....	60
Peggy Dow.....	33	Debra Paget.....	60
Mercedes McCambridge.....	33	Shelley Winters.....	60
Howard Keel.....	33	Ava Gardner.....	61
Tony Curtis.....	33	Vera-Ellen.....	61
Craig Hill.....	33	Lana Turner.....	61
June Allyson, Dick and Pamela Powell.....	36	Rita Hayworth.....	61
Marlon Brando.....	40	Betty Grable.....	61
Broderick, Kay and Kim Crawford.....	57	Jane Russell.....	61
		Ann Sheridan.....	61
		Nancy Olson.....	64

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews.....	28	Readers Inc.....	4
Casts of Current Pictures.....	29	Shadow Stage.....	22
Inside Stuff—Cal York.....	8	What Should I Do?.....	6
Laughing Stock.....	17	Shining Northern Light.....	16

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VOL. 38, NO. 6

You've
got
A
DATE
WITH
JANIE
!

IT'S YOUR
SINGING
DANCING
DARLING IN
HER FIRST
BIG LOVE
AFFAIR!

10 SONG HITS

including:

"My Hero"
"By The Light of
The Silvery Moon"
"Oceana Roll"
"A Heart
That's Free"
"Aba Daba
Honeymoon"

"Row, Row,
Row"

Sung by
the stars in
the M-G-M
Records Album!



M-G-M presents
JANE POWELL • RICARDO MONTALBAN

Two Weeks
With Love

...and kisses...and songs...and color by

TECHNICOLOR



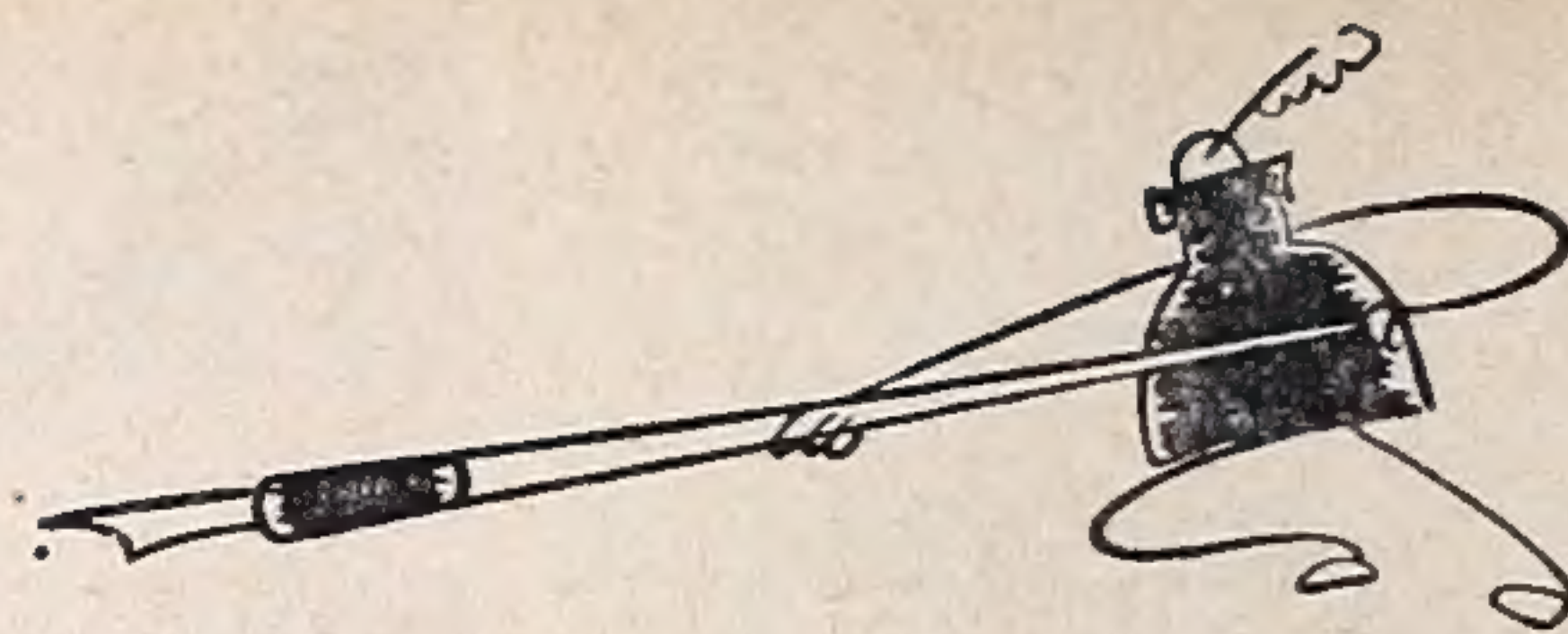
co-starring

LOUIS CALHERN • ANN HARDING •

Screen Play by JOHN LARKIN and DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Story by JOHN LARKIN
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

READERS INC.



Cheers and Jeers:

The only word for Bill Holden's performance in "Sunset Boulevard" is magnificent. The whole cast was excellent but Holden stole the show.

MAUREEN PURCELL
Freeport, N. Y.

I just came from seeing "Wagonmaster" and I thought it was horrible, boring, no excitement. I thought when the Indians came, something exciting would happen.

GEORGE DETTMAN
Cleveland, O.

A handshake to Mr. Harry Turner for his nice letter about Ingrid Bergman (October). When this great actress was in "Joan of Lorraine" on Broadway, I was one of many fans who used to wait by the stage door. Never will I forget the party she threw for us after her last performance.

Miss Bergman will always be remembered as a great artist and wonderful person by her many true fans.

JANET BRUDERS
Irvington, N. J.

I think it's unfair for people to criticize Liz Taylor for not acting her age and yet congratulate Miss Swanson for not acting her age. After all, she has passed the half-century mark.

H. OHARA
Honolulu, T. H.

Why is it that Hollywood gives such so-called breaks to new young stars such as Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis? "Winchester .73" certainly didn't help either of their careers. I think they are two of the greatest new stars and deserve much better parts.

N. G.
Long Beach, Cal.

I have just seen "Tea for Two" and thought it was very good. But for a picture that was supposed to center around the year 1929 it certainly had the 1950 look. All the dresses, bathing suits and latest hair styles were seen in the picture. The only thing that looked 1929-ish were the automobiles.

ELLEN HARTNETT
Philadelphia, Pa.

As a native Nova Scotian, I strongly resented the rude remarks directed at our province by Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride." The picture was simply wonderful until Miss Taylor became so chagrined over the very thought of spending her honeymoon in Nova Scotia!

Of course, Miss Taylor didn't write the script but the writer should tour our wonderful province thoroughly before referring to it as a place of "fishing shacks." It certainly looked as though they picked the most desolate and obnoxious place on earth to spend a honeymoon and came up with Nova Scotia as Number One choice!

JOAN E. KEHOE
Sydney, N. S.

Casting:

"Annie Get Your Gun" was a good picture, but the real *Annie* should have been June Allyson. Why not give June a post opposite Howard Keel?

SHIRLEY O'HARA
Tecoma, Nev.

Some time ago I was looking through an old book, dated 1944, and read an article on Farley Granger. In this he said he would like to play the part of *Heathcliffe* in "Wuthering Heights" with Anne Baxter as *Cathy*. Of course, he is a little older now and whether he would want to play the part or not, I think he should be given a try.

JO-ANN
Buffalo, N. Y.

Food for Thought:

I have a complaint! Food! Food and Hollywood's misuse of it.

Why do we have so many films where the camera lingers lovingly on a delicious dish (and I don't mean Tony Curtis!). Banquet scenes like in "Three Husbands" only make our British austerity more austere. Not that we are starving, but our idea of a meal and Hollywood's are miles apart.

To add insult to injury, I have yet to see a star enjoy a meal on the pictures. They pick, they fiddle, they emote; they might even nibble, but eat—no! No wonder I turn in despair to the Continental films where the next meal is usually the problem of the picture and bread and cheese is manna indeed!

ISABELL DAVIDSON
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England

Question Box:

Could you please give me some information on that cute new actress Debbie Reynolds. I enjoyed her acting in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Where can I write her a fan letter?

MARIA LOPEZ
Vallejo, Cal.

(Debbie was born Mary Frances Reynolds in El Paso, Tex., April 1, 1932. She is 5' 1 1/4", 100 lbs., has light brown hair, green eyes. Next in "Two Weeks—With Love," "Mr. Imperium." Write her c/o M-G-M, Culver City, Cal.)



Please send me a picture of June Allyson.
DAPHNE DAVIS
Miami, Fla.

Photoplay cannot send pictures. Write to your favorite stars at the studio for which they made their last movie. June is with M-G-M. Enclose 25¢ for each photograph you wish. Here is a list of the studio addresses:

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St.,
Hollywood

Eagle-Lion, 7324 Santa Monica Blvd.,
Hollywood

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.,
Los Angeles

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive,
Hollywood

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St.,
Hollywood

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles

RKO Pathe, 9336 Washington Blvd., Culver City

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave.,
N. Hollywood

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills

United Artists Corp., 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles

Universal International, Universal City

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave.,
Burbank

Could you please tell me if Tony Martin has the male lead in "Two Tickets to Broadway"?

KHARIS KOMIANOS
Catonsville, Md.

(Yes, opposite Janet Leigh.)

"Three Little Words" was simply wonderful. I would like to know if the songs from Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl and Gloria De Haven were really sung by them.

MARGIE FRITSCH
Louisville 4, Ky.

(Yes, each sang her own songs.)

My mother is positive that Richard Conte used to be a radio announcer. I can't see it, myself, so would you please settle it once and for all?

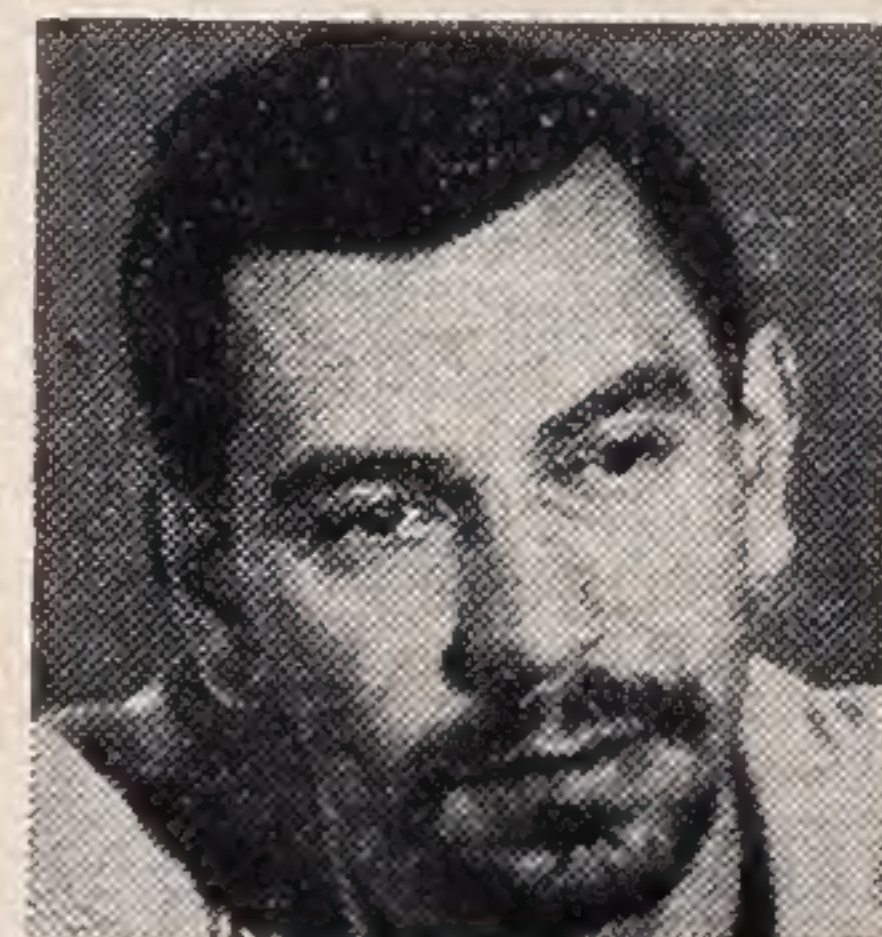
ELLEN UTTERBACK
Martinez, Cal.

(Richard Conte has never been an announcer, but John Conte was.)

Could you please tell me something about Jack Webb who played in "The Men"? Is he the same actor who plays Joe Friday on the NBC program "Dragnet"?

JOE MCCLANAHAN
Merriam, Kans.

(Yes, he's the same actor. He was born April 2, 1920, in Santa Monica, Cal., is 6 feet, weighs 165 lbs., has black hair and dark brown eyes. He married Julie London in July, 1947, and they have a baby daughter. His latest, Paramount's "Dark City.")



Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received



...when
the
mug
of a
mud-
spattered
G.I.
was the
prettiest
sight in
the world!



To
Johnny
she
wasn't
just
another
'over-
there'
girl...
she was,
the real,
real thing!

BREAKTHROUGH

WARNER BROS.' MADE-FOR-YOUR-HEART STORY OF
THE BATTLIN' BOZOS OF COMPANY 'B'-FOR-BRUISER!

STARRING
DAVID BRIAN · JOHN AGAR

FRANK LOVEJOY 
BRYAN FOY

DIRECTED BY **LEWIS SEILER** Screen Play by **BERNARD GIRARD** and **TED SHERDEMAN** From a Story by **Joseph I. Breen, Jr.** PRODUCED BY

what

should

I do?

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am nearly nineteen and I have been going with a chap of twenty-three for nearly two years. We have been planning a June wedding, but I am hanging back because of certain doubts.

His family does not approve of me. You see, my mother and father parted when I was six, and my mother has lost her reputation since then. My boy friend's family say, "As the mother, so goes the daughter." Of course this is silly, because I am very different from my mother, although I love her very much.

This boy has been brought up to respect his parents, which is good, but I get the worst of it as he doesn't want to fight with them about me, so he argues with me about what I should do.

Here is our latest argument: I was invited to a shower for a girl friend, and so were his two sisters. At the party, one of the sisters was placed at the bridge table where I was, but asked to be moved so she wouldn't have to sit with me.

I was embarrassed and told my boy friend about it. He said his sisters were stuck-up and I knew it; I should have asked first if they had been invited to the party, and when I learned they were going to be there, I shouldn't have gone.

This boy takes me everywhere, remembers birthdays and holidays, and swears he loves me, but I just don't know whether I could be happy, being in the same family with his folks. What do you think?

Grace M.

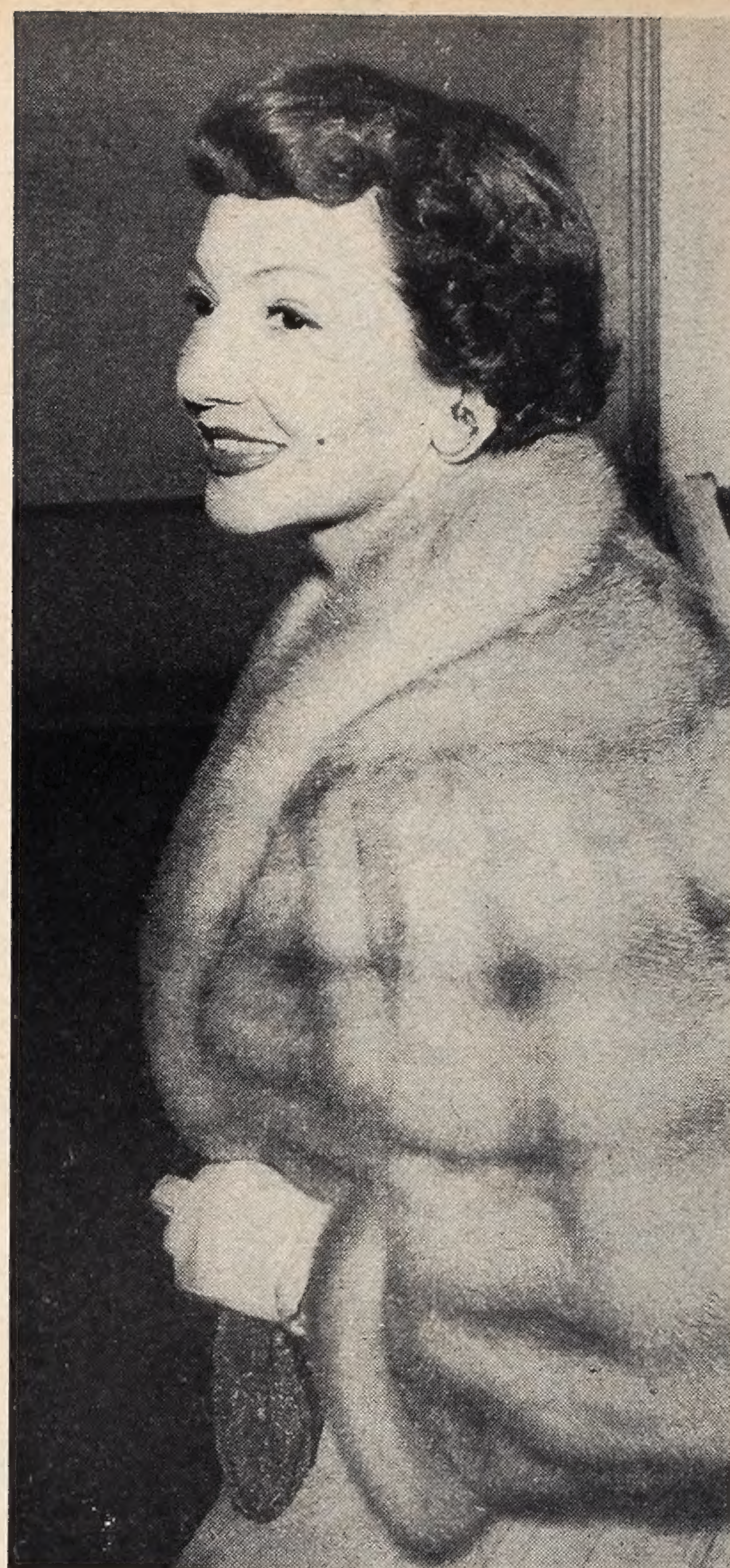
If this boy won't take your part before you are married, you may rest assured that he won't champion you after marriage.

To be frank, I must admit that this family does not give the impression—from your viewpoint, at least—of being one to which the average bride would like to belong. The sister's rudeness indicates a shocking lack of social home training.

Sometimes a marriage succeeds in the face of total family disapproval, but such success is usually based on two situations: The fact that the newlyweds live at a considerable distance from the trouble-making family, and the presence of an exceptionally deep and loyal love between the marriage partners.

As neither situation would appear to exist in this case, perhaps you should suggest a test period between you during which both of you date other people.

Claudette Colbert



Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married for nearly three years and have been quite happy. However, we have one trouble that seems to get larger every week.

My husband comes from a family of card players. Card games bore me; I hold all the bad cards in the deck and it's no fun to sit for hours at a time, getting nothing biddable and having the rest of the family criticize me.

After one of the family card sessions, my husband coaches and criticizes me all the way home. Naturally I try to defend myself against statements that I am stupid, I'm a spoilsport, and I make deliberate mistakes. Sometimes I feel as if it would be nice to walk out on one of those games and never come back.

Aside from these arguments, my husband and I get along very well. How can I adjust this situation.

Janet McB.

It seems to me that when two people marry, they must begin their partnership with the understanding that each, although accepting new responsibilities and embracing new loyalties, remains an individual with individual tastes and the right to those individual tastes.

If, in your particular marriage, you should happen to love cucumbers and your husband should happen to loathe them, you would not expect him to share a daily cucumber salad with you. Bridge is exactly like cucumbers. Point this out good-naturedly to your husband when you are happy together and there's no friction between you and see if he won't agree.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-eight and deeply in love with a widower whom I am planning to marry St. Valentine's Day. We have known each other three years so we feel our tastes and interests are similar enough to guarantee a happy marriage.

My fiancé's first wife passed away five years ago. At that time he closed their home, stored their (Continued on page 18)

Yes sir!
Wednesday was **WILD!**
Wednesday was **RUGGED!**

THE WILDEST WACKIEST
MOST HILARIOUS AND
COMPLETELY BOLLIXED-
UP DAY YOU EVER
HEARD OF!

Written and directed by THE ONE AND ONLY
PRESTON STURGES
Who gave you "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"
"THE GREAT MCGINTY" and other smash hits!

Diddlebock woke up on
Thursday and found that
he owned a **CIRCUS**,
a **HANSOM CAB**,
a **GIRL** and a
HANGOVER....

STARRING
HAROLD LLOYD

WITH JIMMY CONLIN • RAYMOND
WALBURN • ARLINE JUDGE • EDGAR
KENNEDY • FRANKLIN PANGBORN
LIONEL STANDER • MARGARET HAMILTON
AND INTRODUCING FRANCES RAMSDEN

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INSIDE STUFF

cal york's gossip
of hollywood

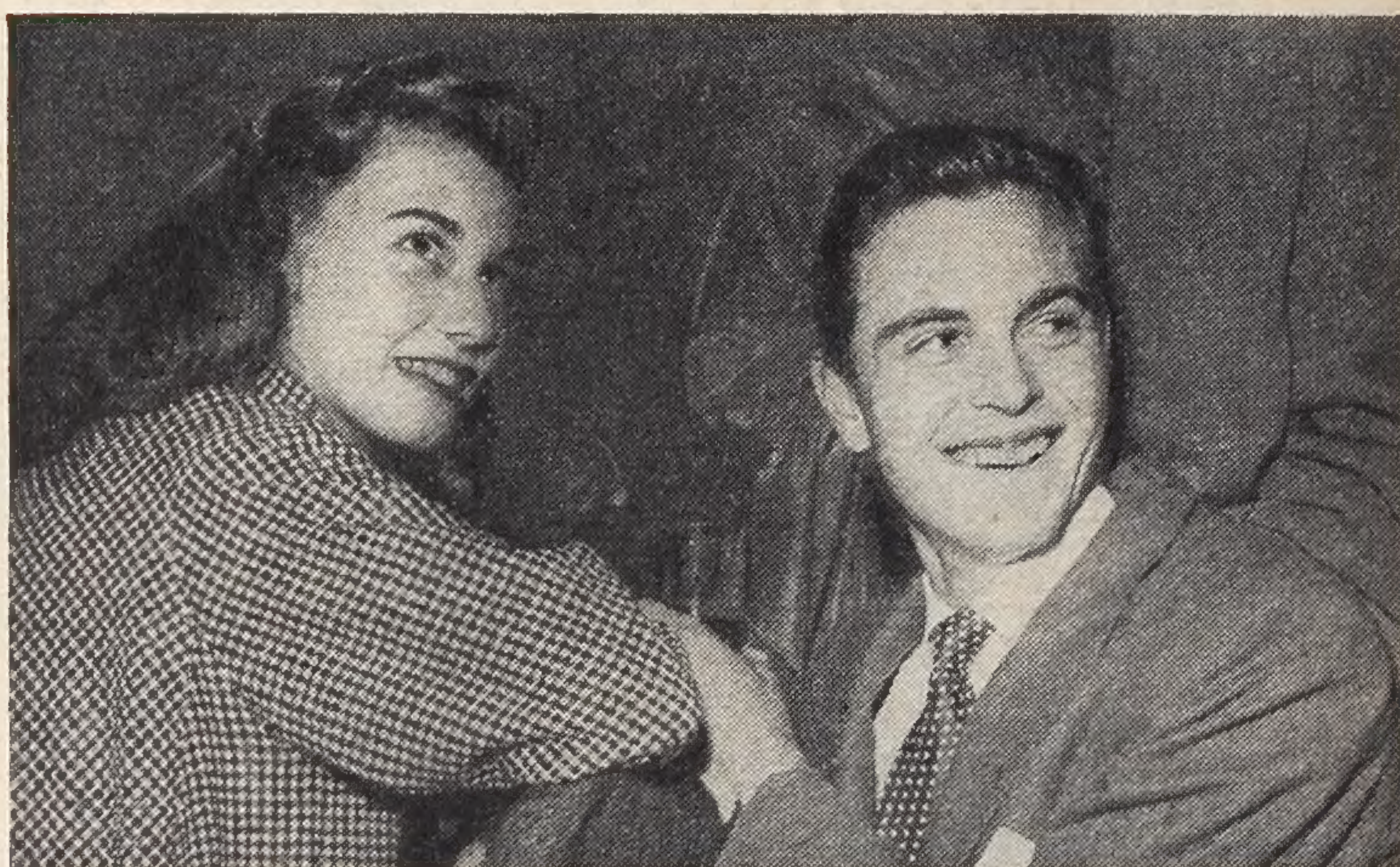
Photoplay gives a party for
"Choose Your Star" winners



Top winners: Sally Forrest talks it over with Howard Keel at Photoplay's gay "Choose Your Star" party at Ciro's



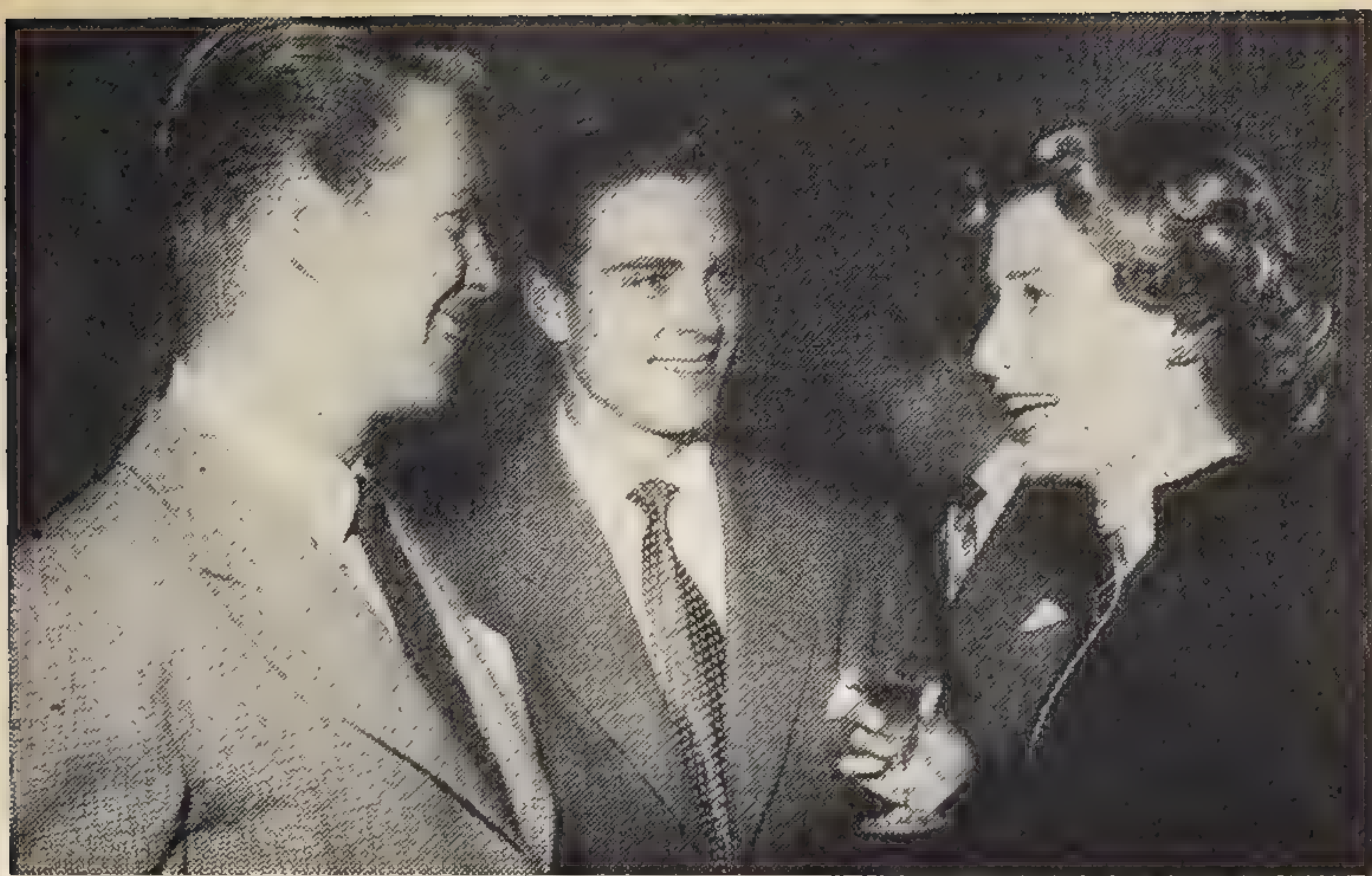
Double delight: His aching back temporarily forgotten, Keefe Brasselle swaps congratulations with Tony Curtis



No more backward glances for Peggy Dow and Craig Hill. They have too much to look forward to from now on



Marlon Brando came out of character—all dressed up; proving to Nancy Davis and Sally it was a real occasion



Terrific tapper Gene Nelson and his pretty wife Miriam confide in Craig: "We still can't believe it's happened"



Wife Jane is amused at man behind the beard—David Wayne, who's given up shaving for role in "Up Front"



About to take off for Honolulu, Jeff Chandler, with Photoplay's Ruth Waterbury, took time out for a good deed



"I'm an idealist," says Bob Patten, who—like Sally—knows how to keep his eyes fixed on career goal ahead



Piper Laurie left escort Tony Curtis long enough to greet Hugh O'Brian. Not a winner, Hugh came with friends



Mercedes McCambridge, with husband Fletcher Markle, again proves three's her lucky number. She came in third

Tender Troupers: Cal was so excited greeting Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" winners (see page 31), he almost overlooked a heartwarming incident at their Ciro party. When Jeff Chandler arrived, a group of fans asked him to pose. Actually, Jeff had to fly back to his Honolulu location in thirty minutes, but he took time to be kind and courteous. All but one tiny girl got a picture. When her bulb failed to flash, the others teased her. Nervously she snapped another picture and again the bulb didn't go off. "Aw, why don't you scram," someone yelled at her. "Leave her alone," Jeff said quickly. Then turned to the little girl encouragingly. "Take your time, honey, I'll stand here all night if you want me to." Now you know another reason why Cal admires him.

Growing Pains: Maybe we should label this: "Personal to Tony Curtis." Cal was pleased (because we're fond of Tony) to hear him being discussed by a group of great stars. Most of them had never seen him act, but were impressed with his genuine enthusiasm at various parties. "We've all been through it," said one famous femme, "screwball publicity, night club romances, fan hysteria. Tony seems so unspoiled, I hope he'll never allow it to impress him." Cause for the current talk was the column items on Tony sharing an apartment with Marlon Brando, his premature stardom, his crush (at this writing) on Janet Leigh. Cal is sure that Tony's devotion to his family alone is a guarantee for keeping a level head on his broad shoulders.

INSIDE STUFF

... another Hollywood party



"I look like a butterball, but I don't care," June Allyson told Sheilah Graham at Sheilah's party for Photoplay's Fred Sammis. Both June and Dick Powell radiated happiness over their expected baby

Beautiful Beaver: Cal was on his way to break bread with Bill Holden when June Allyson, looking cool and crisp as iced lettuce, hailed us. "I'm doing my Christmas shopping so I won't have to worry when I'm in the hospital."

She showed us her list and, so help us, every name was checked but Dick Powell's and little Pamela's. "I think I'll get little Pam a doll-baby," June went on wistfully. "When I come home I want her to feel that she has a new baby too. You know, sometimes children feel very left out of things when there's a new baby in the family."

Standing there, she looked young enough to be playing with dolls herself. "Now, if I only knew what to get for Richard," June sighed.

For Your Information: You haven't seen home layouts and family pictures on the Howard

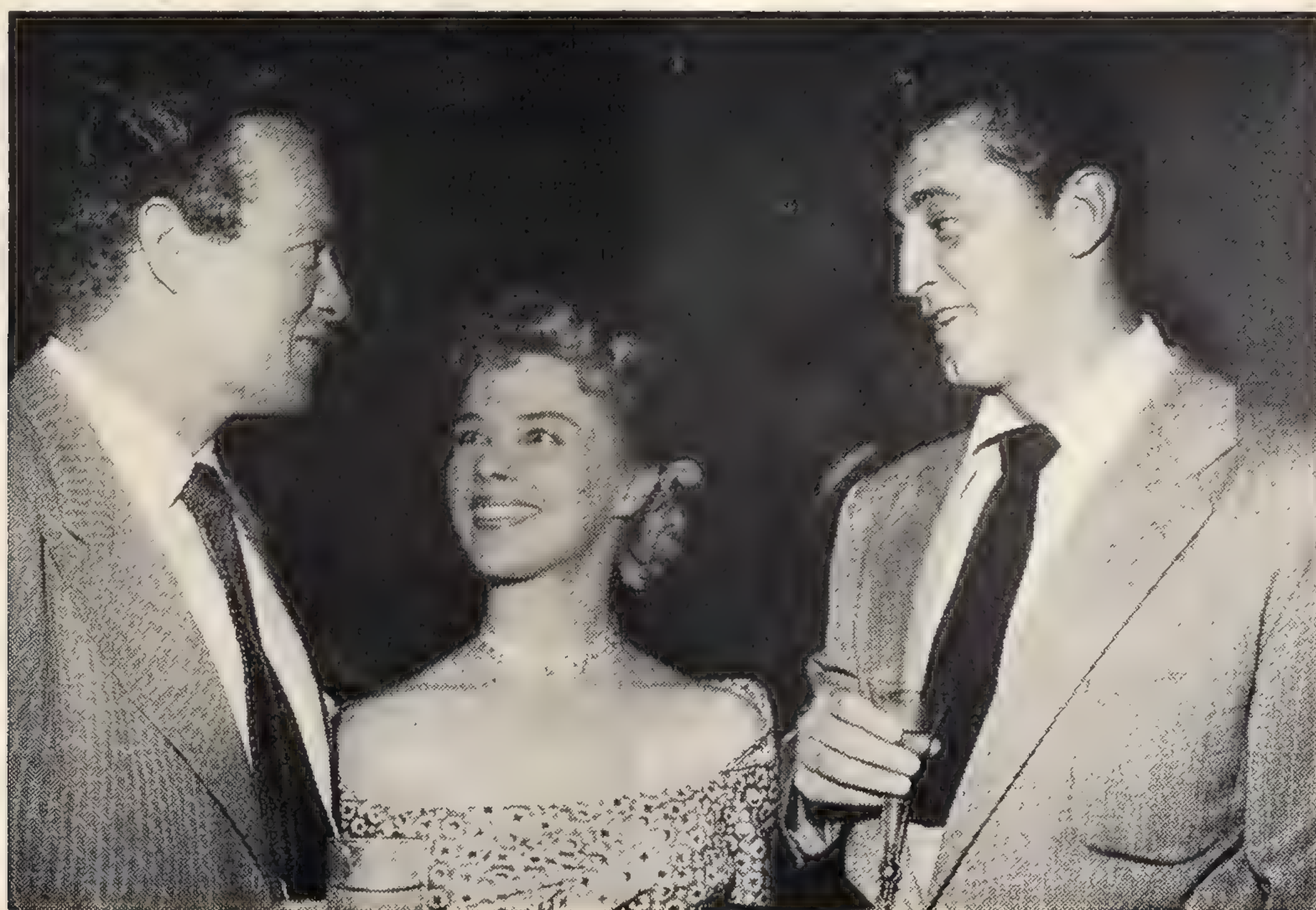
Keels because he has a contract clause prohibiting them. The sensational singer sincerely believes an artistic career and a domestic life are things apart and he's determined to keep them that way . . . It happened at Warner's and they still can't believe it. Vivien Leigh, who's making "A Streetcar Named Desire," raised holy heck because the studio retoucher made her stills look too beautiful and, consequently, out of character . . . Town tattlers insist history is repeating itself with Greg Bautzer, who supposedly has switched his romantic attentions to Jane Wyman because Ginger Rogers (her golf-playing pal) was beginning to get too serious . . . The Jimmy Stewarts cabling from England where he's making a picture: Sorry we have to deny it but the stork evidently got lost in London's fog because we haven't seen him.



Guest of honor Fred Sammis, Dorothy Lamour and Esther Williams talked about sarongs, swim-suits and babies



Frank Scully fascinated Hollywood editor Lyle Rooks, Shirley Temple with his knowledge of flying saucers



Van Heflin—with Sally Forrest and Bob Mitchum, now ten pounds thinner —was excited about his New York trip and his first fling in television



Champagne for Calvet: John Bromfield did the honors for wife Corinne, friends Diana Lynn, John Lindsay



Stag-line, stag talk: Bill Howard, John Farrow, Alan Ladd held post-mortem on weekend golf tournament



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keeps you
kissable

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LONGFELLA
IN STREAMLINED
GOLD FINISH
CASE



now with
FASTENOL
.....
for long-lasting
color brilliance

Flame-Glo Longfella keeps you kissable for *hours* longer, with no fear of smudges, smears or blurry edges. What's more, it's *longer, stronger* and *better balanced* than any lipstick you've ever used! In a dozen flattering, seductive fashion shades, only 39¢. Also in regular 49¢, 25¢ & 10¢ sizes, with matching rouge 25¢.

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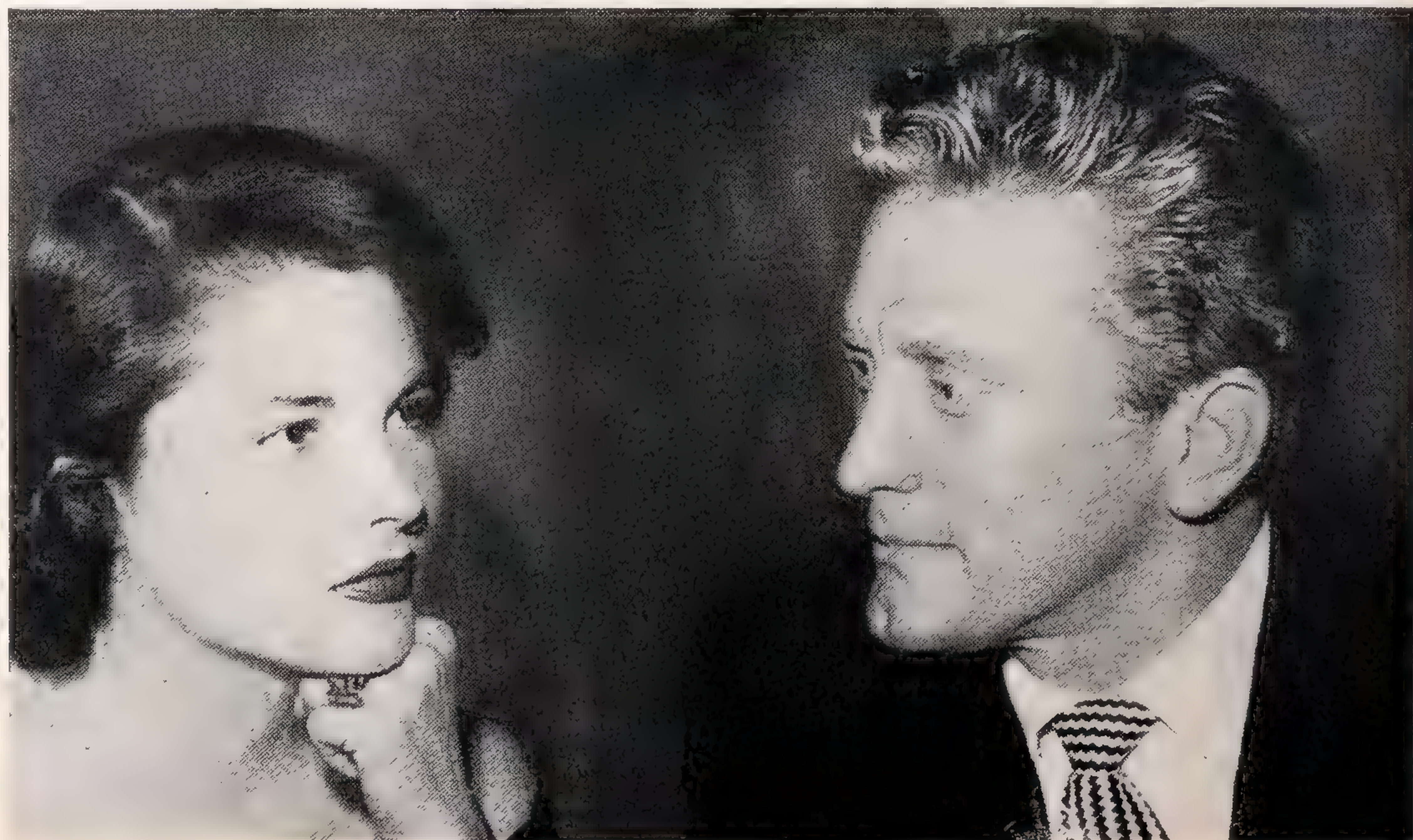


At 25th Anniversary fashion show given by Fred Cole, center, Esther Williams, Ann Sheridan, Arlene Dahl, June Haver, Mona Freeman take feminine view of 1951 suits

Facts and Fancies: Keefe Brasselle planning a \$175,000 damage suit, as the result of injuries assertedly suffered in that motor boat accident . . . Shirley Temple reporting daily for volunteer work (remember when Cal predicted this?) with the child patients in the Orthopedic Hospital . . . Alan Ladd, whose heart is as big as his chest, donating his Hidden Valley ranch for a "Hayseed Holiday," proceeds going to the Kate Crutcher Helpers of the Children's Hospital . . . Sharman Douglas arriving in Hollywood "to visit friends," getting together with Peter Lawford via the separate-group routine and boring reporters.

If: It turns out that there's a serious romance between Dan Dailey and Myrna Dell, Hollywood wouldn't be too surprised. They're old friends and now that Dan's separated, he could have a change of heart . . . Ava Gardner sells her Nichols Canyon home and takes up permanent New York residence (except when she's making movies) she might find the happiness she's seeking . . . Her studio doesn't come up with a story worthy of Lana Turner's talents, that rumored retirement could easily become an "extended" leave of absence . . . Joan Fontaine continues to remain "in char-
(Continued on page 14)

Eyes right for Kirk Douglas, on dinner date with best girl, Irene Wrightsman



MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this
Booklet
FREE!



Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful *free* booklet, "Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security," and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that *your* child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel *mentally secure* in his home life . . . that you and your husband help give him *emotional stability*.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" brand disinfectant have prepared this

booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby's emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don't Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don't Baby Your Baby Too Long

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.—Mrs. J. K. White writes, "Our boy was a 'crybaby' until I read this book. Now I know where I made mistakes . . . and how to correct them."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Hayden Ross-Clunis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on *us*, and we're better parents for reading it."

For Extra, Continuing
Protection . . .

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Please send me *free* 24-page booklet: "Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY."

Name _____

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Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than
a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream*
shampoo with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1.
Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

- 1 Leaves hair silken soft**, instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean**, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

INSIDE STUFF



Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin Dunne at a gay camera party given by Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 12)
acter" at Hollywood parties when she isn't before the camera, her critics (who haven't exactly been neglectful) would spare her . . . Bette Davis has her way and she'll unload all her property so that she and Gary Merrill can live in New England and commute when Hollywood wants their selective services.

Sights You See: Packed like sardines and parked in front of her house, a group of Irene Dunne's fans playing "Good night Irene" on a beat-up portable. Shelley Winters and Sidney Chaplin dancing into that "old movie" theater on Fairfax Avenue to see "North Star," the picture that discovered a new young actor named Farley Granger . . . Jane Wymen enrolling little Michael Reagan into the same coast school where big sister Marlene has been so happy . . . Cesar Romero going right from the station to his favorite barber at Jerry Rothchild's after a six-months sojourn in London.

First Year: Not for a single second does Cal believe there's anything serious wrong between Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. However, news is new and when it stems from public exhibitionism, there isn't much choice but to print it. Recently, at the huge Priceman Stark (she's Fanny Brice's daughter) party, Elizabeth, on the verge of tears, begged friends to bring back her husband, who had sullenly wandered away from their table. Finally, his father who was there with Ann Miller, persuaded his son to leave quietly. Nicky was obviously out of order. Whatever the reason, all sympathy went to his brother for being placed in such an embarrassing position. Some say he's trying to prove he isn't impressed being married to the famous beauty. Others believe



Seriously speaking: "Cuddles" Sakall and Jarmila Novotna of "The Great Caruso"

resents their goldfish bowl existence and, in all fairness, it must be very trying. Everyone in Hollywood is extremely hopeful that those inevitable first year adjustments will soon smooth out the rough spots.

It's True That: The Indians at Elko, Nevada, where Bing Crosby has his ranch, bestowed the honorable title, "Sond-Hoo-Vi-A-Gund," which translated means, "Man of many songs." Cal says: Fan mail thus addressed will positively *not* reach the groaner . . . The Fashion Award for being the "Best-Dressed Woman of the Year" is but the beginning of many for Gloria Swanson. Not a single Hollywood soul doubts that she'll get the Academy Award for "Sunset Boulevard" and the ironical part is—she hasn't had a movie job since she made the picture . . . Bob Hope has kept in constant touch with Judy Garland since her near-tragic attempt at suicide and prescribed the best possible medicine by keeping her overdosed with laughter . . . Macdonald Carey notified the stork of a pending suit for damages if a son isn't delivered on that third stop at the Carey household next March.

Social Success: Cal would literally crawl to get to any party given by the Jack Bennys. Their current clambake honored Claudette Colbert (completely recovered from that back injury), Mrs. Johnny Green and Mrs. Charles Vidor, who were all having birthdays. Jane Wyman, wearing the shortest bob in town, remained close to the side of her escort, Greg Bautzer. There were wonderful songs by Danny Kaye. It was a "coming out" party for Ann Sothorn, who's been ill for nearly a year. And a coming out party for Richard Egan, who made a first and fine impression on Ann's devoted friends. When they carried in the cakes, the popular host made one of his inimitable speeches. "I'd like to toast the birthday girls," beamed "Blue-eyes." "They look so beautiful tonight. It's won-

(Continued on page 20)

Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



I dreamed I had a screen test in my *maidenform bra

"Lights! Camera! Action! I never felt so like a star...and all because my Maidenform* bra plays my best supporting role! See why Maidenform and I make such a rave-notice picture? See why Maidenform is your dream bra come true!"

Shown: New 3-way Maidenette-Declatay.* Wear it with straps, without straps, with straps tied halter-fashion—and always decollete. White nylon sheer and marquisette, 3.00

Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N.Y. 16. There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure



shining northern light

WHEN Viveca Lindfors, who is thirty and looks twenty, arrived in this country from Sweden four years ago, newspaper men—a normally gallant and considerate tribe—were somewhat reticent. They had welcomed other foreign stars—and been snubbed for their pains. But they sensed at once that this girl was different. She smiled as she talked, using her hands, her really lovely eyes, her mobile, expressive lips. Here, they said, was a warmhearted, intelligent girl. So they took Miss Lindfors to their hearts.

Viveca's chief obsession—other than becoming a top-drawer actress—was to learn everything that is American. In Hollywood she found that almost everyone appeared to be driving cars. "So!" she said, "I also will drive an automobile." She promptly took a driving test—and failed.

It was a blow. Walking homeward along Sunset Boulevard, she burst into tears. No one paid the slightest attention. This astonished her. "What a country," she thought, "you can cry your eyes out and it's your own business."

Using a standard United States history as a textbook, she has crammed her mind with more important information regarding this country than can be claimed by most university graduates.

Delighted with the comparative freedom of life in the San Fernando Valley, Viveca owns a house and three acres of land near Tarzana. She calls it El Rancho Svenska and manages it herself. This habit of handling her own affairs extends into all her business arrangements, and at Columbia, where she is under contract, they will tell you that she does very well at it.

The San Fernando Valley, she says, gives her escape from the turmoil and nerve strain of studio life. There she has her own garden, gathers eggs from a thriving hen-roost, and raises her two small children, John, seven, and Lena, six. Or perhaps they are raising her; she isn't sure which.

Viveca was originally brought to America by Warners for whom she made "Night Unto Night," "Adventures of Don Juan" and "To the Victor" and she justified the promise she showed in Sweden, where she had appeared in six plays and fifteen movies. She abhors insincerity. Utterly unable to pretend enthusiasm for individuals for whom she has little real admiration, her moral integrity has often been embarrassing. "You can hide what you do but not what you think," she says.

If telling the truth shames the devil, Viveca is on the side of the angels.



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel," the Hollywood you've never seen, on your local television station.

John Lund's aside to a drooling brunette at a Hollywood party:

"Tell me all about yourself. It shouldn't take but a minute."

Sign on San Fernando Valley dairy: "Our Cows Aren't Contented—They're Anxious to Do Better."

Milton Berle visited the Hillcrest Country Club in Hollywood and everyone commented on how wonderful he looked. "Yeah," agreed Groucho Marx, "But I wonder where he stole that tan."

Someone asked Danny Kaye how he liked his eleven and a half hour flight to Honolulu. "It was fine," said Danny, "except for the last eleven and a half hours."

Sign outside a Los Angeles movie theater: "View Motion Pictures On Our Giant 500-inch-square Screen."

George Jessel: "Good speeches, like good socks, depend upon the yarns that are used."

There's a bird shop in North Hollywood with a sign out front reading: "Home, Tweet, Home."

A movie doll with a dress cut down to here, walked into the Mocambo and a Hollywoodsman cracked: "Get her—she thinks she's real."

A small Indian boy was hired to play a bit role in "Warpath." About 5 p.m. he started tugging at his mother's skirts and wailed: "Let's go home, Ma. I'm tired of playing Indian."

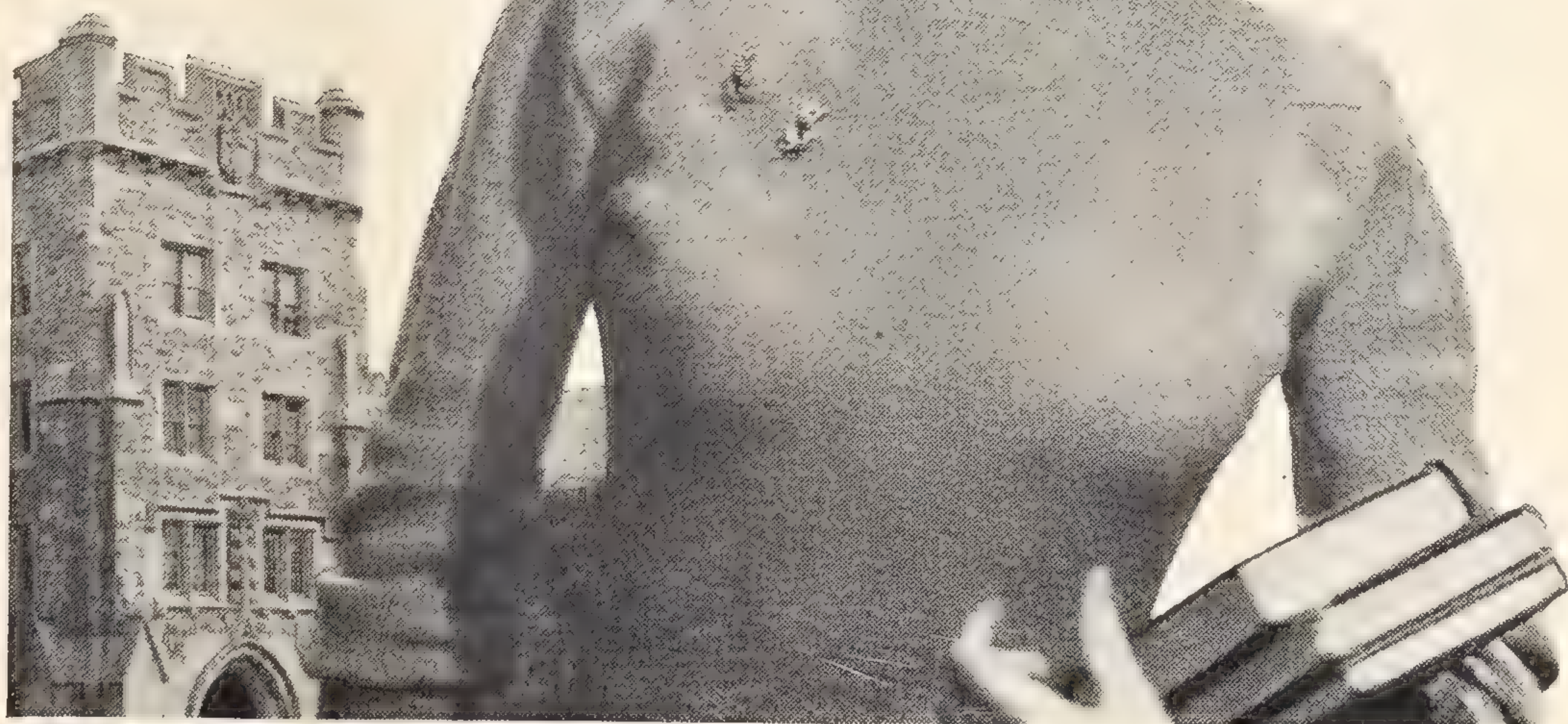
Doris Day went to an ice cream parlor with her eight-year-old son, Terry, and while they enjoyed a soda a group of teenagers put a nickel in a juke box for "Tea for Two," sung by Doris Day. Doris started to sing along with the record when one of the teenage boys, who didn't recognize her, leaned over from the next booth and said:

"Quiet, lady, we paid for that record and we want to hear it."

Since television is 50 percent cowboy movies and 50 per cent wrestling, a sure-fire program would be: "Destry Writhes Again."

Marlon Brando is the new principal of a story once told about Moss Hart. Brando went to the home of a big Hollywood producer, looked at the marble staircase and crystal chandeliers at the mansion and muttered: "What time do the prices change?"

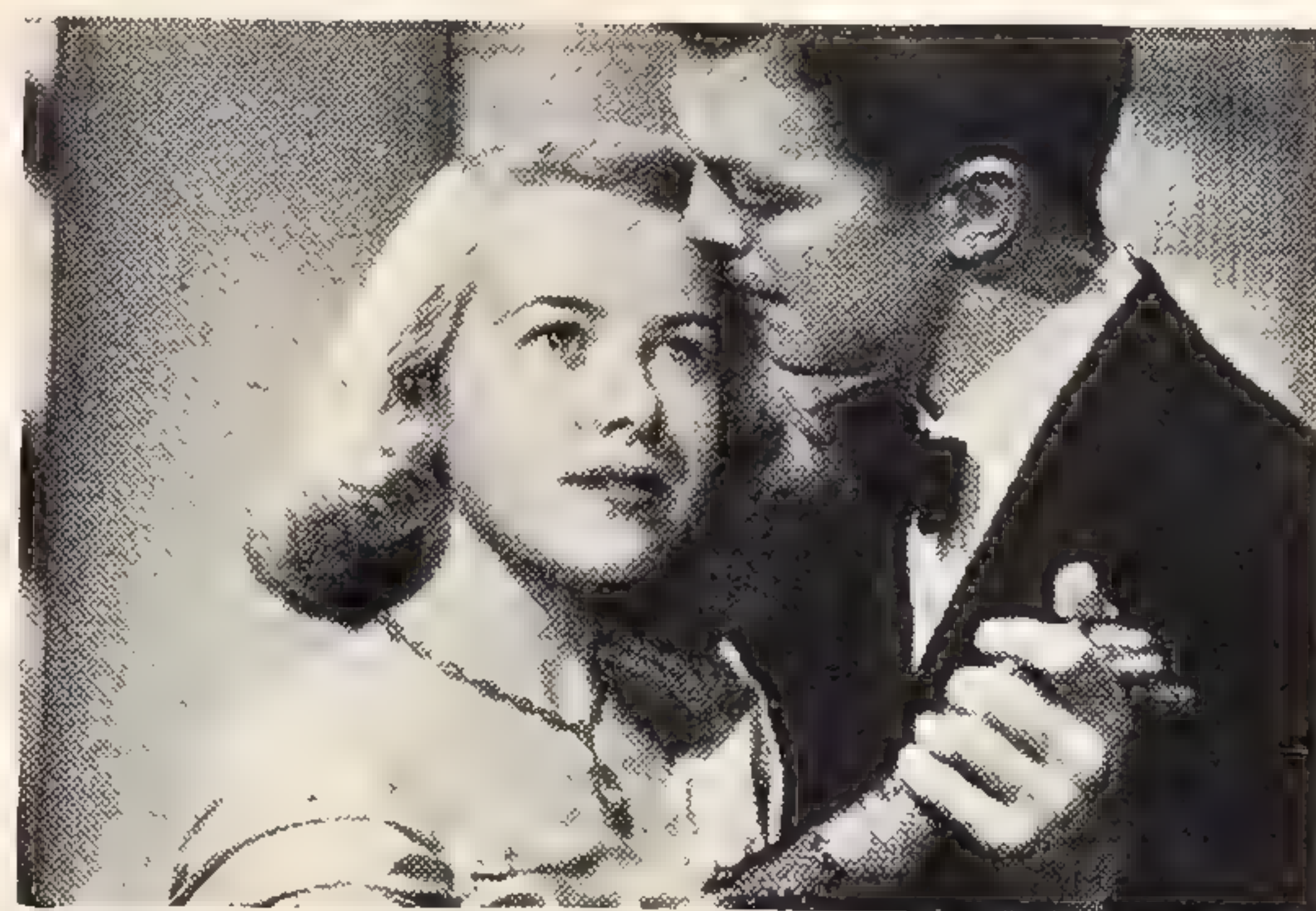
More and MORE COLLEGE GIRLS Agree...



FOR *naturally* BEAUTIFUL HAIR...

'Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!'

MEET LOVELY, Vivian Farrar, pre-law student at an Eastern college and finalist in the National Hearst Oratory Tournament, who says "I use Conti Castile Shampoo because it leaves my hair so silky-soft, lustrous and easy-to-manage." Typical of the many thousands of college girls who praise Conti, Vivian says "I certainly agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo!"



Proms are fun "Every girl loves to have her dance card scribbled full. And there are things you can do to raise your dating average. When it comes to hair, boys like that soft, enchanting flower-fresh look . . . and I rely on Conti to make my hair sparkle with highlights—look soft and lovely for those important dates."



Never skips shampoos "Conti is part of my regular beauty routine," says Vivian. "I know the olive oil it contains is good for my hair—helps it to natural, long-lasting beauty."

For lovelier hair... today... tomorrow... and always



Conti

THE PURE

Castile

SHAMPOO

I thought my face was clean...



Until *I took the "tissue test"!*

The "Tissue Test" convinced Rosalind Russell, star of Independent Artists' "Listen—the Night" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny, dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Do you really think *your* face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure! Buy a jar today—20¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 6)

possessions, and moved into a furnished apartment. He wants to have his first wife's fur coats (one an ermine evening jacket and one a Persian lamb stroller) relined for me. He also wants us to use her linen, blankets, china and silver.

I haven't given him a direct answer about his plans. I have said, "Let's not decide at once." This has given him the idea that I am undecided about marrying him, because it hasn't occurred to him that a woman might not like to use the possessions of her predecessor. Am I being foolishly squeamish?

Robert M.

First of all, don't you think it would be wise for you to be entirely frank with your fiance? You are hurting him and giving a wrong impression by keeping silent. In marriage there are always many things which must be talked out, so you might as well make a start now.

I know there are a great many girls who would agree with your viewpoint on this subject. It is normal for a bride to want to start a new life with new equipment and surroundings.

It seems to me that there are three things to consider. First of all, part of your aversion is possibly caused by an obscure sort of jealousy which you should rid yourself of at once. The past is past; certainly it has left its history, but a wise woman accepts what has gone before as history and nothing more. In the second place, the household equipment was quite as much the property of your fiance as of his wife, and this fact also applies to the coats. Finally, one of the laws of life is that the living benefit from the accumulation of those who have gone on.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen, with problems which would worry a person far beyond my age.

My father divorced my mother four years ago, and she has since married a man of thirty-five; she is thirty-seven.

Two months ago, my mother was called to her home town by the death of my grandmother. She had to remain there for six weeks to get the house closed and the will probated, and so on.

During this time my stepfather and I became very devoted. I kept house and cooked just as if we were married. He took me to movies and roller skating; he also took me to my girl friend's house to see television. My friend and I thought he was just darling about everything.

Now that my mother is home again, I simply cannot stand to have her treat me as if I were a child, and to see her making over George. I know that I am in love with him, and I am reasonably sure that he is in love with me although he is too honorable to say anything.

I think both of us are suffering, and that it is silly for two people to be unhappy to preserve the happiness of one person.

Do you think I should have a talk with Mother and explain just how I feel?

Evelyn O.

At seventeen, it is sometimes difficult for a person to tell the difference between the affection one normally feels for someone who is kind, understanding, and light-hearted and the romantic love one feels for someone who has the right to return that love. I am inclined to believe your stepfather is a happy-natured, pleasant human being who is undoubtedly in love with your mother. Because of his love for her, he has been charming to you.

If you were to speak to your mother.

you would precipitate the most awful crisis. If she took you seriously, her heart would be broken and her faith in you and her husband would be shattered. If she did not take you seriously, she would laugh at you, and possibly tell your stepfather, who would also laugh at you, and you would feel a perfect fool.

You should realize that it is normal for a girl of seventeen to have a crush on an older man. Usually a college senior or one of one's schoolteachers is elected; in your case, your crush merely happened to light on your stepfather's innocent shoulders, like a runaway canary. Shoo it away before it turns into a buzzard.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now twenty-seven; I was married in 1944, our daughter was born in 1946, we moved into our new home a few months later. In October of that year my husband came home one night, announced that he was sick of married life and was leaving. I didn't try to stop him, because of his history of drunkenness, unemployment and cruelty

I went home to "mama," secured a very good position, and began to regain my health. My family is wonderful in every way, with one exception. The instant a man telephones or asks for a date, there is trouble. I have been a free woman for three years, but whenever I admit that I have accepted a date for Saturday night, I find that everyone else in the family, including my mother, father, and two sisters, have made dates, so no one can take care of my daughter. My mother says that if I persist in having dates I will have to move out of the house (even though I pay room, board and regular baby-sitting fees) and put the baby in a day nursery.

How can I make them understand that I am still young enough to need recreation without having my family call me evil names and ridicule the man who is nice enough to take me out?

Sara W.

Certainly you have a right to a sensible amount of recreation. You pay room and board and baby-sitting fees; you are entitled to value received for your money.

The sensible thing to do is to move away from your family. This may cause some original trouble, so it should be accomplished at some time when everyone is so busy that you have been left alone with your daughter. You and the baby will be happier away from grandparental influence, and you and your family will be more appreciative of one another when your nerves are not rubbed raw by controversies which cannot be settled except by separation.

Claudette Colbert

.....

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

.....

Which girl has the natural curl and which girl has the Toni?



The beautiful girl with the Toni says: "From the very first moment my new Toni with Permaflox had all the beauty of naturally curly hair." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair, and which girl has the Toni? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permaflox is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. It actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing — more natural month after month.

From the first thrilling moment your hair will feel like naturally curly hair — comb like naturally curly hair — look like naturally curly hair. That's because Toni's gentle creme waving lotion working in combination with

amazing new Permaflox leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition. With wonderful Permaflox your wave is angel-soft at first combing — yet lasts longer than ever before. So, month after month, your Toni will require no more care than naturally curly hair.

There are many imitators—but remember there is only one Toni—the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day . . . and last far longer. Ask for Toni today. Jean Worth, the lovely girl at the right, has the Toni.

Toni the wave that gives that natural look!

TONI REFILL ONLY \$1



INSIDE STUFF



Festive foursome: Scott Brady, Macdonald Carey and the Bill Holdens were among guests at Hollywood welcome party for columnist Kate Cameron. Hymie was the only cameraman invited to Florabel Muir's gay affair at Beverly Hills Hotel

(Continued from page 15)

derful to have them here and I hope we can all be together at this time next year—at someone else's house!"

Peeks at Production: Red Skelton between scenes on the "Excuse My Dust" set, writing his radio show on a "gold" typewriter. Talented little leading lady Sally Forrest having the jitters, because Fred Astaire is due on the set to watch her dance a solo number . . . Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn rendered helpless against the tactics of the chimpanzee (the same one you saw in "My Friend Irma Goes West") who steals every scene in "Bedtime for Bonzo." Adding insult to hay fever, Diana is allergic to the beast . . . Ezio Pinza singing a love song in "Mr. Imperium" to the world's most unappreciative audience, a donkey pulling a cart that brays an accompaniment to the bombastic basso's high notes . . . Doris Day bringing son Terry on the "Lullaby of Broadway" set for the first time, with sonny boy falling asleep out of sheer boredom!



Chuckles at Chasen's: Jane Russell and Jack Buettel of "The Outlaw," at dinner party before Ice Follies opening



A radiant Judy Garland, now living in New York, shares table honors with Admiral M. E. Miles at Navy party at Stork Club



ANN BLYTH AND CRAIG STEVENS IN "KATIE DID IT" A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says ANN BLYTH

Sparkling little Ann Blyth has appeal you can't resist in her newest screen role. Her lovely Lux Complexion is so radiantly fresh in the close-ups!

"Naturally I'm a Lux Girl," says Ann. "Active-lather facials give my skin wonderful, protecting care!"

There's no finer care for delicate skin than these gentle beauty facials famous screen stars recommend. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—discover how truly lovely *your* complexion can be!



HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



"Ann Blyth is right when she says a Lux Soap facial gives skin new beauty—so quickly. First smooth the Active Lather well in . . .



"Such rich *abundant* lather even in hardest water! Now rinse with plenty of warm water—a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already!



"After you pat your face with a soft towel look in your mirror. Your skin feels so much smoother now—it's exquisitely fresh, appealing!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Stage set: Gary Merrill, Anne Baxter and Bette Davis get together in a wonderful satire all about theater people



Romance of India: Errol Flynn is Dean Stockwell's idol in Rudyard Kipling's story of intrigue in the Far East

✓✓✓ (A) All About Eve (20th Century-Fox)

THIS brilliantly written and performed satire that pokes good-natured fun, with an edge, at the foibles and eccentricities of the New York *theatuh*, its stars and critics, is just about the most satisfying picture Hollywood has turned out in ages. Bette Davis as a first-lady-of-the-theater, gives a performance that out-Tallulahs Bankhead. As the young hopeful whose pretended naïvete and ingratiating manners mask a hard, ruthless determination, Anne Baxter is at her dramatic best. George Sanders, as the caustic drama critic, has never sneered so elegantly and wittily. New-comer Gary Merrill is handsome and rough in an early Clark Gable sort of way; Hugh Marlowe and Celeste Holm are perfectly cast. Stand-outs in the supporting cast: Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Marilyn Monroe.

Your Reviewer Says: Love that picture.

Program Notes: Bette Davis should be very grateful to Claudette Colbert. Claudette, signed for this film, was forced to bow out of it when she sprained her back. Bette not only got herself a husband (Gary Merrill) out of the picture, but undoubtedly will get an Oscar, too . . . The studio is prepping Gary for big-time stardom. Producer Zanuck saw him in the Broadway play, "Born Yesterday," started him off on a screen career in "Twelve O'Clock High" . . . Anne Baxter (whose wardrobe usually costs the studio \$9.98) wondered if the glamour roles were worth the effort. After days of working in a low-cut, strapless evening dress, Anne finally collapsed in a chair with, "I'm simply exhausted from trying to hold this dress up" . . . George Sanders returned from a European honeymoon with his bride, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Sanders, who used to ridicule Hollywood's big homes, has now bought a fifteen-room Bel Air residence.

✓✓½ (F) Kim (M-G-M)

THIS Technicolor version of Rudyard Kipling's famous story of adventure and intrigue, in the mysterious India of some seventy years ago, is first-rate entertainment for youngsters—and for oldsters too who still have a spark of romance. Errol Flynn, with his usual dash, plays *Mahbub Ali*, presumably an Afghan horse trader with a yen for the ladies, but actually a spy serving his country (England). Young Dean Stockwell plays the orphaned *Kim*, part diplomat, part beggar, who scales rooftops with the ease of a monkey, and whose only fear is that he will be sent to school. The *Lama*, the holy man in search of the River of the Arrow, is played by Paul Lukas. Your reviewer never thought she'd live to say this, but there isn't enough Flynn in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful escapism.

Program Notes: Filming "Kim" at actual sites took the Metro company to fabulous palaces in India, to snow-bound Himalayan peaks and to centuries-old settings impossible to reproduce on a sound stage in Hollywood . . . While on location Errol Flynn, complete with beard, took constant plane trips to Paris and the Riviera to romance in the Great Lover manner his then Roumanian fiancée, the Princess Ghika. Errol swore they'd marry in the fall and settle down in his Hollywood hilltop home. Then a little thing happened like Lauren Bacall refusing to play opposite Flynn in "Rocky Mountain." Warners put her on suspension and rushed newcomer Patrice Wymore, who made her screen debut in "Tea for Two," into the role. Two weeks later Errol announced his engagement to Patrice. Lauren Bacall's comment: "Pat should at least ask me to be the matron of honor" . . . Paul Lukas interrupted a successful stage tour to make the location trip to India.

shadow



Lady of the house: Joan Crawford torments Wendell Corey, K. T. Stevens by her obsession for her home



College humor: Music fills the air—when Charles Coburn hires Nancy Olson to watch over songsmith Bing

✓✓ (A) Harriet Craig (Columbia)

IN HOLLYWOOD'S third version of the George Kelly play, "Craig's Wife," Joan Crawford in a startlingly severe hair-do plays the cold, predatory Mrs. Craig who worships her house and lies relentlessly to protect her possessions—among them her attractive husband, Wendell Corey. In the last sequence the lady gets her come-uppance from her husband (he should have caught on sooner) and her niece, K. T. Stevens, whose romance with a young laboratory worker, William Bishop, she has tried to break up. Joan gives a splendid characterization of the scheming, selfish Mrs. Craig. Lucile Watson, as the boss's wife, stands out in a brief gin-playing scene with Wendell. Viola Roache and Ellen Corby are the servants who get considerable lip from Mrs. Craig. Allyn Joslyn is Wendell's pal. This is what is called "a woman's picture."

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly adult.

Program Notes: "Craig's Wife" won the Pulitzer Prize when it played Broadway in 1925. In 1928 Pathe made a silent version of it with Irene Rich. In 1936 Rosalind Russell played the unpleasant female for a solid hit. Joan chose to play Harriet Craig because "bad characters on the screen are more interesting to play than virtuous ones." Joan, always a fashion leader, wears an array of arresting gowns designed for her by Sheila O'Brien. It was during the making of this film that Joan dropped her own atom bomb, to wit: She feels that hats are completely unnecessary in making a woman chic. She announced that never again would she wear a hat on the screen or in her private life. Hats are too expensive, she says, and she needs her money to raise her four children. Joan doesn't intend keeping that severe haircut she sports in the film, so don't start complaining.

✓✓½ (F) Mr. Music (Paramount)

IN ONE of his better movies, the great Der Bingle plays sort of a superman of the keyboard who'd sooner loaf than labor, sooner play golf than play piano. He puts the bite on his long-suffering producer, Charles Coburn, for a \$15,000 loan, and Coburn agrees, providing Bing will sit down at the piano and write a show. To watch over his loan, and Bing, Coburn hires an efficient college girl, Nancy Olson. Ruth Hussey plays a beautiful doll with whom Bing fancies himself in love. Robert Stack is a college athlete out to win Nancy. Tom Ewell as Bing's butler, and Ida Moore as Nancy's pixy aunt gather in the laughs. The show gives guest artists Groucho Marx, Dorothy Kirsten, Peggy Lee, Marge and Gower Champion and the Merry Macs a chance to do their stuff. Mr. Music's music is not world shattering.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: This film marks Bing's nineteenth year in pictures. About the time he was giving up his horses, which proved a very expensive hobby, that superb character actor Charles Coburn was building up his stable. He goes for trotters, and runs them at the top meets across the country . . . Robert Stack is a man's man and one of the top athletes in this country. More cups than he knows what to do with. He did not have to rehearse his chinning and chair jumping. Bob is a scion of one of California's old and wealthy families, and a mighty good catch . . . Nancy Olson can easily be dubbed Miss Cinderella of 1949-50. In 1949 her first film, "Canadian Pacific," was released and Nancy promptly became a star. This was followed by a starring role in "Sunset Boulevard," followed by "Union Station" and "Mr. Music." Nancy was discovered in a college play at UCLA. She's married to playwright Allan Lerner.

BY LIZA WILSON

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✓✓ good

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F—for the whole family

A—for adults

stage



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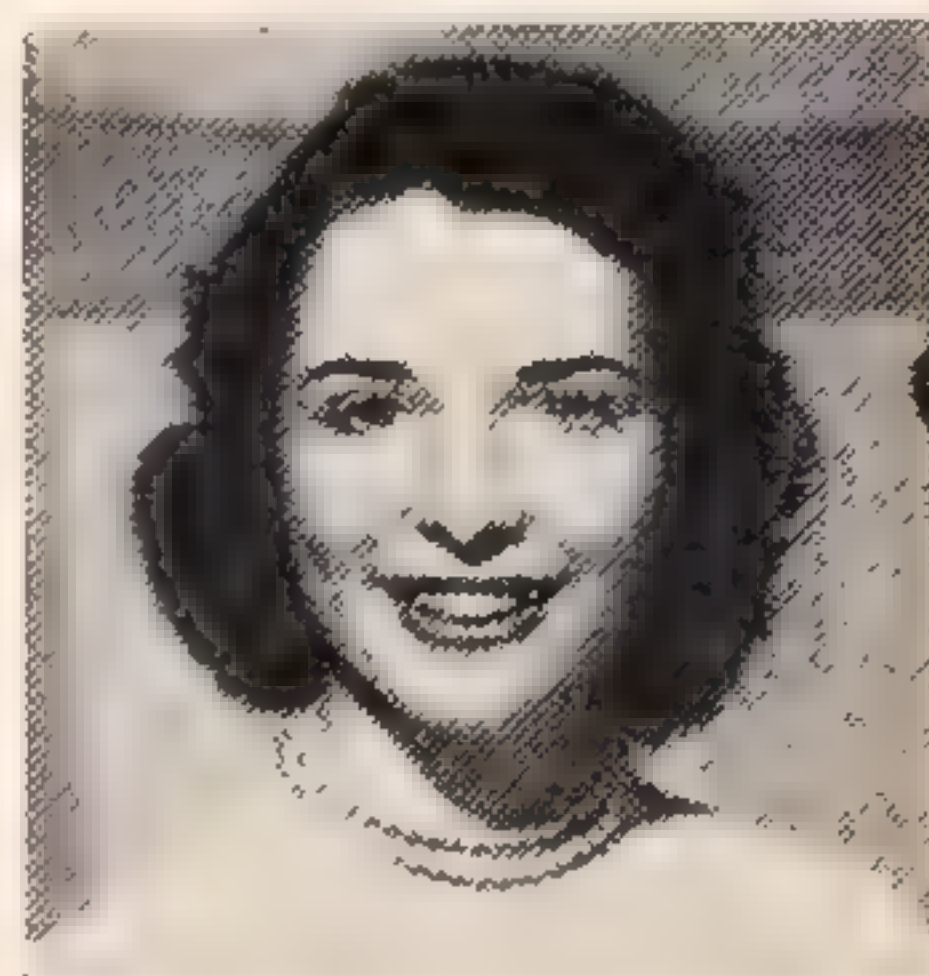
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*externally-caused.



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✓✓½ (F) The Jackpot (20th Century-Fox)

WHAT happens to an average American family when it is the unexpected recipient of a \$24,000 radio quiz show award? Mighty funny things happen in this comedy which is played strictly for laughs. Naturally, the award isn't in cash, but includes such charming items as a complete steer, two thousand dollars' worth of trees, a ukelele, a pony, a portrait painted in oil by a Greenwich Village artist, and an interior decorating job done by a leading decorator. Jimmy Stewart and his wife, Barbara Hale, and their two children, Natalie Wood and Tommy Rettig, are a very happy and loving small town family (Glenville, Indiana) until Jimmy, aided by his newspaper pal, James Gleason, guesses the identity of the mystery husband on the "Name the Mystery Husband" program. Chaos follows, and the income tax man. Things really get rolling with the arrival of luscious artist, Patricia Medina, and exacting interior decorator, Alan Mowbray.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughs a-plenty.

Program Notes: This is the second successful (the first was "Mister 880" with dream boy Edmund Gwenn) film this studio has made that's based on a New Yorker story... Jimmy Stewart is working like mad these days, pops up in pictures every month. During production of this one Jimmy squeezed in time to fly to Akron, Ohio, to officiate as master of ceremonies at the annual soap-box derby. He has done this for four years now, and wild horses couldn't keep him away. As soon as he finished this picture he and his wife and her two sons left for England, where he started work immediately on "No Highway." They sailed on the Queen Elizabeth—the same boat that brought Jimmy back to the United States at the war's end... Barbara Hale shot to fame as Al Jolson's wife in "Jolson Sings Again." She is married to good-looking Bill Williams, and on her days off during production she was busy shopping for their brand new home in the San Fernando Valley... Patricia Medina, though separated from Richard Greene, still dates him occasionally in the traditional Hollywood manner, Pat has been haunted by lush spy roles lately, and was delighted to play an artist for a change.

✓✓ (F) The Magnificent Yankee (M-G-M)

BROADWAY star Louis Calhern gives an excellent characterization of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in this American-to-the-core film. Based on the New York stage play, in which Mr. Calhern also starred, the story concerns the Washington years of this famous jurist who in 1902 was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by President Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he later rifted when he refused to uphold the President's trust-busting activities. Although the Justice and his gracious wife (Ann Harding) are in their sixties when they move to Washington, their lifelong romance has a delightful quality of springtime. Many of the Holmes quotations are used, including, "What if the government does take away something extra? Taxes are the way I buy civilization."

Your Reviewer Says: A patriotic picture.

Program Notes: Louis Calhern, well-known actor of the New York stage, is now commuting between Hollywood and New York, and liking it fine. As soon as he completes "Across the Wide Missouri" with Clark Gable, he leaves for New York to star in "King Lear." One of his Hollywood roles he enjoyed most was that of Buffalo Bill in

"Annie Get Your Gun" . . . Ann Harding was one of the top screen stars in the late '20's and '30's, when she was married to Harry Bannister. Of late years she has devoted much of her time to the theater. Her last Broadway appearance was last year in "Good-bye, My Fancy." She is most happily married to Werner Janssen, famous conductor.

✓✓ (F) Woman on the Run
(Fidelity—U-I)

HERE'S a right good murder mystery with fine suspense and a horrifying climax on a roller coaster. The action takes place in San Francisco, with background shots of Fisherman's Wharf, Golden Gate Bridge and Park, Nob Hill and Chinatown. When Ross Elliott, despondent over the failure of his marriage to Ann Sheridan, innocently witnesses a gangland killing he takes it on the lam, after he has asked Inspector Robert Keith to find his wife and look after his dog, *Rembrandt*. While eluding the inspector Ann meets up with newspaper reporter Dennis O'Keefe, who offers her \$5,000 if she will lead him to her husband and give him an exclusive on the story. Ann trails her husband, and Dennis and the inspector and *Rembrandt* trail Ann. The chase ends in an amusement park when Ann suddenly in cold horror guesses the identity of the killer while she is being whirled around the roller coaster.

Your Reviewer Says: Good suspense.

Program Notes: Ann Sheridan, while on location in San Francisco, had dinner at the Forbidden City restaurant in Chinatown and saw Rako Sato do her famous Oriental dance. Director Norman Foster agreed to give Ann's "find" a part in the picture and switched the character of a night club singer to that of a dancer. If there is anything amiable, easy-going Ann Sheridan really loathes it's roller coasters—she has not been near one since she split a lip and chipped a tooth on one in Dallas when she was seven. So she wasn't very happy to learn that the climax of the picture takes place in a whizzing roller coaster, and no faking it. After the eighth trip around the mile and a quarter track, petrified Ann turned a lovely shade of char-*treuse* and had to take time out . . . One of the dog actors walked up a narrow catwalk of the roller coaster, became frightened and refused to budge. Dennis picked his way gingerly to the top of the scaffolding and rescued the mutt—who promptly bit him . . . Ross Elliott has his first major movie role in this film. Ross stands six feet and weighs 175 pounds. He's a certain bet for stardom.

✓✓ (F) I'll Get By
(20th Century-Fox)

OLLYWOOD musicals these days seem to prefer good old "yesteryear" for their songs and backgrounds. Such talented young folks as June Haver, William Lundigan, Dennis Day and Gloria De Haven are starred in this Technicolor song and dance romp. The time is 1939, and included in the nostalgic songs of that era are, "I've Got the World on a String," "It's Been a Long, Long Time," "Taking a Chance on Love," "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and the title song. Bill and Dennis are a couple of song pluggers, short on cash, long on brass. They pitch woo to a popular Sister Act, June and Gloria, to put over their songs. Love, quarrels and the usual misunderstandings follow, but everything is patched up beautifully when the four of them meet in the South Pacific, the boys as Marines, the girls as USO entertainers. Harry James and his band help with the gaiety. Danny Davenport as an eager beaver song writer and Thelma Ritter as a hardbitten secretary get their

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laughs. Several of the studio's top stars make guest appearances.

Your Reviewer Says: Gay.

Program Notes: During the production of this picture June Haver was romancing with screen writer Cy Bartlett. Also, she hired an instructor to teach her to ski, put in hours in the air toward earning her pilot's license, and found time to chin herself every morning in a campaign to add an inch to her height (five feet two) . . . Bill Lundigan took piano lessons before taking on his role as a composer, but didn't get much beyond the thumping stage. He made a small bet with Cornel Wilde that his thumping was superior to Cornel's thumping as Chopin . . . This is Dennis Day's first picture in six years. While he likes to have people think he is the simple type, Dennis is really a very smart young man, especially when it comes to a business deal. Besides his radio work he manages two music publishing houses . . . The studio is convinced that their new discovery, Danny Davenport, will soon be one of Hollywood's top comedians. Danny was minding his own business as a private with the U.S. Air Force at Weisbaden, Germany, when the studio moved in to make "The Big Lift," with Paul Douglas and Montgomery Clift. Danny was so funny in the small part they gave him that he was signed to a contract upon his discharge from the service. Born in the Bronx, he has been a shoeshine boy, a soda jerk, welder, truck driver, amateur fighter and band singer.

✓½ (F) The Fuller Brush Girl (Columbia)

THOSE two fine comedians, Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert, knock themselves black and blue in this formula comedy which emphasizes the slambang and the slapstick. Lucille plays a pert switchboard operator who, through a friend (Jeff Donnell), gets a job with the Fuller Brush Company. She and her boy friend Humphrey (Eddie Albert), a mousy type, proceed to get involved in the illicit smuggling activities of Humphrey's boss (Jerome Cowan), and the chase is on, culminating in a free-for-all roughhouse in the hold of a boat packed with bananas. There are high spots of comedy, the best being when Lucille as a Fullerette prepares a home permanent for four bridge-playing women, only to have a small boy louse it up with his chemical set. Lee Patrick plays a suspicious wife, and Gale Robbins a burlesque queen with a trim figger and a trigger finger.

Your Reviewer Says: Zany.

Program Notes: As a Fullerette Lucille Ball says she had the roughest job she has ever had in pictures. She trained for her role just as an athlete trains for a bout. She went daily to Terry Hunt's gym where she did bar-bell work, weight-lifting and stretching exercises. Then she went to Palm Springs where she played vigorous tennis, did long swimming stints, and three miles of road work per day . . . One of the heavies in the film is Billy Vincent, a former ring champ. He claims the oddest and roughest punches he ever received in his long career were from Missy Ball . . . Eddie Albert left the cast of "Miss Liberty" in New York to accept the role of Humphrey. Eddie and his actress wife Margo plan to spend more time in Hollywood and less in New York.

✓½ (F) To Please a Lady (M-G-M)

CLARK GABLE, tough and dirtied up, and Barbara Stanwyck, crisp and high-heeled, are the stars of this rather tiresome story which has the automobile racetracks of the country as its background. Clark plays a ruthless, reckless driver who is

out for the dough and the big time, even though it means killing off a few rivals. The game, he says, is kill or be killed. Barbara, groomed to the ears, plays a bloodless lady columnist and radio commentator who feels that it is her duty to tell people how to run their lives. They meet, they clash, they fall in love. The lady columnist's conscience takes a beating when she hears that a promoter she has been hounding has committed suicide. And our race driver becomes a hero when he saves the life of his opponent and thereby loses the famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway race. The romantic scenes are on the dull side; the dirt-track racing is undoubtedly exciting to those who like dirt-track racing.

Your Reviewer Says: Disappointing.

Program Notes: The location shooting on this film was done at tracks at Culver City, Texas and Indianapolis. Stars of the racing world who can be seen briefly in the film are Johnny Parsons, Perry Grimm, Pee Wee Djarce, Johnny Tolan, Joe Garson, Cal Niday, Henry Banks, Walt Faulkner and Duane Carter. Babe Stapp, one of the members of the "Hundred Mile Club," of which only twenty survive, acted as technical director. Director Clarence Brown was once a test driver for the Stevens-Duryea Company . . . Gable was right at home in his role of a racing car driver as, next to hunting and fishing, he likes driving fast cars. During production he bought a Jaguar X-K, capable of 132.6 miles per hour. He's had it up to 112 m.p.h. on a closed course—not on Sunset Boulevard. This picture started off Gable's twentieth year at Metro. It has been a long, long time since he socked Norma Shearer in "The Free Soul" and became a screen idol . . . Barbara Stanwyck does not share Gable's enthusiasm for fast cars. She still worries when husband Robert Taylor takes his motorcycle out on Sundays to join the boys in some dangerous mountain climbing.

✓✓½ (F) Rocky Mountain (Warners)

ERROL FLYNN, tired, disheveled, unshaven, and completely without a love scene, gives his best performance to date as the Southern captain. It's a story of the last days of the Lost Cause, when a desperate General Lee sends a patrol of a few brave but weary Confederate soldiers to far-off California on a secret mission. They rescue a Northern girl, Patrice Wymore, and a stage-coach driver, Chubby Johnson, from the Indians—and their troubles begin. Scott Forbes makes his American screen debut as the young Union lieutenant, engaged to Patrice, who manages to escape the Confederate encampment. Members of the patrol, all of them stand-outs, are "Big Boy" Williams, Peter Coe, Dick Jones, Slim Pickens, Sheb Wooley, Robert "Buzz" Henry and Rush Williams. The Confederates and the Yankees are equally brave and gallant in this outdoor drama which has both action and heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Good Western drama.

Program Notes: When Lauren Bacall walked out on the part of the Northern girl in this film, Patrice Wymore walked in—and got herself both an important role (she's the only woman in the picture) and a fiance—Mr. Flynn. Patrice is a Salina, Kansas, girl, has been before the footlights since she was a youngster, and in recent years has appeared in Broadway shows as a dancer. She was brought to Hollywood to play a small part in "Tea for Two." Errol, fortyish, is thinking of the day when he can retire. He has bought 3,000 acres in Jamaica where he raises cattle, cocoanuts, pimento and nutmeg. Jamaica,

he says, will be his future home. Maybe Patrice has other ideas . . . Handsome Scott Forbes, London-born, educated at Oxford and the Sorbonne, studied to be a diplomat, but turned to the stage to make a living. He has appeared in many British plays and pictures. "Spot," the mongrel dog featured in the film, was headed for the gas chamber when he was selected to play Dick Jones's faithful mutt. Needless to say he became Dick's property at the end of the picture.

Tripoli (Pine-Thomas-Paramount)

THIS historical outdoor adventure drama, photographed in Technicolor, co-stars beautiful and bosomy Maureen O'Hara, John Payne and Howard da Silva. It's the true story (uncovered by director Will Price when he was going to Officers' Class in the Marines) of Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon who, in 1805, when the United States was at war with the Tripoli pirates, was commissioned to organize and lead a native army through the Libyan desert, in one of the most colorful marches in Marine history. John Payne, stalwart and handsome, portrays the Marine hero. Maureen is the titled daughter of a French diplomat who disguises herself as a dancing girl (and dances too) in order to join this thrilling trek. Philip Reed is the treacherous former Pasha who almost succeeds in sinking the U. S. Navy off Tripoli. Howard da Silva, his hair dyed jet black for the part, plays a Greek soldier who pitches in to help our side. High spot of the film is an exciting sand and wind storm which looks like the real thing—and is.

Your Reviewer Says: Good outdoor action.

Program Notes: This is the first time Will Price has directed his wife, Maureen O'Hara. They didn't murder each other. When Maureen, in typical movie star fashion, lingered in her dressing room fussing over her costume, the assistant director became fidgety. "Relax," said Will, Southern, amiable and unruffled, "I've been waiting like this for nine years" . . . This was filmed in the desert near Palm Springs, in February at the height of the season. Philip Reed, probably Hollywood's best tennis player, spent his off time on the courts at Charlie Farrell's popular Racquet Club . . . The studio rounded up all the camels they could find and sent them down by truck. One lady camel, in a delicate condition, was flown down luxuriously in a private plane. She gave birth, a veterinarian in attendance, and worked that afternoon. The baby camel, of course, became the darling of the company . . . John Payne had his (and Ann Shirley's) little girl Julie visit him on location. John's girl friend, Elaine White, a Metro secretary who used to date Clark Gable, drove down for a weekend.

Best Pictures of the Month

"All About Eve"

"Kim"

"Mr. Music"

"The Jackpot"

Best Performances of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Harriet Craig"

Errol Flynn in "Rocky Mountain"

Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in
"All About Eve"

Jimmy Stewart in "The Jackpot"

Louis Calhern in "The Magnificent Yankee"

"We sailed 3 oceans ...without leaving port!"

says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring with GREGORY PECK in WARNER BROS.
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLLOWER" Color by TECHNICOLOR.



Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw!



The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands . . .



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JOAN LANSING

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Just take a good look at the line-up of shows "in the swim" these nights on ABC-TV. The famous LONE RANGER rides into view as he and Silver, along with Tonto, fight for right and justice . . . and head into the hills for General Mills.

THE LONE RANGER comes to a full STOP! as handsome BERT PARKS issues the call to STOP THE MUSIC! Now you can see this radio "sweetheart" on TV . . . and is he cute! BERT bounces along in a full hour of fun for everyone who tries to STOP THE MUSIC! Old Gold and Admiral are the sponsors.

Business is booming at HOLIDAY HOTEL, so check in for a fine time at this happy hostelry. DON AMECHE, the movie favorite, is the genial, general manager . . . with the entertainment-key to TV pleasure. Packard sponsors this ABC treat that's ridin' high with every girl and guy.

You might find this same guy and girl still a-whirl for BLIND DATE. ARLENE FRANCIS femcees this wit-and-woo show that's timed to perfect televiewing. Timed by Gruen, of course.

ABC-TV channel activities get into terrific action with I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Follow newspaper ace, JOHNNY WARREN, as he covers the beat of these famous streets. There's dynamite in the air . . . as you watch I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Appropriately sponsored by Airwick.

You'll see more high-tension TV on ABC's ROLLER DERBY . . . a fast-paced, high-speed program that gives you lightning looks at the sport that's sweeping the nation. It's quite lady-like, too, to cool off with Blatz Beer while you watch the torrid whizzing!

The great pig-skin pro, RED GRANGE, takes over your local ABC-TV Channel with his outstanding PREDICTIONS for football games from coast-to-coast. Florshiem Shoes "foots" the bill.

You can see most of these programs on your local American Broadcasting Company Network Television Channel on Thursdays. However, there is some variation in many cities . . . so please BE SURE to check your local newspapers' television logs for exact day and time.

Joan Lansing

Brief Reviews

✓½ (F) *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION*—U-I: Bud and Lou, a couple of Brooklyn wrestling promoters, are railroaded into joining the French Foreign Legion. Fun if you like the zany comics. (Oct.)

✓✓½ (F) *BLACK ROSE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular is the word for this historical epic, which takes Tyrone Power from a not-so-merrie England to the palaces of far off Cathay. Cecile Aubry is *The Black Rose*, Orson Welles a mighty Mongolian general. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (A) *BREAKING POINT, THE*—Warners: John Garfield is a bitter vet who rents his cruiser for fishing parties and gets involved with gamblers and siren Pat Neal. Phyllis Thaxter is superb as his wife in this rugged screen fare. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *CONVICTED*—Columbia: Better than usual prison story with Glenn Ford as the inmate—serving time for murder, Broderick Crawford as the D.A. who sent him up. With Dorothy Malone, Milard Mitchell. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *COPPER CANYON*—Paramount: Confusing but colorful post Civil War story laid in the copper-rich West. Hedy Lamarr, Ray Milland supply the romance; MacDonald Carey, the villainy. With Mona Freeman, Harry Carey Jr. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *CRISIS*—M-G-M: In this grim drama, Cary Grant is kidnapped to perform a brain operation on Fascist dictator Jose Ferrer and is torn between his duty to his profession and to his wife Paula Raymond, held hostage by revolutionist Gilbert Roland, to be killed if Ferrer survives. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *DARK CITY*—Wallis-Paramount: Gamblers Charlton Heston, Jack Webb, Ed Begley are marked for murder by maniac brother of suicide Don DeFore whom they took for \$5,000 in a crooked card game. Heston registers in his film debut. With Elizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors. (Nov.)

✓✓✓ (F) *DESTINATION MOON*—Pal-Eagle Lion: A journey filled with out-of-this-world adventures takes John Archer. Warner Anderson, Dick Wesson and Tom Powers into space. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *DUCHESS OF IDAHO*—M-G-M: A gay Technicolor musical concerning the romantic mix-ups of Esther Williams, Paula Raymond, Van Johnson, John Lund. Plenty of stunning Sun Valley scenery and Esther's aquatics to entertain. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *EDGE OF DOOM*—Goldwyn-RKO: A grim melodrama with Farley Granger as an emotional boy who kills an old priest. Dana Andrews, a young priest, tries to help Farley. With Joan Evans, Mala Powers, Adele Jergens. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *EYE WITNESS*—Coronado-Eagle Lion: New York lawyer Robert Montgomery goes to England to defend a former war buddy unjustly accused of murder in this interesting but easy-going British-made drama. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *FANCY PANTS*—Paramount: This is strictly slapstick as Bob Hope goes West to be butler to *nouveau riche* Lucille Ball and gets mistaken for an English earl by gun-toting Bruce Cabot. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *FIREBALL, THE*—Thor-20th Century-Fox: A fast-moving story of the skating game with Mickey Rooney as a brash rink star who, struck by polio at the height of his career, finally learns humility. With Pat O'Brien, Beverly Tyler, Marilyn Monroe. (Nov.)

✓✓✓ (F) *FLAME AND THE ARROW, THE*—Norma-Warners: Burt Lancaster leaps, jumps and flies through the air in the grand manner of Douglas Fairbanks to make this Technicolor tale of the dashing adventurer and the noble lady (Virginia Mayo) first-class entertainment. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *GLASS MENAGERIE, THE*—Warners: Gertrude Lawrence makes her Hollywood debut in poignant story of a mother's frustrated efforts to find a husband for crippled daughter Jane Wyman. Arthur Kennedy is magnificent as her dreamer son. Kirk Douglas plays "the gentleman caller." (Oct.)

✓½ (F) *GOOD HUMOR MAN, THE*—Columbia: Slapstick cops-and-robbers comedy with Jack Carson as an ice-cream salesman who gets into a jam. With Lola Albright, Jean Wallace. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *GREAT JEWEL ROBBER, THE*—Warners: Authentic case history with David Brian as a jewel thief. Marjorie Reynolds, Claudia Barrett, Jacqueline de Wit are gals he done wrong. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *HIGH LONESOME* (LeMay-Templeton-Eagle Lion) An off-beat Western with John Barrymore Jr. as a youth unjustly accused of murder. With Lois Butler, John Archer. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *IT'S A SMALL WORLD*—Castle-Eagle Lion: An intelligent treatment of the midget problem which has Paul Dale mixed up with crooks Lorraine Miller and Steve Brodie. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (F) *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*—M-G-M: A fabulous adventure story with Stewart Granger as a guide who leads Deborah Kerr and Richard Carlson through the wilds of darkest Africa. Vivid animal sequences are worth the admission. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE*—Cagney-Warners: Rough, tough gangster yarn about stick-up man Jimmy Cagney whose yen for both Barbara Payton and Helena Carter causes him more trouble than the police. With Luther Adler, Steve Brodie, Ward Bond. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT, A*—M-G-M: Immigration inspector John Hodiak is torn between love and duty when he falls for Hedy Lamarr, who's trying to enter the U. S. illegally with the help of smuggler, George Macready. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *LET'S DANCE*—Paramount: This somewhat plot-heavy musical has Betty Hutton and son as fugitives from stuffy Boston grandmother-in-law, Lucille Watson. Betty meets former U.S.O. dance partner Fred Astaire and becomes a night-club star. With Ruth Warrick, Shepperd Strudwick. (Nov.)

✓½ (A) *LIFE OF HER OWN, A*—M-G-M: A romantic drama concerning the rise of model Lana Turner and her emotional problems when she gets entangled with Ray Milland. Margaret Phillips is excellent as Ray's crippled wife, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, Barry Sullivan fine in lesser roles. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *MILKMAN, THE*—U-I: A Grade A comedy starring Donald O'Connor and Jimmy Durante as dairy deliverers who meet up with Piper Laurie, Joyce Holden and some bad men too. (Nov.)

✓✓✓ (F) *MISTER 880*—20th Century-Fox: A heart-warming comedy in which counterfeiter Edmund Gwenn drives Secret Service agent Burt Lancaster and the Treasury Department to distraction. Dorothy McGuire's the love interest. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (F) *MY BLUE HEAVEN*—20th Century-Fox: A modern musical starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey as a famous TV team who try to adopt a baby. With David Wayne, Jane Wyatt. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *NO WAY OUT*—20th Century-Fox: When hate-ridden Richard Widmark's brother dies after treatment by negro intern Sidney Poitier, Dick enlists sister-in-law Linda Darnell's help to incite race riot. An explosive anti-prejudice film. With Stephen McNally. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *OUTRAGE*—Filmmakers-RKO: This contrived story of the after-effects of a criminal attack on small-town girl Mala Powers misses its mark despite good performances by Todd Andrews, Robert Clark. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *PANIC IN THE STREETS*—20th Century-Fox: Health officer Richard Widmark and police captain Paul Douglas join forces to round up Walter Palance and Zero Mostel, carriers of a deadly plague. Exciting. With Barbara Bel Geddes. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *PETTY GIRL, THE*—Columbia: Easy on the eyes is this Technicolor tale about prim college professor Joan Caulfield who forgets higher education when she meets Petty Girl creator, Robert Cummings. With Elsa Lanchester. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *PRETTY BABY*—Warners: Advertising executives Dennis Morgan, Zachary Scott are floored when their bachelor-girl secretary Betsy Drake is mistakenly believed to be a mother. A cute comedy. With Edmund Gwenn. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST*—Columbia; John Derek as the noble son of *Robin Hood* goes out to right the wrongs inflicted by villainous George Macready. With Diana Lynn. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *SADDLE TRAMP*—U-I: The inevitable happens in this story of the West when Joel McCrea, a shiftless cowpoke, is forced to look after his dead pal's four kids—and Wanda Hendrix. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *STELLA*—20th Century-Fox: A slightly far-fetched but gay farce about a daffy family. Ann Sheridan, David Wayne and Evelyn Varden, who bury a black sheep uncle and get involved in complications unlimited. With Vic Mature. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (F) *SUMMER STOCK*—M-G-M: Loads of songs, dances and laughs as Gene Kelly makes a star of farmette Judy Garland and a successful theater of her barn. With Eddie Bracken, Gloria DeHaven. (Oct.)

✓✓½ (A) *SUNSET BOULEVARD*—Paramount: Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in a gripping story of a faded star who lives in the past. With Bill Holden and Nancy Olson. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *TEA FOR TWO*—Warners: A nostalgic musical of the 'Twenties concerned with the efforts of Gordon MacRae, Doris Day, Gene Nelson and S. Z. Sakall to put on a Broadway show. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (A) *THREE HUSBANDS*—Gloria-UA: A sophisticated comedy of domestic relations with Howard da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Karns as the husbands; Eve Arden, Ruth Warrick, Vanessa Brown as their wives and Emlyn Williams as a millionaire who causes their marital mix-up. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *THREE SECRETS*—Warners: Eleanor Parker, Ruth Roman and Patricia Neal each believe that a child trapped on a mountaintop after a plane crash is their son. A suspenseful and heart-tugging drama. With Frank Lovejoy, Arthur Franz. (Oct.)

✓✓½ (F) *TREASURE ISLAND*—Disney-RKO: The magic of this famous adventure story is captured in Technicolor and superb live-action performances by Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *UNION STATION*—Paramount: Exciting chase film in which William Holden, Nancy Olson and Barry Fitzgerald join forces to capture Lyle Bettger, kidnapper of Allene Roberts. (Oct.)

✓½ (A) *WHERE DANGER LIVES*—RKO: Faith Domergue on the verge of madness meets Doctor Robert Mitchum and almost ruins his love life (Maureen O'Sullivan) and his medical career. Not a pretty picture. With Claude Rains. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (A) *WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS*—20th Century-Fox: A taut, violent drama with Dana Andrews as a detective who accidentally kills Craig Stevens and tries to cover up his deed. With Gene Tierney, Gary Merrill, Tom Tully. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *WINCHESTER '73*—U-I: Action-packed Western, complete with Indian raid, bank robbery and ambush. With Jimmy Stewart, Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters. (Sept.)

Casts of Current Pictures

ALL ABOUT EVE—20th Century-Fox: Margo, Bette Davis; *Eve*, Anne Baxter; *Addison De Witt*, George Sanders; *Karen*, Celeste Holm; *Bill Simpson*, Gary Merrill; *Lloyd Richards*, Hugh Marlowe; *Max Fabian*, Gregory Ratoff; *Birdie*, Thelma Ritter; *Miss Casswell*, Marilyn Monroe; *Phoebe*, Barbara Bates; *Aged Actor*, Walter Hampden; *Girl*, Randy Stuart; *Leading Man*, Craig Hill; *Doorman*, Leland Harris; *Stage Manager*, Eddie Fisher; *Pianist*, Claude Stroud; *Capt. of Waiters*, Steve Geray.

FULLER BRUSH GIRL, THE—Columbia: Sally Elliot, Lucille Ball; *Humphrey Briggs*, Eddie Albert; *Christy*, Carl Benton Reid; *Ruby Rawlings*, Gale Robbins; *Jane Bixby*, Jeff Donnell; *Harvey Simpson*, Jerome Cowan; *Watkins*, John Littel; *Rocky Mitchell*, Fred Graham; *Claire Simpson*, Lee Patrick; *Inspector Rodgers*, Arthur Space; *Bangs*, Sid Tomack; *Punchy*, Billy Vincent; *Deval*, Lorin Raker; *Mrs. North*, Lelah Tyler; *Mrs. East*, Sarah Edwards; *Mrs. West*, Lois Austin; *Mrs. South*, Isabel Randolph; *Mrs. Finley*, Isabel Withers; *Sue and Lou*, Donna Boswell; *Alvin and Albert*, Gregory Marshall.

HARRIET CRAIG—Columbia: *Harriet Craig*, Joan Crawford; *Walter Craig*, Wendell Corey; *Celia Fenwick*, Lucile Watson; *Billy Birkmire*, Allyn Joslyn; *Wes Miller*, William Bishop; *Clare Raymond*, K. T. Stevens; *Mrs. Harold*, Viola Roache; *Henry Fenwick*, Raymond Greenleaf; *Lottie*, Ellen Corby; *Mrs. Frazier*, Fiona O'Shiel; *Danny Frazier*, Patric Mitchell; *Harriet's Mother*, Virginia Brissac; *Dr. Lambert*, Katharine Warren; *Mr. Norwood*, Douglas Wood; *Mrs. Norwood*, Kathryn Card; *Mr. Winston*, Charles Evans; *Mrs. Winston*, Mira McKinney.

I'LL GET BY—20th Century-Fox: *Liza Martin*, June Haver; *William Spencer*, William Lundigan; *Terry Martin*, Gloria De Haven; *Freddy Lee*, Dennis Day; *Harry James*, Himself; *Miss Murphy*, Thelma Ritter; *Peter Pepper*, Steve Allen; *Chester Dowley*, Danny Davenport; *Mr. Olinville*, Henry Antrim; *Announcer*, Tom Hanlon.

JACKPOT, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Bill Lawrence*, James Stewart; *Amy Lawrence*, Barbara Hale; *Harry Summers*, James Gleason; *Mr. Woodruff*, Fred Clark; *Leslie*, Alan Mowbray; *Hilda Jones*, Patricia Medina; *Phyllis Lawrence*, Natalie Wood; *Tommy Lawrence*, Tommy Rettig; *Pete Spooner*, Robert Gist; *Fred Burns*, Lyle Talbot; *Al Vogel*, Charles Tannen; *Capt. Sullivan*, Bigelow Sayre; *Mr. Brown*, Dick Cogan; *Mrs. Brown*, Jewel Rose; *Mr. McDougall*, Eddie Firestone; *Mrs. McDougall*, Estelle Etterre; *Herman Wertheim*, Claude Stroud; *Susan Wertheim*, Caryl Lincoln; *Mary Vogel*, Valerie Mark; *Mabel Spooner*, Joan Miller; *Watch Buyer*, Walter Baldwin; *Ernie*—Mailman, Syd Saylor; *Mr. Ferguson*, John Qualen; *Long Haired Pianist*, Fritz Feld; *Mrs. Simpkins*, Kathryn Sheldon; *Mr. Simpkins*, Robert Dudley; *Photographer*, Billy Wayne; *Strange Woman*, Minerva Urecal.

KIM—M-G-M: *Mahbub Ali (Redbeard)*, Errol Flynn; *Kim*, Dean Stockwell; *The Lama*, Paul Lukas; *Hurree Chunder*, Cecil Kellaway; *Creighton Sahib*, Robert Douglas; *Lurgan Sahib*, Arnold Moss; *Father Victor*, Reginald Owen; *Hassen Bey*, Richard Hale; *The Shadow*, Frank Lackteen.

MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, THE—M-G-M: *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes*, Louis Calhern; *Fannie Holmes*, Ann Harding; *Louis Brandeis*, Eduard Franz; *Owen Wister*, Phillip Ober; *Henry Adams*, Ian Wolf; *Annie*, Edith Evanson; *Mr. Dickson*, Dan Tobin; *Reynolds*, Dick Anderson; *Copeland*, Lauren Tindall; *Northrup*, Guy Anderson.

MR. MUSIC—Paramount: *Paul Merrick*, Bing Crosby; *Katherine Holbrook*, Nancy Olson; *Alex Conway*, Charles Coburn; *Lorna Marvis*, Ruth Hussey; *Jefferson Blake*, Robert Stack; *Haggerty*, Tom Ewell; *Aunt Amy*, Ida Moore; *Mr. Danforth*, Charles Kemper; *Tippy Carpenter*, Donald Woods; also *Marge & Gower Champion*; *Groucho Marx*, Dorothy Kirsten, Peggy Lee, The Merry Macs.

TO PLEASE A LADY—M-G-M: *Mike Brannon*, Clark Gable; *Regina Ford*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Gregg*, Adolphe Menjou; *Mackay*, Will Geer; *Press Agent*, Frank Jenks.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN—Warners: *Lafe Barstow*, Errol Flynn; *Johanna Carter*, Patrice Wymore; *Lt. Rickey*, Scott Forbes; *Pap Dennison*, Guinn Williams; *Jim Wheat*, Dick Jones; *Cole Smith*, Howard Petrie; *Plank*, Slim Pickens; *Gil Craigie*, Chubby Johnson; *Kip Waterson*, Buzz Henry; *Kay Rawlings*, Sheb Wooley; *Pierre Duchesne*, Peter Coe; *Jonas Weatherby*, Rush Williams; *Ash*, Steve Dunhill; *Barnes*, Alex Sharpe; *Ryan*, Yakama Canutt.

TRIPOLI—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: *Sheila D'Arnean*, Maureen O'Hara; *Lieut. Presley O'Bannon*, John Payne; *Capt. Demetrios*, Howard da Silva; *Hamet Karamanly*, Philip Reed; *Sgt. Derek*, Grant Withers; *Lieut. Tripp*, Lowell Gilmore; *Khalil*, Alan Napier; *Gen. Eaton*, Herbert Heyes; *Henriette*, Connie Gilchrist; *il Taub*, Alberto Morin; *Interpreter*, Emil Hannah; *Seewauk*, Rosa Turich; *Com. Barron*, Grandon Rhodes; *Capt. Estes*, Charles Flynn; *Dancing girl*, Marilyn Hampton.

WOMAN ON THE RUN—U-I: *Eleanor*, Ann Sheridan; *Danny Leggett*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Inspector Ferris*, Robert Keith; *Frank Johnson*, Ross Elliot; *Detective Shaw*, Frank Jenks; *Maibus*, John Qualen; *Sea Captain*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Joe Gordon*, Thomas P. Dillon.

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Helene Curtis

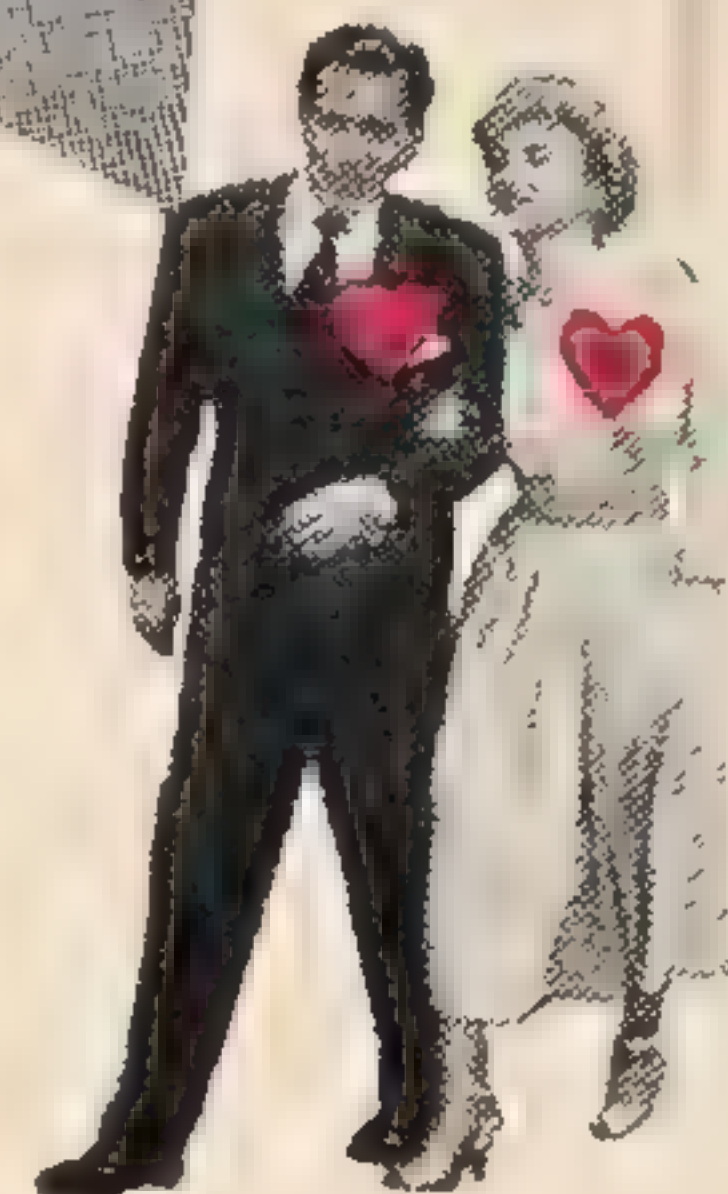
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women...
and their
men!



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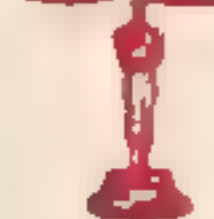
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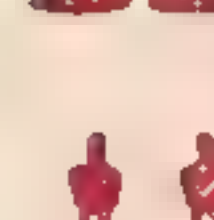
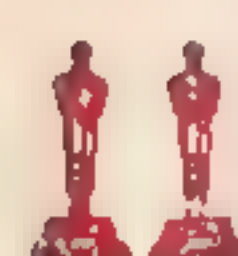


Darryl F. Zanuck
Presents



BETTE DAVIS
ANNE BAXTER
GEORGE SANDERS
CELESTE HOLM in
"ALL ABOUT EVE"

with GARY MERRILL
HUGH MARLOWE
Thelma Ritter
Marilyn Monroe



Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Written for the Screen
and Directed by



JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

20th Century-Fox



toast to the future



Host Fred Sammis with top winners, Sally Forrest and Howard Keel, at Photoplay party at Ciro's in honor of "Choose Your Star" winners



THEY came into Ciro's by ones and twos, each with his own particular glow of triumph. For most of them it was the first shining and tangible proof of advance. For some there might never be a more glorious moment. But this night all were equally brushed with the wonder of new stardom, each in equal measure being toasted at Photoplay's party in honor of 1950's most popular new players.

They were—most particularly—your stars, for you selected them against all others in the Photoplay "Choose Your Star" contest. In the oncoming months you can see how well you selected, but already most of your choices have advanced far beyond their place at the time you cast your ballot.

For top winner Sally Forrest it was a triple celebration: Most popular newcomer, stardom in her most cherished dream—a dancing picture—and marriage in January to her heart's choice, Milo Frank.

To Howard Keel it's been a year of homecoming, back triumphant with the wife he met and married in New York, to the city where he went to college and dreamed of such a moment as this party. As a climax his Metro bosses have rewarded him with the choicest role the lot could provide, *Ravenal*, in "Showboat."

So many others, too, for whom fortune's wheel is spinning brightly, shared in the celebrating:

David Wayne, complete with a beard that itched for his star role at U-I in "Up Front" by the last war's celebrated Bill Mauldin.

Tony Curtis, the teenagers' delight, delighting in his date, Piper Laurie.

Mercedes McCambridge, gay with jokes about moving with her new husband into a new apartment.

Marlon Brando, shaky with shyness when he walked into the room.

Jeff Chandler, a 6,000-mile commuter from Hawaii.

Peggy Dow, whose spontaneous laughter turned up the tired corners of this editorial mouth.

Nancy Davis, prettier than cameras have yet revealed.

Bob Patten, triumph mixed with unhappiness over a marital separation.

Keefe Brasselle, too excited over his winning position to worry about his injured back.

Gene Nelson and his charming wife, Miriam, so full of happiness that they both talked at once—about Gene's triumph and his role in "Lullaby of Broadway."

Craig Hill, telling how he was testing for the next Jeanne Crain picture.

Photoplay salutes them all, wishes them equal luck and hopes to present them in years to come with the movie-goers' greatest emblem of success—the Photoplay Gold Medal Award.

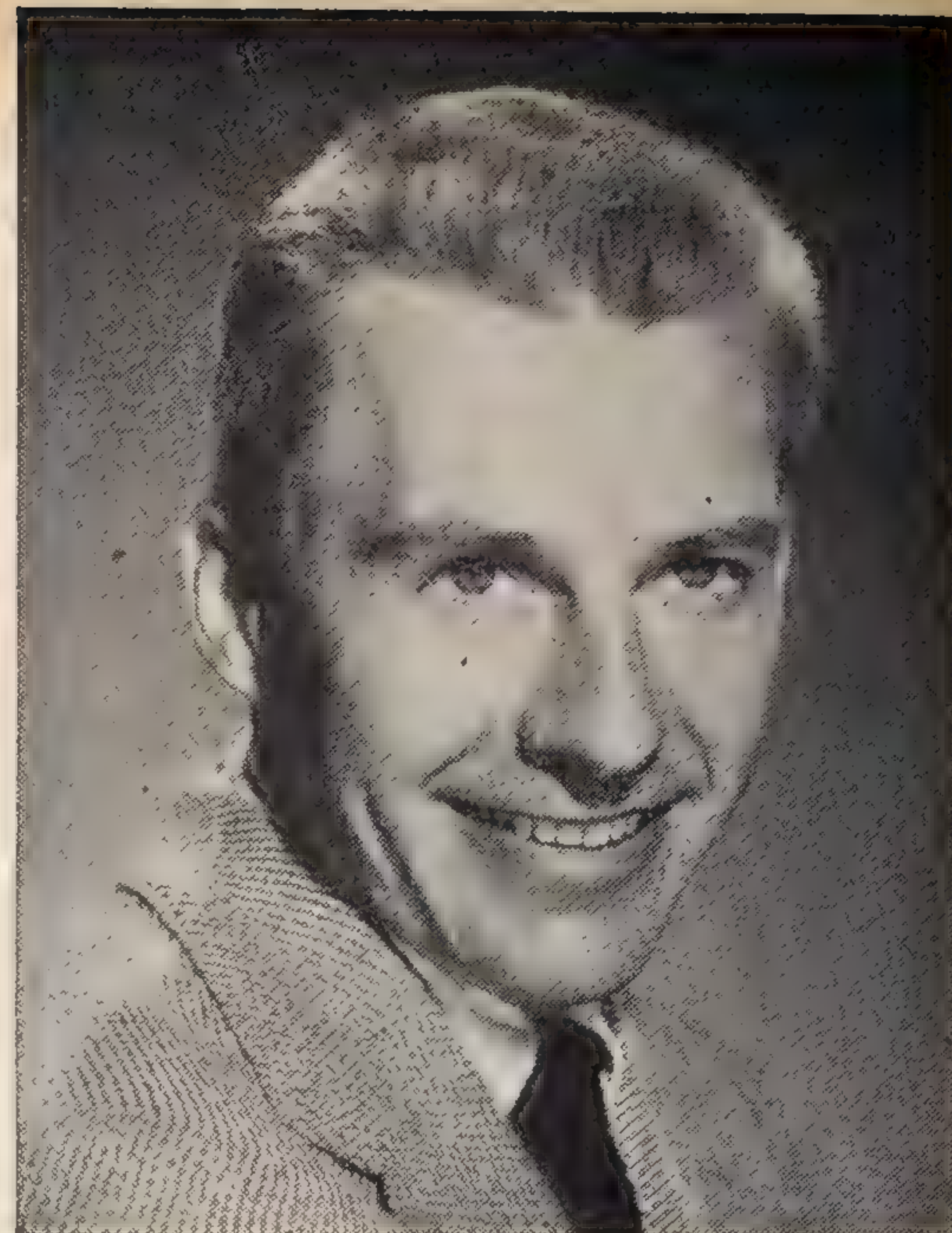
Fred Sammis



Gene Nelson: His name goes up in lights after "The West Point Story"



Keefe Brasselle: Struggled six years for recognition. Next in "Dial 1119"



David Wayne: Hailed as top-flight comedian, triumphs as heavy in "M"

WHERE WILL THEY

THEY'RE an all-American success story, these stars you voted the winners in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" Contest and they come to Hollywood and this success via every route and from every corner of the country.

Howard Keel (top winner of the male stars), son of a coal miner in Gillespie, Ill., came with his family to California when his mother's health failed. From his first job as a dish-washer and short-order cook in a (Continued on page 80)



Smooth sailing: Piper Laurie co-stars in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"



Leading lady of "People in Love," Nancy Davis justified studio's faith



Jean Hagen: Time out for motherhood after hit in "A Life of Her Own"



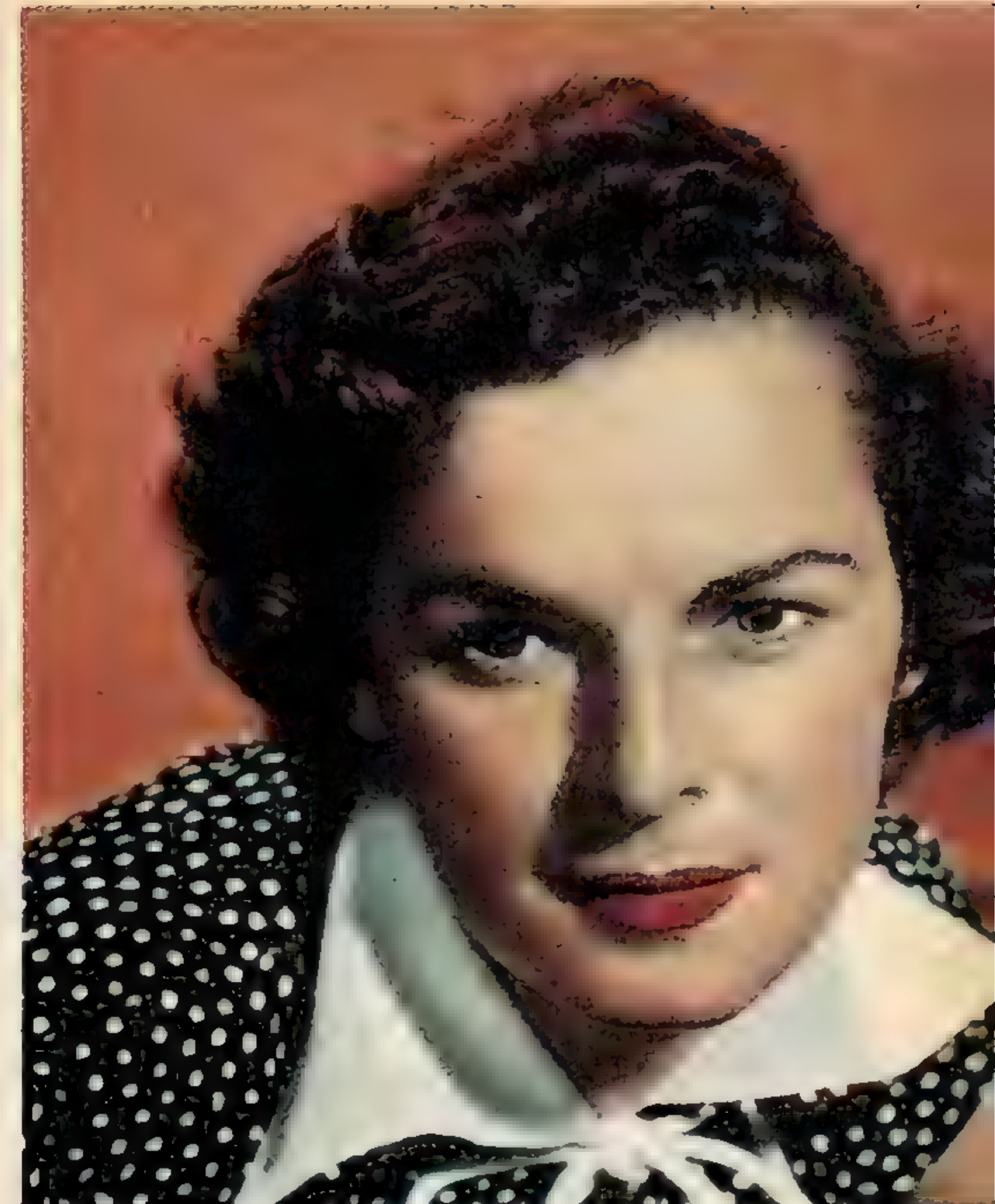
Sally Forrest: Will star opposite Red Skelton in "Excuse My Dust"

Ornitz



Girl with a golden future—Peggy Dow has just completed "Harvey" with Jimmy Stewart

Jones



Mercedes McCambridge: In the money now, next in "The Scarf"

Fink and Smith

GO FROM

HERE?

You put them in the spotlight and they plan to stay there. The exciting story of what the studios are planning for the young men and girls you voted most likely to succeed

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



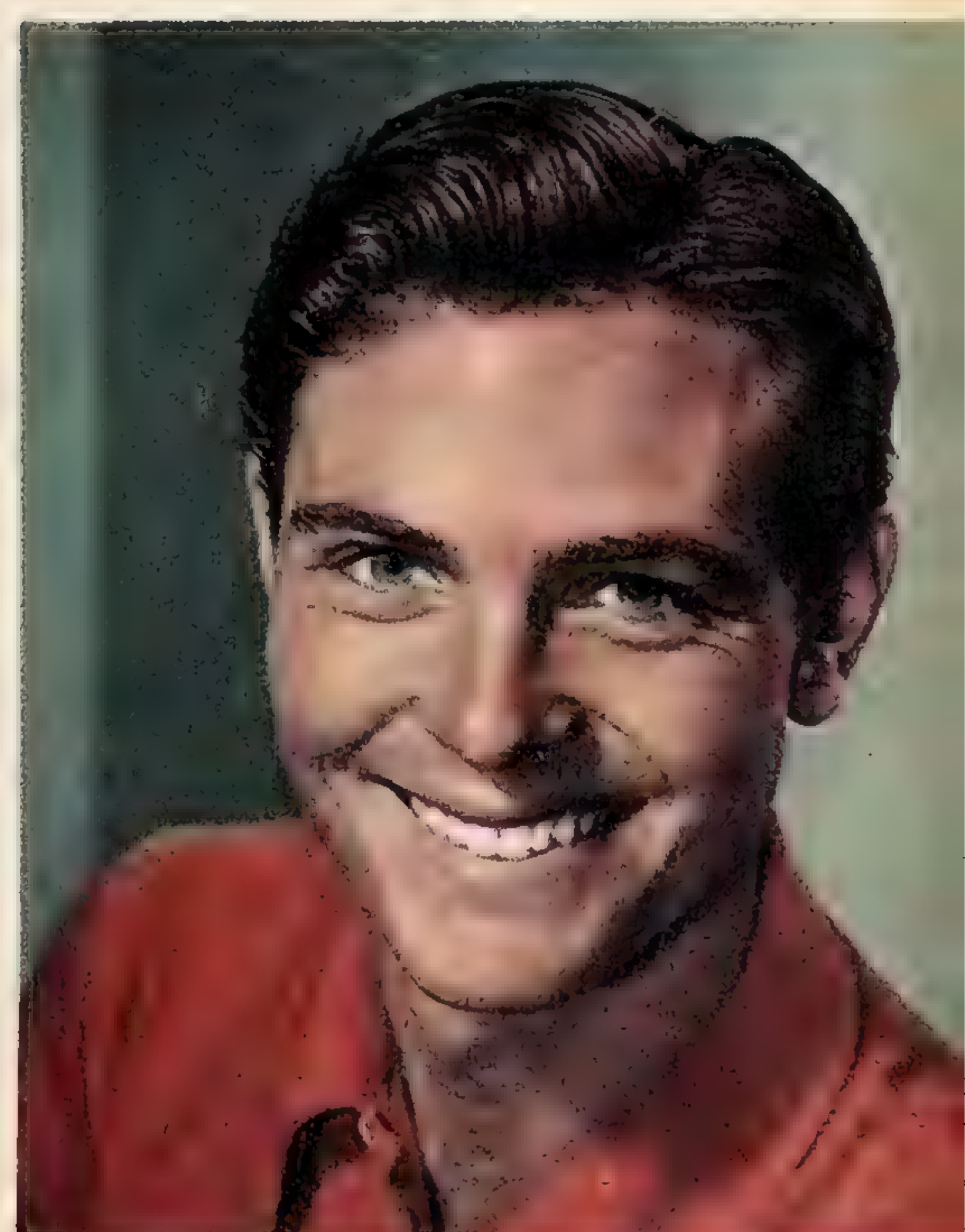
Studio shooting works with Howard Keel of "Three Guys Named Mike"

Fink and Smith



Tony Curtis: You'll see him in Technicolor as star of "The Prince Who Was a Thief"

Fink and Smith



Craig Hill: Busy taking tests, his next is "All About Eve"

Fink and Smith



Those four years before Christmas, 1945, are the reason why Scott Brady, above with his mother and brother Eddie, makes every Christmas Eve a very special occasion



ON THIS



ENCHANTED

When fir trees glisten with sequins and the
Crosby kids serenade Hope, you don't need

Santa to tell you it's Christmas in Hollywood

IF YOU were to climb into Santa's sleigh on Christmas eve for a tour around Hollywood, you'd have a rugged ride. But you'd see some of the wackiest, corniest, prettiest sights ever your wondering eyes did behold.

The ride would be rough, because there'd be no snow for your sleigh, even though many a green lawn would be covered with mica-dipped cornflakes, looking like same. The holly bushes would be flaming all over the hills, but the chances are better than excellent that it would be raining. It seldom rains here from April until December—but it's a rare Christmas Eve that rain doesn't come down.

Yet what a night it is. It's unlike any December twenty-fourth anywhere else on earth and that's for sure. Masses of people (Continued on page 86)



Nearly five hundred people have reason to remember Joan Crawford at Christmas. Above, Joan with her family—Christopher, twins Cynthia and Cathy, and Christina

EVE

BY RUTH WATERBURY

At the John Hodiak-Anne Baxter home, the decorations are as glamorous and smart as these two so-much-in-love people themselves



Two shiny dimes on Christmas Eve mean a wonderful holiday for Betty Hutton's girls, Lindsay and Candace



Home is where you won't find Bob Hope, above at camp show with Tony Romano



WAS THERE

BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

*B*EL AIR, where June Allyson and Dick Powell and Pamela Powell live, is a pretty place. The roads curve through hills dotted with houses. Here and there you catch a glimpse of a swimming pool glistening in the sunshine. There are flowers everywhere; purple bougainvillea spills over the walls and embankments and bright geraniums climb up into the palm trees.

A curve in the Powell driveway brings you to the two-story Norman house, built of white stucco and



dark oak trim. The acre of lawn is always very lush and green. And the day I was there the informal garden was a crazy quilt of zinnias and asters, marigolds, delphiniums, daisies and snapdragons.

The Powell convertible, the top down, stood at the door. And on the brick-paved terrace outside the living room a parasoled table was being laid for luncheon.

"Hi," called June. She raced upstairs to find Dick. And very nearly collided with him as he started down,

Pamela kept snitching olives,

Dick kept eyeing his golf clubs.

But June kept them on the spot—

for these intimate pictures of

the lively Powells at home

I WAS THERE



When June suggested taking a nap, Pamela protested. It isn't every day a girl gets her picture taken! June and Dick are in "Right Cross"



Did someone say Jamie would be a nice name for the expected baby, if it's a boy? Pamela has doubts—and shows it!



Cover Girl

his golf bag in hand. "You can't leave now!" she said. "Johnny's here. Lunch is ready! And we're going to take pictures!"

"Okay!" Dick was amiable. "But, gee, I thought our date was for tomorrow."

June grinned. She knew perfectly well that Dick, with his wonderful memory, had made no mistake about the day.

While we waited for Dick to change, Pamela arrived with her nurse. "Let's get the pictures of Pam and me first," June suggested. "Then she can have her nap—it's time . . ."

Pamela had other ideas, especially when we all sat down to lunch and she saw the chicken sandwiches and the olives come to the table.

June took her on her lap and, doubtfully, passed her the olives. Promptly Pam grabbed an olive in one hand, half of June's sandwich in the other.



Poor Daddy—he didn't know Mommy and Pamela were looking when he tried to make a get-away to his golf game



Oh, hum—posing makes a girl sleepy. Pam decides to let June carry on—after all, she's used to it

All photographs by John Engstead

I grabbed my camera!

"What," said June dreamily, "do you think we should call the new baby? We really ought to decide. It won't be long now . . . December . . ."

"'Jamie' if you have a boy," I suggested. "'Lane' if she's a girl."

"This," said Dick, beaming as he made away to change into golf things again, "is where I came in . . ."

"Jamie," mused June. "Lane . . ."

Pamela departed with her nurse, too sleepy to protest.

Packing my equipment in my car I could see Dick's clubs stashed away in his waiting convertible. "So long," called June. "Be sure I see the proofs, Johnny. And don't forget you're coming back after Christmas to photograph us with the new baby."

As if I could forget!



With Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire," the movie version of the play which made Brando famous

He gives Hollywood
the shock treat-
ment, glamour girls
the go-by and
his friends—the
last cent in his
little glass bank



that mad man

MARLON

BY ELSA MAXWELL

CONVERSATION at New York and Hollywood parties has taken a turn for the better. Sooner or later, always, the talk turns to Marlon Brando. And Marlon is as colorful, changeable and fascinating as a kaleidoscope.

In many ways he is childlike!

He likes to romance. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on April 3rd, 1924. But at various times he's listed his birthplace as Bombay, Mindanao and Rangoon.

He likes to shock people with bad words.

He uses his left hand as a "pusher" for food that doesn't easily accommodate itself to his fork.

He has no thought of appearance. He will walk into a restaurant in whatever he happens to be wearing and usually it's old dungarees and (Continued on page 88)

← Contrary attraction: Marlon Brando
Portrait by Dirone; painting by Moller courtesy
Kleeman Galleries; chair by Knoll Associates

Parks prescription
for holiday fun—
fireplace stockings full
of Christmas cheer



25 Christmas gifts you can make

No budget blues
for these Hollywood stars
who believe it's more
fun to receive—gifts with
that personal touch

FROM November first until December twenty-fourth each year, the \$64 question is: "What shall I give *her* for Christmas?" Or, "What shall I give *him*?" Or, "What shall I give *them*?"

In Hollywood there are many imaginative people who refuse to wring their hands over this puzzle. They dream up various unique gifts that are both easily and inexpensively made.

If you plan to make any of these Hollywood gifts, it is important, of course, that you take into consideration the vital fact that Christmas gifts made by loving hands at home must fit the giftee in every sense of the word. Clothes must be the right size because they can't be exchanged at the corner emporium; they also must be of such a nature and color that they (Continued on page 44)



You'll be designing some for yourself when you try your hand at Jeanne Crain's amusing idea—colorful figurines made from pipe cleaners



Whittle while you work: If you're handy with a knife you'll appreciate Rod Cameron's smart gifts for men—Western tie slips for anchoring ties



**Keep the home fires burning all year 'round with Jeff Donnell's bright idea for giving—large and small match boxes covered with gaily decorated felt
Be a pin-up girl in the parlor with Dorothy Kirsten's Christmas contribution—applied cocktail aprons**



**Strictly in the glamour department are Helene London's skillets, transformed with lacquer and gay decalcomanias into unusual ornaments for kitchen walls
Watch people go places—when you present them with lovely reversible stoles like Dorothy Kirsten's**





A welcome idea for the holidays and one your friends can make use of every year, is Mona Freeman's gift suggestion—wreaths trimmed with bright red candy bulbs

25 Christmas gifts you can make

will fit into the giftee's wardrobe. And so on.

Your friends would love one of the beautiful and currently fashionable gifts that singer Dorothy Kirsten, now playing in "Mr. Music" with Bing Crosby, whips up. She makes a reversible evening stole, using a bright metallic brocade for one surface, a nylon taffeta for the reverse. In warm climates, such a stole can be worn the year around; in climates where the winter is rigorous, such a stole is a useful addition to a party costume after the fur coat has been shed. You'll need: $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of metallic brocade, 36 to 40 inches wide; $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of nylon taffeta, same width; 4 small weights.

Only $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fabric should be used in the stole. The additional one-fourth yard should be used to make a long roll (*Continued on page 75*)



Vivid touch for any home—and one you can easily copy—are the unfinished bookshelves which Phil Reed decorates with bright paper book jackets



Chalk white figurines from a gift shop, a set of paints—and you have the beginnings of Carole Mathews's present plan for decorating holiday tables
Browse around any department store and you'll find the basis you need—for the lovely petit point pictures Faith Domergue designs for special presents





Take the drudgery out of kitchen life and add an unexpected note of glamour with a pair of useful terry cloth mitts cut to pattern by Penny Singleton



You'll never know what you can do until you try Lois Butler's suggestion for the glamour girls on your list—dainty flower, bead or sequin earrings
A visit to the dime store—and Gene Nelson had all the dishes he needed, to transform into hand-painted china pieces that anyone would treasure



Watch the girls you gift do a Highland fling when you present them with Shelley Winters's design for a festive season—smart plaid weskits

A child could do it, says John Derek, who uses a simple wood-burning set to create some intriguing wooden plaques to decorate a child's room



"A PLACE IN

PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEWS



The day Liz Taylor was scheduled to do a bathing suit sequence, a six-inch snow-fall hit Lake Tahoe region where picture was filmed. So Liz, who had to look as if she'd just returned from a swim, dunked her hair and suit in a pail of water



Between scenes at the beach—the time is supposed to be Labor Day—Monty Clift and Liz warded off October chills with heavy blankets



An upset pail of water sent Shelley Winters to her dressing room for repairs. In role as poor working girl, she wears cheap clothes, no make-up and her blonde hair is darkened to dull brown

THE SUN"

Years ago three young people lived this dramatic story. A famous writer turned it into a great novel. Now it comes to the screen—a true American tragedy



On a tour of his uncle's factory with foreman Bill Murphy, Monty Clift sees Shelley Winters, is instantly attracted to her. Given job as shipping clerk, he is warned not to be friendly with the girls. But he meets Shelley outside—they become lovers



Promoted to a better job, Monty is invited to party at uncle's home. There he meets Liz Taylor. Fascinated by her beauty and glamorous background, he forgets his promise to celebrate his birthday with Shelley

FOR a second time, the famous Theodore Dreiser novel, "An American Tragedy," becomes a movie. It was made first eighteen years ago by Josef von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes, Frances Dee and Sylvia Sidney. Now, under the direction of George Stevens, Monty Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters play the leading roles. The company spent a rugged time on location in the Lake Tahoe country of the High Sierras. At Cascade Lake, director Stevens, a stickler for realism, demonstrated how he wanted the boat scene played by leaping fully clothed into the water. For Shelley's "drowning" scene in the icy lake, she was first covered

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"



Later, in her room, Shelley reveals she is going to have a baby. Stunned, Monty tells her they will marry when he gets his vacation. She agrees. One night, in his room, a picture of . . .



. . . the drowning *Ophelia* suggests a way out. Monty turns from it in horror. He tells Shelley he must spend part of his vacation with his uncle



Instead, Monty goes to Liz's home in the country. Their infatuation grows



At party given by Liz's parents, Monty gets phone call from Shelley who insists he must return or she'll come after him. He makes his excuses and leaves



Monty and Shelley go to nearby town to be married. It's a holiday—the courthouse is closed

with a mixture of mustard and vaseline. Then she wore long woolen underwear and a rubber, inflated coverall under her dress. Incidentally, none of the dresses Shelley wears in this picture cost over four dollars. But Elizabeth Taylor's wardrobe is large and expensive.

Rehearsing for their most romantic scene, Monty and Shelley went into a kissing marathon—one hundred and thirty-two kisses. But only six kisses appear on the screen.



Unable to get the picture of *Ophelia* out of his mind, Monty suggests a picnic on the lake, rents a boat under an assumed name. When he returns to his car—he is alone



Monty begs Liz to marry him at once. She refuses. Later, out with the crowd, Monty nearly collapses when he hears over the radio that Shelley's body has been discovered



That night, Liz's dad, Shepperd Strudwick, says he knows Liz and Monty want to marry, urges them to wait. They go for a drive. On their return, Monty sees empty police . . .



. . . cars at the house. Realizing he is being investigated, Monty runs into the woods—and into District Attorney Raymond Burr. He is questioned—and arrested



Liz, at her home, is in a state of shock. Her mother, Frieda Inescort, decides to close up their home and send Liz away to finishing school to help her forget



Monty, on the stand, insists that Shelley's death was an accident. Liz, in spite of the way the trial is going, writes Monty that she'll love him always



How A Star Is

Now you're really part of the Hollywood picture. You've found out what the warning signs are up. So if you're smart, you'll stop,



Looking too young lost Terry Moore the role she'd dreamed about but she was old and wise enough to keep to her course. Terry's next picture will be "He's a Cockeyed Wonder"



Hugh Marlowe's experiences would have sent a lesser man packing. But Hugh turned them into a philosophy that's paid dividends ever since. He appears in "All About Eve"



AT WHAT point in a theatrical career does success become a distinct promise instead of a vague dream?

Well, success usually becomes a distinct promise when a player's *second* option has been exercised by a studio.

During normal Hollywood times, the average screen youngster has an excellent chance of having his first option exercised. This crisis occurs, ordinarily, at the end of the first six months of employment. During the second half of that all-important first year with a studio, the player *must* begin to give

strong evidences of individuality and talent if studio interest is to be maintained.

But if that second option is exercised, the player starts a new phase of his career. For a year he has prepared himself within the studio; perhaps, before that year of grooming, he has studied elsewhere. He now has a right to regard himself as a professional. He is no longer a student. He is in business for himself.

But to be a professional, to be in business for himself, he must have a job—that is, a part in a picture. (Continued on page 92)

Born

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

it means to win a little success. But
look and keep on learning



STUDIO TALK

Red Light: Standard stop sign outside stage door to indicate that the camera is turning inside.
Bell: Inside stage warning that the camera is about to turn. No one whispers or takes a step after the red light is on and the bell has rung.

Hit 'em All: Illuminate the set, or turn on all the lights.

A Lily: A perfect take, hence a complimentary term sometimes used kiddingly.

Key Light: Powerful light which emphasizes the star's most attractive facial planes. Sometimes the second lead is murdered by this key light.

Gaffer: Chief electrician.

Best Boy: Assistant to electrician.

Juicers: Electricians manning lights.

Grip: Motion picture version of the stage hand.

Dolly Shot: Picture made while camera is moving on a dolly, or rolling platform.

Boom Shot: Picture made while camera is on a platform at the end of a crane.

Bee Hive: Cover over mike to filter out wind during outdoor shooting.

Wild Wall: Wall that can be moved at a moment's notice.

Wild Track: Speaking several different versions of a portion of dialogue into the mike although the camera is not turning. The best of these versions is used in the completed film. Example: "What am I doing?" "What **am** I doing?" "What **am I** doing?"

Loop: Supplying a line of dialogue such as the above, because something went wrong with the sound although the camera take was a lily.

Elevators: Cork soles from one to five inches in height, made with an instep webbing so that they can be worn with customary shoes. Short girls wear them when playing love scenes with very tall men and modestly proportioned men wear them when dancing with tall girls.

Flit Gun: Device for squirting an oil mixture on the faces of players who are "perspiring" in a desert sequence.

Oater: A Western picture, also called "west-run."

Cliff-hanger: Suspense drama.

Whodunit: Murder mystery.

Sofa Special: Drawing-room comedy.

It took seventeen years and some straight thinking for Gene Nelson to win co-starring role with Doris Day in "Lullaby of Broadway"

LOST - their blue



BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

heaven



Better for their son to see his parents at their best, Dan believes. His next picture is "Call Me Mister"

There were no more quarrels, no more tears
and no more reconciliations. For Elizabeth
and Dan—at the end—there was nothing at all

HOW successfully can you put patches on a marriage?

This thought came to my mind as I sat with Dan Dailey—the first reporter to talk with him after the second break-up of his marriage to Elizabeth (Liz) Dailey.

"I knew two months after we tried to patch up our first serious break last year that it would not work," Dan said. "But we stuck it out for almost a year. It won't work. These attempts at reconciliation and compromise after the real fabric of a marriage has been badly torn are useless.

"Memories of things said and done in bitterness still cling. No matter how much both parties in a marriage hope and pray that a 'second chance' will succeed, the strain and hurts and disillusionments still remain like nagging ghosts in your heart."

Not always, I thought to myself. The Ray Millands picked up their marriage happier than ever after a parting of six months. Mark and Annelle Stevens have reached a successful understanding after once parting in great bitterness. Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin are trying again—and seeming very happy—after two previous separations.

Oddly enough, both of my interviews with Dan on the subject of his marital troubles took place in his studio dressing room. The first time, almost a year ago, he had been nervous, harassed and miserable.

Now, all that is gone. He isn't happy. He isn't (Continued on page 96)

The first few months were wonderful, when Liz and Dan dated again



The fun began with brunch around a gaily decorated table in Bob's Bel Air home. Guests, clockwise, are Phyllis Kirk, Hall Bartlett, Cathy O'Donnell, Wanda Hendrix, the Don Taylors, Lois Butler and host Bob Stack



Gifts for delivery:
The Don Taylors, Bob



With a shoe for a hammer, Lois and Cathy help trim the trailer—their Christmas caravan

WHEN Bob Stack learned that he would be on location in Mexico for "Rio Grande" and probably would be there for Christmas, he gathered his friends for a pre-Christmas celebration.

The Stacks have a charming home in Bel Air and Betsy (Bob's mother) is one of the town's best hostesses. So they put their heads together and Betsy said, "How about a brunch?" And Bob, whose imagination is something, said, "How about a caravan?"

It turned out to be a dreamy idea. We know, because we trailed along.

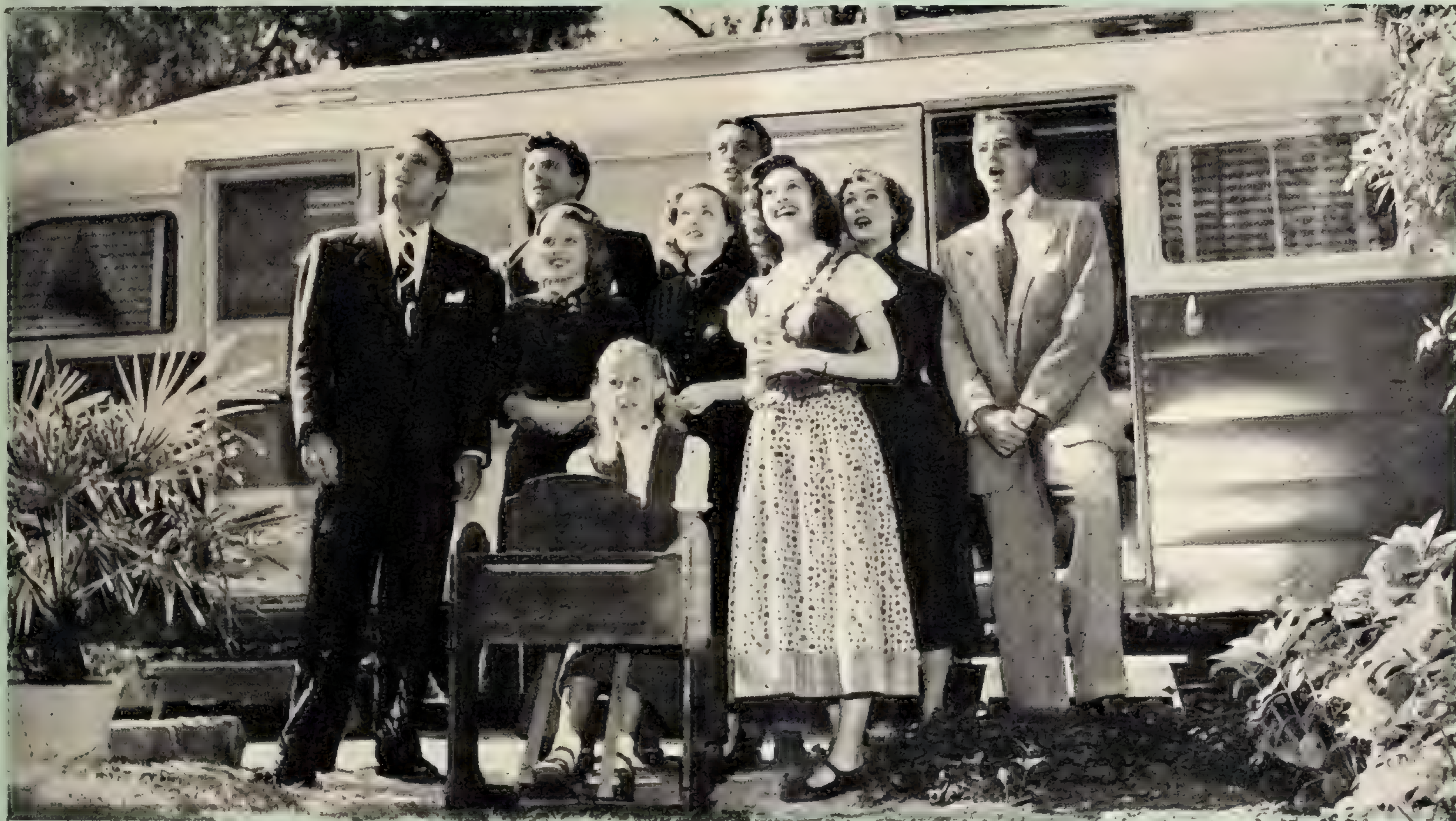
The brunch, served those in the caravan party at the Stack home, consisted of fresh fruit compote, eggs scrambled with minced clams and decorated with crisp bacon, veal meat loaf surrounded with (Continued on page 83)

merrily they roll along

... serenading their friends and delivering presents. It was Bob Stack's bright idea for a pre-Christmas party

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen



Everybody out—for Christmas carols: Little Gretchen Williams, a neighbor's child, played the portable organ when Bob and his party stopped at their friends' homes to deliver gifts and song. John Dall, center rear, joined the party en route

Homeward bound, Phyllis and Bob make sure the bowl of Christmas cheer is ready for their last trailer stop

Toast to a bright host: Back home, Bob's guests wish him a Merry Xmas in Mexico—where he'll be on location





...and all through the House

A tree to grow up with, imagination and nimble fingers made a three-year-old's Xmas bright and gave the Crawford home a holiday glow that any household can afford

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director
Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



Cheer: Red and white table gave a Xmas sparkle to pine-panelled dining room. Red paper place mats edged with popcorn intrigued Kim, who wanted to eat the border! Brod is in "Born Yesterday"

THE Broderick Crawfords are a step beyond everyone else when it comes to Christmas decorations. Always you find their home as gay as the holiday season itself. How can you beat the combination with which they start out, red wallpaper and green chairs? And a festive rag rug that combines both colors, along with several others as well! With a head start like that, the Crawfords could put up a sprig of holly and call it a day, but that wouldn't be in the spirit of things, of course, especially with a small boy like Kim, christened Christopher, around the premises.

However, too much Christmas can be overwhelming to a three-year-old. A gigantic tree laden with glitter, appealing as it is to adults, is 'way out of proportion to a child's size, and though he may admire it, want to touch it, still the tree isn't his. And because (Continued on page 73)

Gay room, gay season: Paper angels decorate candles on mantel and wooden angels, popcorn clusters swing gaily on Kim's little tree

De Gennaro





1. Ann Miller wraps a clean towel around a small manicuring pillow. (A book, wrapped in a towel, will give you a firm base if you haven't a small pillow.) Always, too, Ann makes sure she has cotton, a steel file, emery boards, polish, a bowl of warm water within reach.



2. When removing old polish, Ann saves time by dipping several clean cotton pads in polish remover, planting one on each nail to soften the polish. If any loosened polish gets on the fingers, Ann wipes it off with fresh-dipped cotton. Since remover evaporates, she makes sure the bottle is tightly corked each time after using.



3. Using either a steel file or emery board, she files and re-shapes each nail. Ann prefers a smoothly rounded oval of medium length. She starts at the corners then files *towards* the center, *never* away from it. Ann is always careful, too, to keep both sides of the nail even and not file them too thin at the outer edges. This would tend to break the nails.

Glad HANDS

BY VICKY RILEY

For one dime and one hour a week you can have glamour at your finger tips. Don't say it can't be done until you've tried the Hollywood way



5. Ann washes each hand and again dries carefully. To avoid damaging finished nails on one hand while working on the other, she completes both except for applying the nail polish. After drying, she removes hangnails with clippers, never cuts cuticle—emerys out rough spots.



4. After filing, Ann soaks each hand in warm, sudsy water for three minutes, then scrubs with a brush, dries carefully. With cotton-wrapped orangewood stick, dipped in cuticle remover, she works around sides, base of nails. Those who don't polish tips should use whitener under nails.

LET every girl who wants a fast, inexpensive way to glamour raise her hand.

That's the answer. Raise your hands and get yourself some manicuring things. If you can, get Santa to bring you a really lovely manicuring set for Christmas. But if he doesn't, even if implements won't be as pretty, you can stock up, except for clippers, at the dime store. Add some hand cream or lotion, or perhaps some baby oil. That's all you need to glorify the third most important beauty asset you possess.

Let me hear no protests from those who work with their hands and claim they are therefore necessarily ugly. Actually, work beautifies hands, if you learn the right glamour tricks. And remember, except for your face, your hands are the only part of you continually revealed to everyone's eyes; as when you are playing canasta or bridge—or holding hands!

Hollywood belles rate their man-baiting charms in this order: Face, figure, hands. Face meaning hair, also. Figure including bosom and legs. The first requires everlasting attention, from that daily hair-brushing and constant hair-setting to that eternal facial make-up, creaming and the like. The second requires dieting, exercise, clothes and hose. But hands, bless them, can be kept lovely for something like an hour's time and the price of not much more than a dime a week.

Just think of it! An hour and a dime a week for a beauty asset that's almost as expressive as your eyes.

(Continued on page 91)



6. Before applying the first coat of polish, Ann briskly rubs in a good hand lotion or warm, baby oil. This is important, since hand massage is beautifying. For those who prefer powder polish, this is the time to apply it. But remember, to look attractive, powder polish calls for more whitener under the nails and also requires daily buffing.



7. Before applying liquid polish, Ann braces her hand on the manicuring pillow. To insure a lasting finish, she uses three coats (a) colorless base coat to prolong polish wear and to prevent nail stain; (b) two top coats of desired color. She applies the polish in three strokes from base to finger tip, doing the sides first and then the center.



8. If Ann smears a nail, she cleans it off with remover, starts over again. She lets polish dry thoroughly between coats, cleans nail outline with remover on cotton-wrapped orangestick. Result — lovely hands, perfectly manicured. Ann is in "Watch the Birdie."

P in-Up girls of 1951

• **Blonde Venus:** Virginia Mayo will
be seen in "The West Point Story"
Six

• **Dark dream:** Debra Paget makes her
next appearance in "Fourteen Hours"
Powolny



• **Gay '50's girl:** Shelley Winters, star of "Frenchie"

Fink and Smith





Sloe-eyed dynamite: Ava Gardner of "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"

Apger



Dancing darling: Vera-Ellen is one of the stars in "Three Little Words"

Apger



Ode to the girls who brighten the corners

where they are the queens of camp or campus

Man wants but little here below
To keep a cheerful chin up,
But when the winds of danger blow,
A fellow wants a pin-up.
The Brave deserves some pictured Fair
To see him through a tussle,
So once in barracks everywhere
Lads sighed for Mistress Russell.
Then Hayworth warmed the coldest camps
And many a youthful yearner
Sent orders in (enclosing stamps)
For Sheridan—Grable—Turner.

But Betty now must share her reign
As Debra Paget's pardner.
Now boys see Shelley Winters plain.
Now blossoms Ava Gardner.
Virginia Mayo smiles demure
On camp or campus dweller
While Vera-Ellen's sweetly sure
Her pin-up role is stellar.
Man wants but little here below
But wants with rhyme and reason
(Whatever way the winds may blow)
The Charmers of the season.

verse by Phyllis McGinley

Still in the pin-up picture: Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Jane Russell, Ann Sheridan

PARDON THEIR

It's not Betty Grable's famous legs that her tight gowns are designed to show. Below, with Jessica and Vicki



Women may belong in the kitchen but not if Howard Duff's around

WHERE did you get that hat?" I asked Loretta Young. We were jammed in the doorway of Ruben Mamouljian's beautiful home in Beverly Hills. Loretta glanced briefly at the six other waiting women and their spouses and said convincingly, "It was flown over to me from Paris." She smiled as we crowded closer to scrutinize the wonderful white and black *chapeau*.

Suddenly a contrite expression chased the complacency from Loretta's lovely face. "I didn't get it in Paris," she confessed in a small voice. "It's a copy—made in

Hollywood. I mustn't fib any more about my clothes."

Don't feel so conscience-stricken, Loretta. We all have our vanity weakness. Yours happens to be fashion, and your reputation as Hollywood's best-dressed star. Van Johnson's weak spot on the vanity front is his teeth—that's why he's always smiling—the better to show you them, my dear. Kirk Douglas loves his muscles so much, some people say they have gone to his head. He's also vain as a peacock over Irene Wrightsman's financial aristocracy!

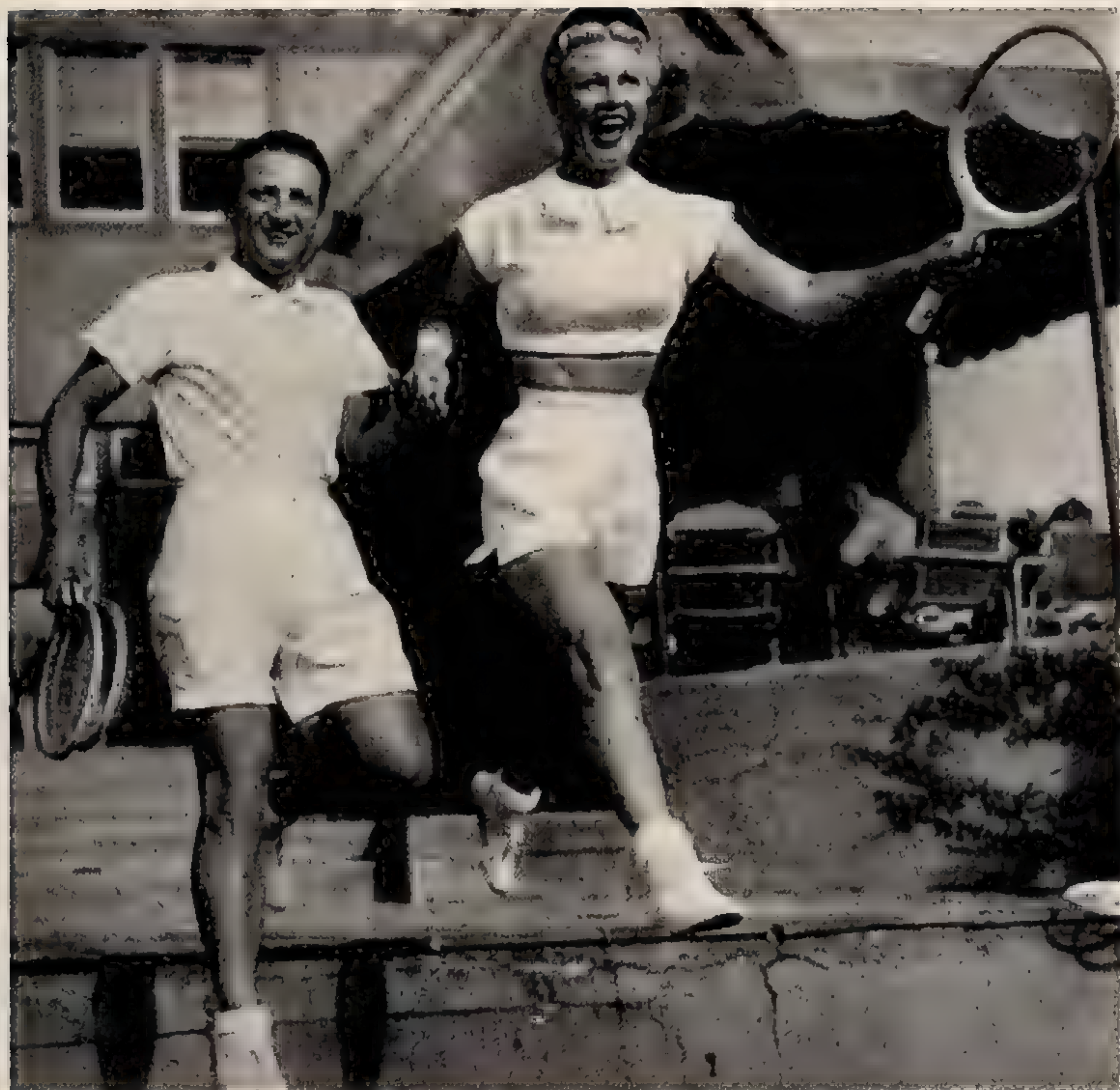
Danny Kaye believes, (Continued on page 84)

CONCEITS!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



There's no such thing as an indifferent woman in Errol Flynn's vocabulary. Above, Errol and Patrice Wymore



A love set changed Ginger Rogers's mind about her figure. Ginger and Igor Cassini at Forest Hills Tennis matches



It's a different figure that intrigues shapely Esther Williams, at The Trails with Donna Reed and Tony Owen

Any girl with whom Pete agrees to share his worldly goods had better not expect to share the Lawford clothes closet

Who's mad about his muscles? Who

takes a shampoo in champagne?

Who thinks he's a fascinatin' fel-

ler? Leave it to Sheilah to tell



A vintage fashion photograph of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking upwards. She is wearing a strapless, knee-length red dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt, cinched at the waist with a dark belt. She is holding a large, round, gold-colored balloon in her right hand. The balloon has the text "photoplay · holiday" in a script font and "FASHIONS" in a large, bold, serif font. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a small, dark, leafy plant visible in the upper left corner.

photoplay · holiday
FASHIONS



As gay as Christmas —the strapless lace dress which Edith Head designed for Nancy Olson to wear in the Bing Crosby Paramount Picture, "Mr. Music."

Left, Nancy in scene from "Mr. Music." On facing page, Nancy models the reproduction of this dress by Nite Club, available in sizes 10-16 at \$39.95.

The bodice sparkles with sequins forming a scroll design at top. Dainty ankle-length skirt flares over a rustling taffeta slip. Around the waist is a matching velvet ribbon, ending in long streamers. Equally breath-taking in royal or toast. You can buy it at Best & Co., New York, N. Y.; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Holeproof's Sandell hosiery.

Young approach to holiday dating

Right, Nancy Olson wears a young and sophisticated date dress for informal occasions. In a satin finished faille, with tiny floral embroidery. Velvet buttons trim softly-draped bodice. Skirt is four-gored with black velvet belt. In tangerine, blue or lemon, all with black velvet embroidery. Sizes 7-15, under \$11.00 by Shirley Lee at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.; Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Col. Alexette's glacé gloves.

For store nearest you write
direct to manufacturers
listed on page 71

Photograph by Dirone





a. Dainty footnote: Black lace printed satin scuffs with fur trim, on red, pink or blue ground. \$2.99 by Honeybugs at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

b. Winter Warmth: Wool fleece-lined rubber boots, worn without shoes; in red, black, brown. By U. S. Rubber, \$8.50 at Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.

c. Steal the show in a stole that looks like broadtail fur. Available in black or white, about \$8.00 by Baar and Beards at McCreery's, New York, N. Y.

d. Feminine fancy: Silk satin slip, with nylon lace trim, in white only. Sizes 9-15, 10-20, 14½-22½, 38-42. \$6.98 by Barbizon at Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.

e. Shine in rhinestone drop earrings, \$2.00, and black velvet ribbon tie choker with rhinestone pin. \$3.00 both plus tax. By Coro at Gimbel's, New York, N. Y.

f. For glamour eyes: Rayon bouclé knitted sweater with elasticized waistband, gold metallic thread trim. White or black. Sizes 32-40. \$7.95 by Boepple at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

P For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 71



She's Engaged!

Very young, *very* charming, Sally Wilshire of Old Greenwich is engaged to Leslie C. Bruce III. They met two years ago at a smart dance at the Yacht Club, and their engagement was announced this June. Theirs will be one of Connecticut's most prominent fall weddings—with Sally's pretty sister as her Maid of Honor and Sally a *bewitching* bride.



She's Lovely!

Sally is winsomely blonde and petite—and her face just enchants you! Her eyes are gay, her complexion fresh as springtime, her smile goes straight to your heart. It's a face that gives out the sweet charm of her Inner Self—brings friends to Sally wherever she is.



Sally's ring is a large marquise emerald

SALLY WILSHIRE—her complexion is soft and smooth and enviably lovely

She uses Pond's

"The nicer you look—the more confident you feel," Sally says

Isn't it true that you *enjoy yourself more* when you know you are your prettiest?

And Sally feels you absolutely *must* have a nice-to-see complexion. "I use Pond's Cold Cream on my face *every* single night," she says, "because this *cream* cleansing is so thorough, never drying—and softens my skin so beautifully."

Use this Pond's treatment as Sally does, *every* night, (mornings, too), *this* way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

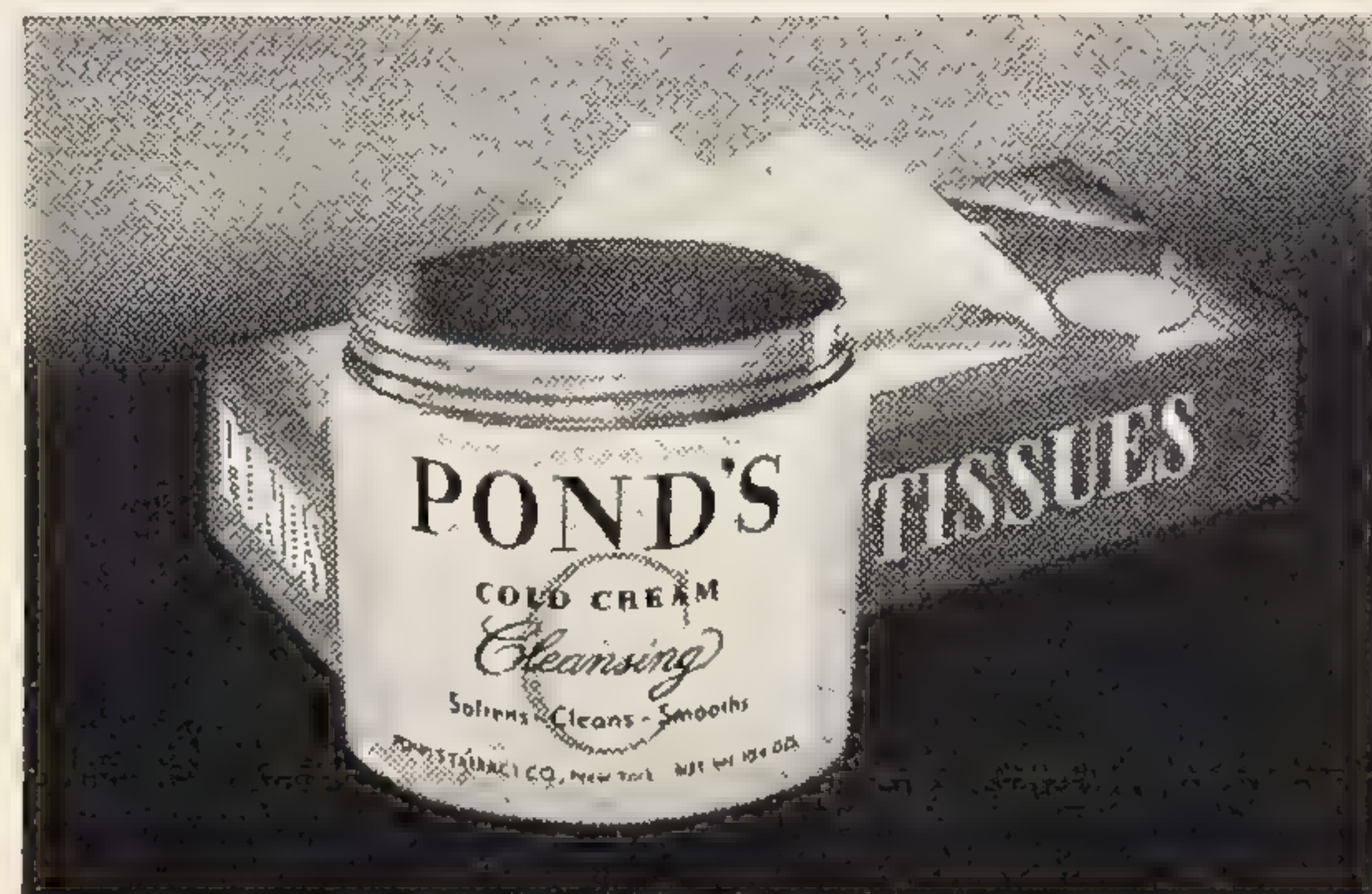
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften dirt and old make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off clean.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your face look *glowing-clean . . . feel wonderfully soft*?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. It lets a happy confidence brim out from the real you within—attracts other people to you on sight!



Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!



Ann Blyth in the original costume designed for her in Universal-International's "Katie" Engstead

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York
Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which
please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the
Ann Blyth "Katie" dress in sizes 12-14-16-18.
Name.....Size.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Be the girl he can't forget in the sheer witchery of black and white separates for evening. Snug-fitting blouse bares the shoulders, buttons to the waist. The skirt, a circular dream, can be made shorter for informal occasions, as indicated in pattern drawings. For cover-up, a pert, full-back bolero. A dress that's equally smart in solid or contrasting colors or fabrics

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71

Only
Barbizon
brings you these
beautiful *Satins*

... at famous Barbizon
extra-value prices!

Imagine this beautiful, hard-to-find fashion fabric... lingerie satin... available now in slips and gowns at Barbizon's extra-value prices. Yes! Here are exclusive Barbizon creations! Three lovely Barbizon-woven satins designed as only Barbizon can do it, in perfectly-fitting slips and gowns to express your dearest wish for lingerie luxury at more-for-your-money prices! Select your Barbizons now at your favorite store.



SILK SATIN Slip, Gown and Bed Jacket to match: "Coquette" slip in Barbizon's famous patented 3-piece cut. Matching "Enrapture" gown and "Rhapsody" bed jacket complete the trio. Each is exquisitely trimmed with rich nylon lace. In Petal, White or Bachelor Blue pure silk satin Dosché.



NYLON SATIN. Newest of the new lingerie fabrics! Pure all-nylon satin in lace-lavished "Acclaim" slip. What a dream to wash and wear without ironing! Be measured for your "Body-Contour"* size that fits like a made-to-your-figure dress. In Petal or White.

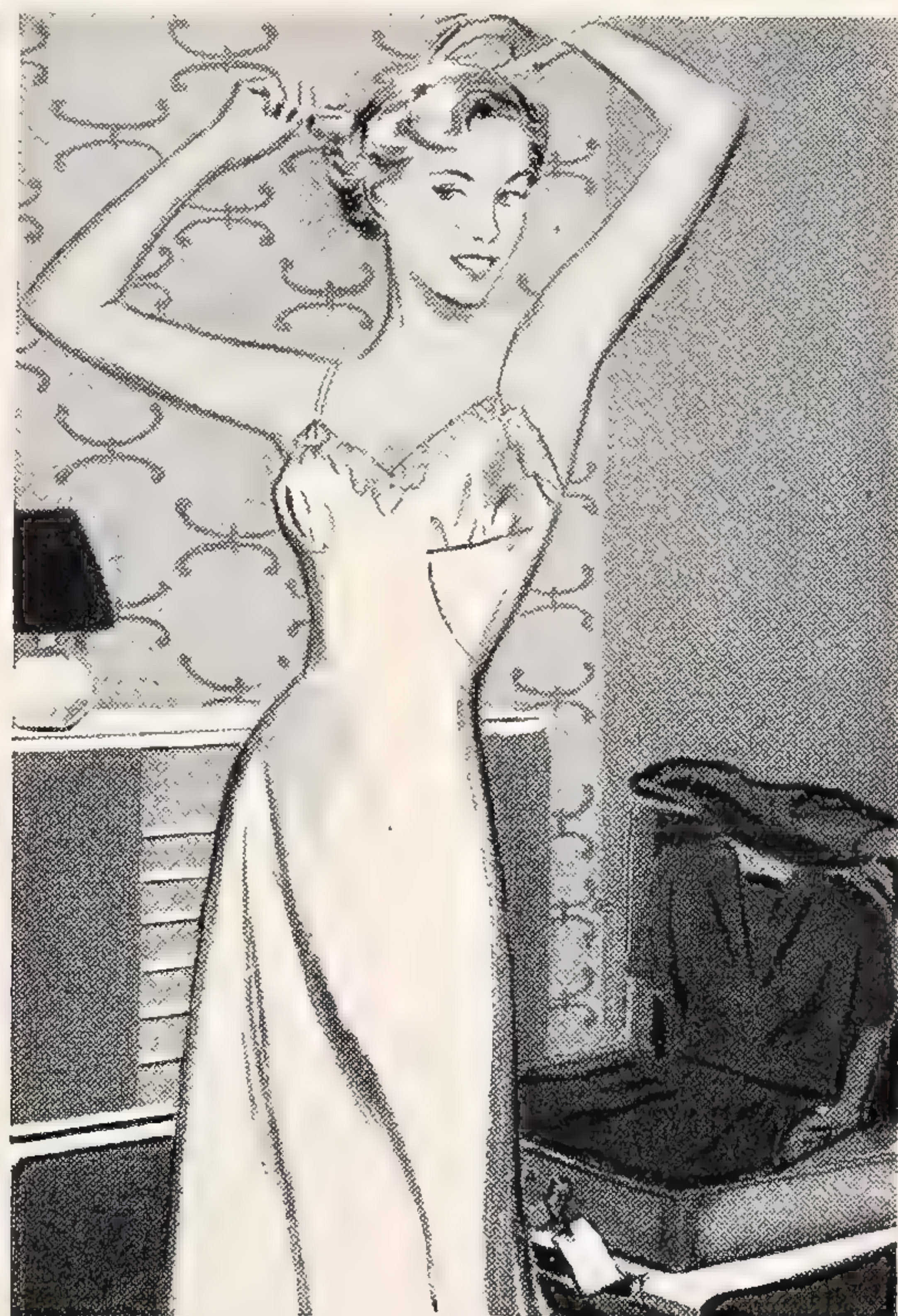
Only Barbizon, with the sure finesse of over 30 years' experience, weaves, dyes and finishes their own precious fabrics and laces...giving you finer lingerie with patented features, extra quality, added value.

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Only Barbizon Slips are made in "Body-Contour"* dress sizes to fit each basic figure type.



MISS 10-20 LITTLE MISS 9-15 LADY 38-42 LITTLE LADY 14 1/2 TO 22 1/2



RAYON SATIN as only Barbizon can weave it! Shown here in "Caprice" Barbizon's patented 3-piece cut slip bedecked with exclusive all-nylon lace. Petal, White or Bachelor Blue.

Ella Raines of "The Second Face" makes her Yuletide appearance in Sophie Gimbel suit of royal blue cross-bar on black with jet button trim. Jacket has rounded, padded hipline. With this she wears blue satin ascot

the
hollywood
clothes line

BY EDITH GWYNN



WINTER GAIETIES

The parties are gayer, the ladies are lovelier as Hollywood approaches the holiday season

CAN'T remember a more hectic month than this past one for doings on "the clothes line." There were just too many shindigs large and small as there always are when the holiday season approaches, and so many fall and winter fashion showings, there'd never be space enough here to cover 'em all—so here are some of the highlights and some of the high jinks.

One thing for sure: Your new suit must be as slim as your own shape (Continued on page 95)

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Lace evening dress on Nancy Olson

Nite Club
525 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Embroidered date dress

Shirley Lee
1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Fur stole

Baar & Beards
15 W. 37 St., New York, N. Y.

Fleece-lined boots

U. S. Rubber
1230 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Satin scuffs

Honeybugs
47 W. 34 St., New York, N. Y.

Silk satin slip

Barbizon
475 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Evening sweater

Boepple
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Velvet choker and earrings

Coro
47 W. 34 St., New York, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY'S
PATTERN
OF THE
MONTH

Detailed drawings, above, of the
Ann Blyth evening dress on page 68

The Lovable Girl-of-the-Month...

Painted from life
by famous illustrator
Victor Kalin



...loves her LOVABLE BRA

*"because it's so pretty... fits
like a dream, costs so little!"*

Take your choice from among dozens of smart, figure-moulding Lovable Bras...each as efficient as it is pretty... each at an amazingly low price! Pictured: #983 Satin \$1.50, Broadcloth \$1.50, Nylon \$2. Sizes 32-38, A and B cups, White. Other Lovable Bras \$1 up.

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No better fit...

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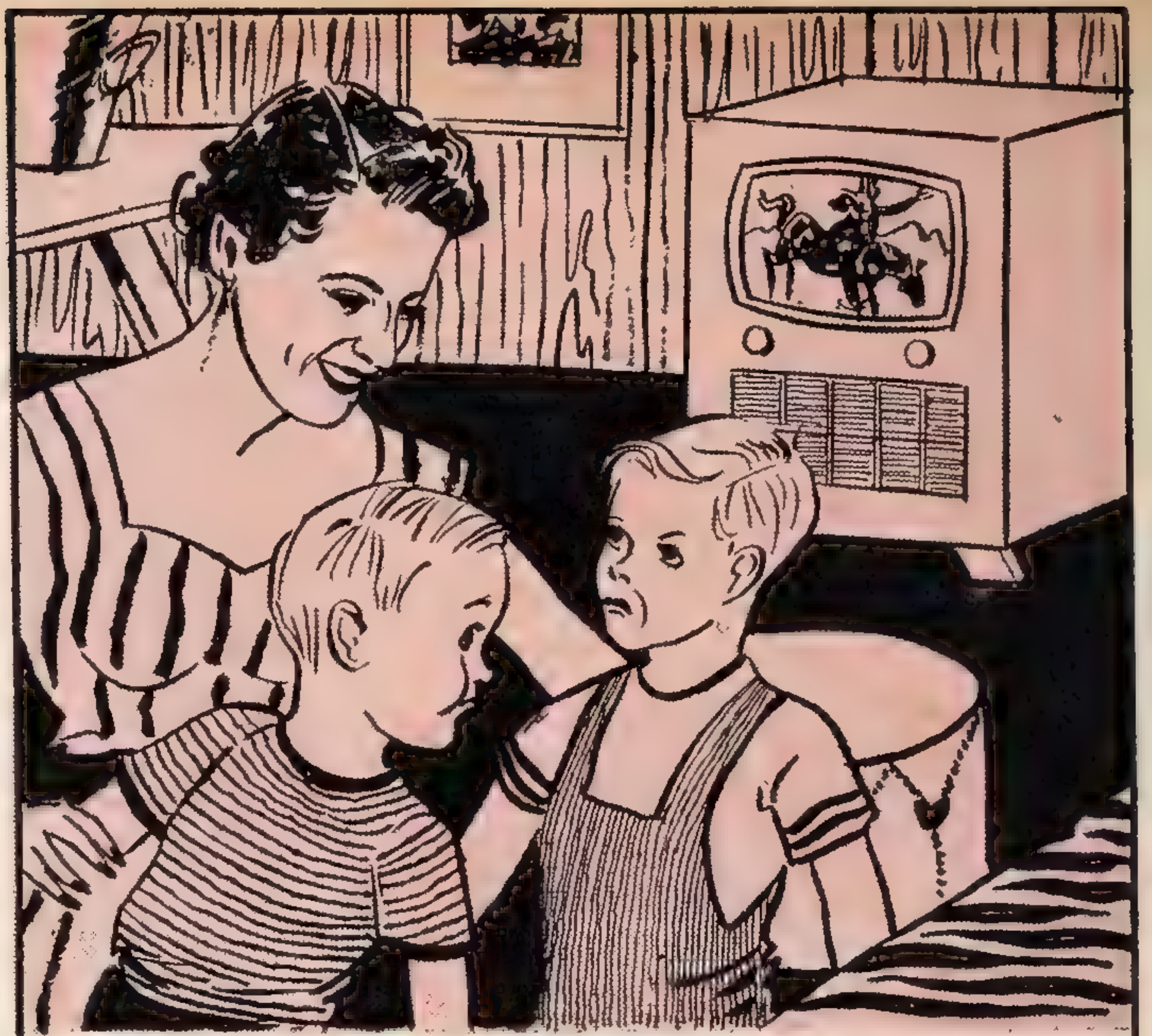
There's no better bra value than...

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Photo-Plays



In "Union Station," Bill Holden's a fearless detective who gets his man after a spine-tingling chase underground. In real life he's an average guy who never thought much about personal courage—until the other night . . .



It began, as usual, with Brenda prying sons Peter and Scott away from their favorite cowboy program. "No more television—time for bed"



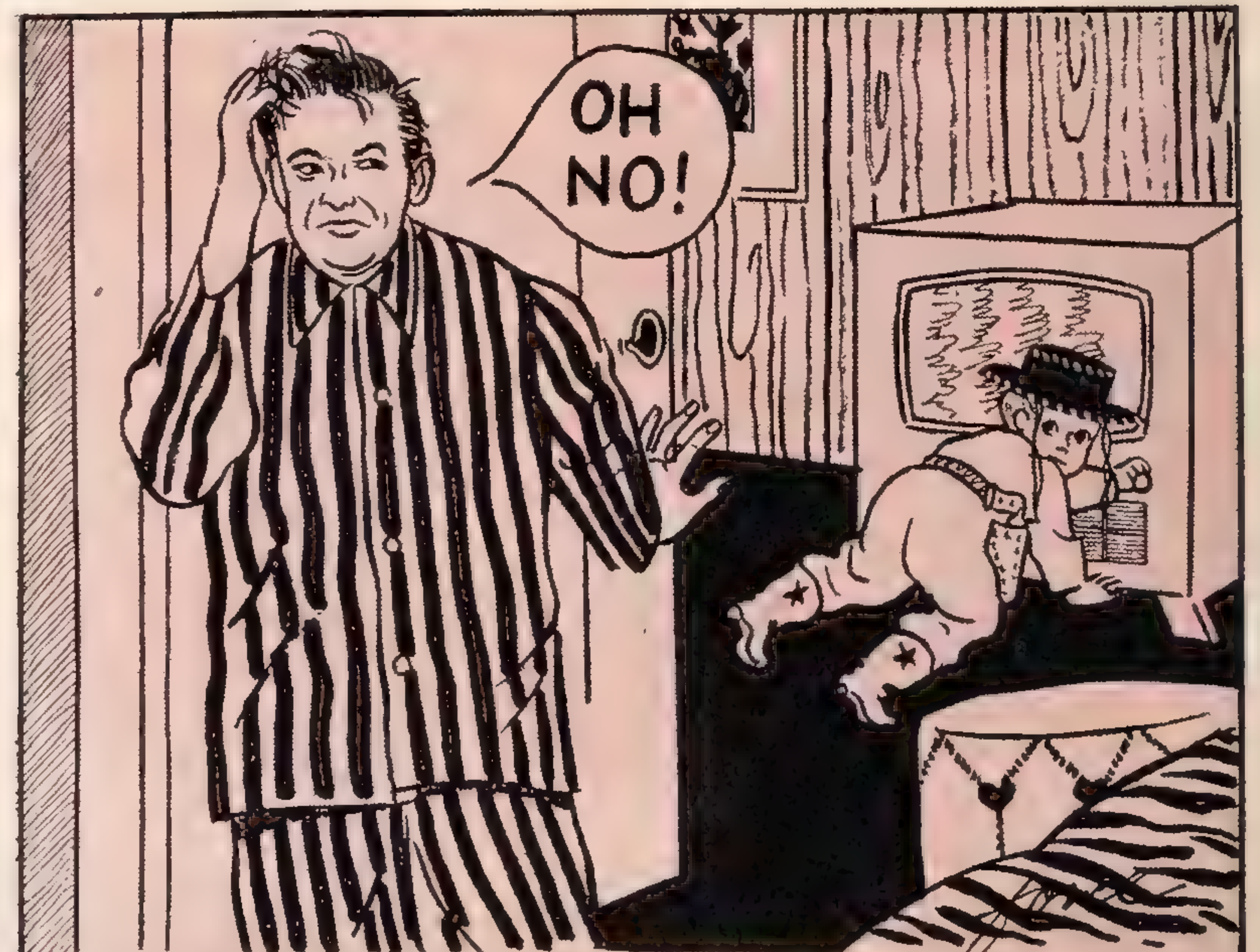
The boys were sound asleep when Bill and Brenda looked in at them. "You'd never believe," she said, "that they are the wild cowboys who tore up the house today!"



About three a.m. Brenda awakened. "Bill," she whispered, "I heard a noise!" "Huh?" said Bill. "Nonsense!" But Brenda persisted. Sleepily, he stumbled downstairs



He hadn't gone far when he saw a light under the door of the den. His heart beat faster. He realized he was a perfect target for a burglar's gun. He crept . . .



. . . closer, threw open the den door and gasped! Before a zig-zag screen crouched—not a burglar but Hopalong Cassidy—Scott, hopefully searching for a TV program

Cut line B from the outside rim to the head and this will separate the two wings. Cut on the circular line around the head, leaving about three fourths of an inch at the bottom uncut so that it will stay attached to the big circle. From the outside rim cut on line C for one inch. On line A, starting from the head, cut to within one inch of the outside rim.

no finer fit
at any price



me. I friends that I but first I must find a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A. — A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only \$1.75 plus tax at better stores.

That Clings Perfume That Clings
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Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A.—A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not “stay with them” is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only \$1.75 plus tax at better stores.

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Push up the head, then bend the two sides of the lower circle around so that line A and C meet. Intersect the two cut places and push down so that the cut part of line C fits over the uncut portion of line A. Now the body is in a cone shape, the head stands up, and the two wings have crossed and stand up in back.

Because their wallpaper is red, the Crawfords will use green candles and red metallic paper angels. The angels don't quite hide the bases of the candle holders, however. With a needle and white thread, Kay plans to string popcorn to make two rings which fit, one on top of the other, to conceal the offending holder.

For the rest of the mantel she is going to use two-inch wide red and green ribbon, tying a large red bow for the center and putting a silver gift wrap ornament with it. The green ribbon will be draped across the mantel with two large bows at either side and clusters of silver stars hanging from these ribbon ends. The star clusters will be made from tin cookie cutters shaped like stars.

A big fat red candle is an essential at Christmas. Kay is utilizing all of the old candle stubs accumulated during the year, melting them down in a two-pound coffee can which can be thrown away later. A tube of red oil paint will color the melted wax. As a mold for the two fat red candles she wants, she is using an empty chocolate cookie can. To make the wick, she took a twelve-inch candle, placed it in the center of the can and kept it in place by tying it to a pencil which rested across the top of the can. Next, she poured in the hot wax and let it cool. Because she wants the candles to have a textured effect, Kay left in the corrugated paper liner already in the can, but if you prefer the smooth sides, just take it out.

Brod, who was watching Kay's rehearsal for Christmas (so her ideas could be photographed for Photoplay), was skeptical about the whole procedure. "Now you've made the candle," said he, "how will you get it out?" But Kay had figured that out before she started. She removed the bottom of the can with a wall can opener, then poured boiling water over the sides, enough to barely soften the wax so that she could give the candle a shove through the bottom. Several tries produced results, and out it came. For the coffee table, she is going to put one of the big candles in a low, bronze dish and heap up red Christmas ornaments around it. The other, surrounded with small red Christmas ornaments, will become the center of her Christmas table.

Speaking of the table, Brod wants a simple Christmas dinner. "Just the im-

mediate family," he said, a plan which finds Kay in complete accord. It still has to be festive, though, for Christmas comes but once a year. With the candle as a centerpiece, they will continue with red in the color scheme, but no red linens or place mats do they own. This problem they mean to solve, as you'll see in the illustration, by cutting out large circles from red construction paper. A border of popcorn, glued on with household cement, will give the circles a festive air, and they'll become place mats for a gay Christmas table. The only trouble is that Kim may want to eat the popcorn border.

For the rest of the table, Kay means to use four more of the glass candle holders, complete with angels and popcorn rings, but this time she'll have red candles instead of the green on the mantel. The red color scheme is a happy choice, for it will spike up the dining room which has pine-paneled walls, a pine bench table and captains' chairs.

THE living the Crawfords do is practical and gay, as evidenced by the way they've furnished the whole house. They've used cotton everywhere, on the floor, on the furniture and at the windows. Take the multicolor rag rug carpeting in the living room. Anything that gets tracked in blends with the background and becomes practically invisible.

Kay picked out the red and the green in the carpeting and carried these colors out in her red wallpaper in a small provincial print, and contrasting, a green lounge chair with ottoman. The deep-seated sofa with rounding arms wears a floral print in a soft shade of red and accents of green on a white ground. The design is so large that it doesn't argue with the small pattern in the paper, and the same fabric is repeated in another chair. Using two prints in the same room has to be done with caution, for unless it's carefully worked out with pattern size, that is, choosing a very small print to go with a large one, such as the Crawfords did, the result can be jarring.

Combining two strong colors can be bad, too, unless one of them is used in far greater proportion than the other, so that it dominates the room. Or you can surround the two bright colors with plenty of white, as the Crawfords did, so they are not overwhelming. Kay and Brod toned down their living room with white wainscoting, white mantel, white woodwork and white Dutch curtains edged with red.

All their occasional pieces have the same informality as the rest of the room, for they're made of pine and are old, pieces

that Brod and Kay have found in out-of-the-way places, secondhand stores and antique shops. The coffee table in front of the sofa, the step-table by a chair, lamp tables and a corner table—all are older than the combined ages of the Crawfords, and consequently they have a wonderful mellowness. An interesting secretary, of pine with glass cupboard doors, displays Brod's collection of occupational shaving mugs, and Kay shows her cherished Delft pieces in the open bookshelves that cover the walls at the two ends of the living room.

The dining room isn't a dining room at all. It's a playroom, bar, snack bar, trophy room and television room all wrapped into one. It has pine walls and a brown asphalt tile floor, and a large bar curves around a corner to take at least a quarter of the room. Instead of a big dining table, Kay has an old pine folding bench table, fine for such small gatherings as the family Christmas dinner they are planning. For larger affairs, she serves in buffet style.

The television set is conspicuous only when needed, for it's concealed behind a panel in the pine bar, so situated that everyone in the dining half of the room can see it easily when the panel is open. Closed, it's a part of the bar itself.

Kay is justly proud of Brod's many awards and insists that they be part of the room, so she's devoted one pine table and the wall space above to this purpose. Since this end of the room needed light, Kay brought the lamp into the theatrical vein through the shade. It's of parchment, perfectly plain, its only decoration being the names of the many pictures in which Brod has appeared. The base is an interesting and rare old decanter.

Final detail of the room is an old Franklin stove which sits on a base of quarry tile. Since it gives forth tremendous heat, the wall behind wears a copper sheath which sets off the stove as effectively as a frame.

The Crawfords carry the same casualness and informality through the entire house. Their bedroom, for example, echoes the red and green living room color scheme, but white dominates, and the quaint provincial-patterned wallpaper has a stylized figure design in red and green on white ground. The paper covers all four walls, including the wardrobe doors, thus rendering them inconspicuous.

Kim's room is right for a small boy. It has a minimum of furniture, and that sturdy, with shelves and boxes for toys. Only here did Kay deviate from her red and green scheme, for she chose yellow for Kim.

As you approach the Crawfords' low, white California ranch house, you sense a friendliness, for the exterior is as unassuming as the interior. Masses of variegated ivy frame the wide front porch, and shrubbery clings to the sides and front, relating the house to its setting. These masses of planting are there for a reason. It gets hot in the valley, and the greenery helps to keep the temperature down.

And soon there will be one more tree to add its effort to the rest—Kim's tree! The ceremony is scheduled for after the holidays.

With the Christmas decorations they've planned, the Crawfords are definitely proving a point. You don't have to spend lavishly in order to give your home a holiday flavor. If you can't dream up your own ideas, although you'd be surprised how easy it is once you've tried, then borrow a few and make them your own. The fun is in the doing. You're far more proud of a string of popcorn that you've made than of the most expensive bauble found in a store. Be sure that's the way Kay and Brod Crawford will feel about it come Christmas!

THE END

"If only I knew then what I know now..."



TUNE IN

"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

said an unhappy war bride a few years after a hasty marriage. And she's just one of thousands of ordinary people with problems. People who've found happiness in their daily lives through listening to the radio program "My True Story." For "My True Story" presents the problems of *real* people in dramatic form—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. So, whether *your* problem is one of love, hate, jealousy, hope, fear or any other...

25 Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 44) collar, brocade side to show on the brocade side, nylon side to show when the stole is worn with the nylon surface out.

Miss Kirsten fits the right side of the brocade against the right side of the nylon and stitches around three sides of the stole, leaving the upper or collar seam open. A double, or even a triple stitching is wise when one is dealing with either nylon or brocade, as both fabrics are inclined to ravel. After stitching, a weight should be sewn in each of the four corners, then the stole should be turned inside out. The straight collar (16 inches in length and four inches in width, constructed in exactly the same way as the stole was stitched) should be set into the open upper edge of the stole, matching the middle of the collar to the middle of the stole.

Then the final seam of the stole should be closed.

JUNE HAVER has devised a unique way of displaying her collection of foreign stamps, and providing her friends with the thrilling thought of distant lands. She buys firm leather belts 2½ or 3 inches wide and coats the outside surface of each with a layer of glue. On this she places the brightest, most interesting stamps she can secure. When the stamps and the glue are thoroughly dry, June covers the design with two thin coats of white shellac applied three days apart. One of these belts worn with a black jersey blouse and a black velveteen skirt is a colorful accessory and it makes a great conversation piece.

Terry Moore makes amusing gifts which really are appreciated in a town of sunglass wearers. She makes gay sunglass cases of bright felt, trimmed with sequins. First Terry cuts two pieces of felt, 3 inches by 7 inches, rounds off the ends, then draws a design with a wax crayon on one piece and outlines it in sequins. Simple designs are the most effective. Then the two pieces are put together and blanket-stitched around the edges with yarn, leaving one end open. Terry made one for herself in shocking pink, outlined two slant eyes in black sequins; the yarn also was black—so sophisticated looking. You could adapt this idea for regular eyeglasses by changing the measurements. Just trace an outline of the glasses on a sheet of paper, then draw straight lines along both sides at the widest point, curved lines at the ends. Now increase the measurements about ¼ inch all around to allow room for stitching and you have your pattern.

Mitzi Gaynor, Twentieth Century-Fox Studio's vivid new dancer, makes gay dress-up aprons for her friends. These, especially in explosive colors, are the perfect complement to the traditional little black, navy blue or gray hostess dress. You will need: 5/6 yard of any 36-inch or 39-inch fabric, preferably a tissue rayon faille, or a crepe back satin; a piece of chintz drapery material printed with a pastoral scene, or a vast clump of gigantic flowers, which design is to be cut out and applied.

Using the full width of the apron fabric, measure off a length of 21 inches. Take a hem of ½ inch in each side of the apron, and take a 2½ inch hem across the bottom. Gather the top of the apron so that it measures 18 inches in width; manipulate the gathers so that a panel of six inches is left flat across the tummy section; divide the fullness equally on either side of this plain panel.

From the remaining fabric, using the width of the material, cut 3 strips, each 3

rayon plus nylon

3 Slip Wardrobe

Fabulous Stardust slips to wear "Around-the-Clock" . . . for every occasion. Rayon plus Nylon in perfect-fitting 4 gore cut. Select from lace trim, tailored or fagotted styles . . . starting at

\$2³⁹

Stardust Miracle Slip

- ★ Softer, Lovelier
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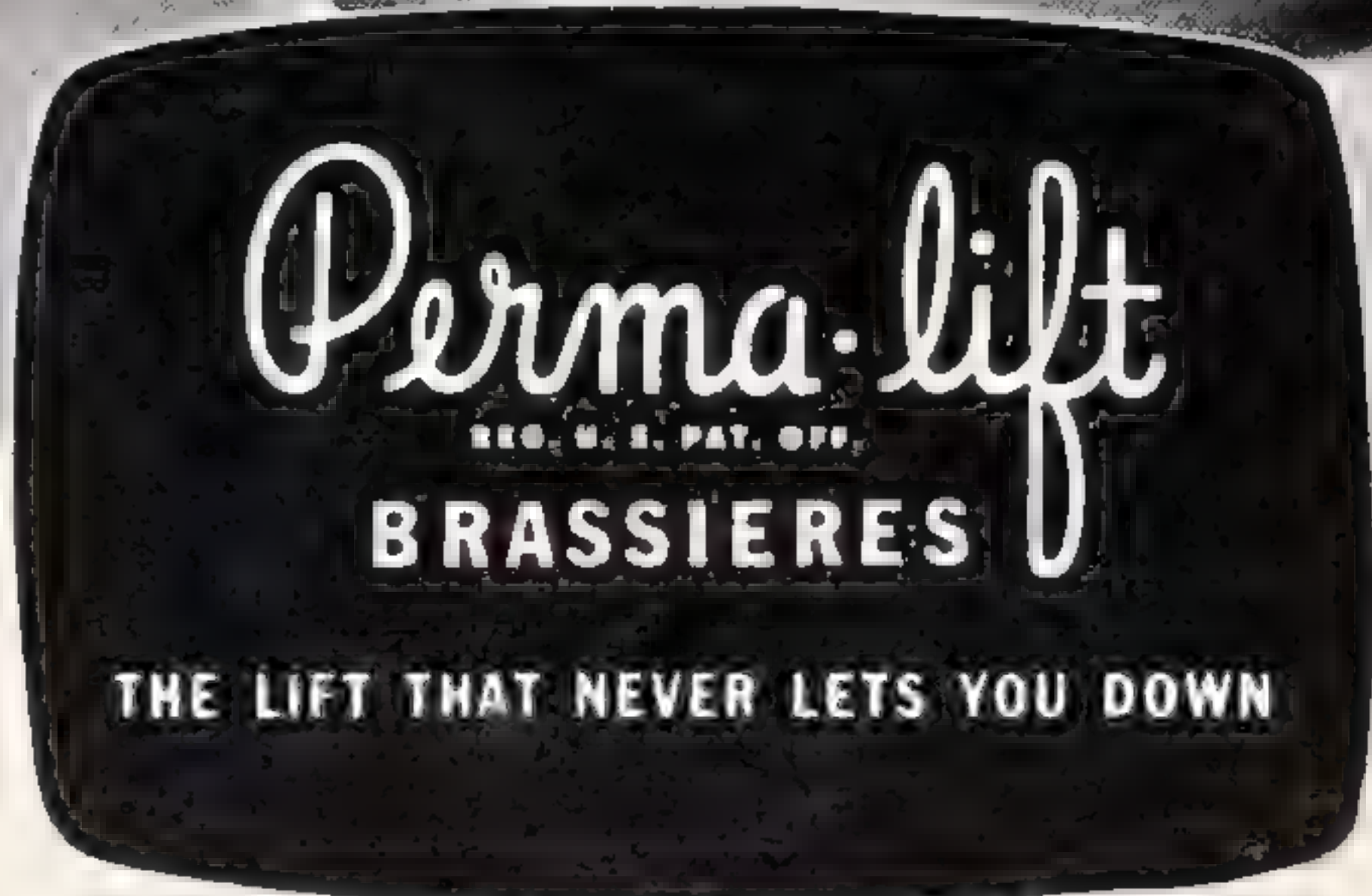
Exquisite Form

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Embroidered Nylon Marquisette cups with satin frame and back.
A Cup, sizes 32 to 36
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Because you love to look lovely, you must wear a "Perma-lift"* Bra. Delicately designed to assure the fashion favored curves you crave, it magically, lastingly supports your breasts from below. Wash it, wear it—the Magic Insets lift you always. Select the style just made for you—at your favorite corset department. Priced so low you can afford several —\$1.50 to \$4.



Look for
the Magic
Inset

For comfort beyond compare, wear a "Perma-lift" Magic Inset Girdle—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift", a trademark of A. Stein & Company.
Chicago, New York, Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

inches wide. Hem two of them on 3 sides. These are the ties. The third should be cut in half, seamed across the top, then hemmed and used as the apron's waistband.

Slide the ties into the side openings (one on each side) of the waistband and stitch over them to form a finished piece of work. Slide the waistband, open across the bottom, over the gathered heading of the skirt, baste and then stitch.

Cut your choice of applique design from the chintz you have chosen, hem it, then apply it to the lower portion of the apron as decoration.

YOU have to be pretty sharp, or at least know how to handle a pretty sharp knife, in order to duplicate Rod Cameron's Christmas idea. All during the year, whenever he holsters his six-shooters and dismounts his horse, Rod spends his leisure carving Western tie slips. These are used by riders as permanent knots through which to slide the ends of a Western tie.

Rod carves these unique accessories in the form of an almost closed fist, adding fingers, knuckle lines and fingernails. He confesses that the work is frustrating because just as he is completing a slip, the knife often slips, which is one slip too many. He uses, as raw material, slices from the branches of such woods as manzanita, purpleheart, ironwood, 45 different kinds of mahogany, myrtlewood, American orange or osage.

Alexis Smith, acknowledging the vogue for velvet, is making small velvet capes for several of her girl friends. She buys a pattern, which can be obtained from any department store; makes the cape of black velvet, lines it with a bright satin, makes a johnny collar of velvet also lined with satin, then finishes her handiwork by binding it with military braid.

Not only is this a velvet year, but a great year for plaid as well, a fact warmly embraced by Shelley Winters in her Christmas plans. Shelley has made a series of plaid weskits for her girl friends. Using a different clan tartan for each weskit, she has lined them with a complementing rayon, and turned back—on each weskit front—black velvet revers. A pattern for this, too, may be purchased at any department store.

Susan Hayward's friends are so mad about the candy she makes, they're always raiding her candy jar. So she bought several of those transparent plastic refrigerator boxes in the dime store. She's filling them with her famous Almond Butter Crunch and giving them to her sweet-toothed friends for Christmas. Susan says this candy is excellent, too, for mailing to distant places for, though it's crunchy and quite rich, it's hardy, too. Here's her recipe:

Melt 1 cup butter or margarine in saucepan over low heat. Add 1 cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add 3 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally until a small amount of the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water. (It will register 300° F. on a candy thermometer.) Remove from heat. Mix in ½ cup chopped toasted almonds. Turn into buttered pan (8x8x2"). Sprinkle with additional 3 tablespoons chopped toasted almonds and mark into squares at once.

Lois Butler has been making earrings in her spare time, an activity that can be duplicated by any girl owning a good color sense, a pair of sharp scissors, and a certain deft touch.

In making a single flower earring (daisy, geranium, etc.) Lois collects small pieces of felt in varied colors, cuts out a series

of outer leaves about ¼ inch long, then a series of graduated leaves, growing smaller toward the center. She fills the earring backing with airplane glue and allows it to stand a moment, then she fits the leaves into the glue quickly until a full, complete flower has been formed.

In making sequin earrings, she first cuts out two circles of felt about the size of a quarter. She sews these together, leaving a small open space into which she can slip the well-glued earring backing. Then she sews sequins on this felt pad.

When Ruth Roman was attending the Los Angeles antique show last spring, she fell in love with several sets of antique buttons. They were too exciting and too different, she felt, to be used as buttons. So, this year, she combined each set of six buttons into a necklace.

The buttons should be threaded onto 1½ yards of good ¾ inch velvet ribbon, the first button placed in the center of the length of ribbon and a knot tied on either side of the button loop to hold it in place, then the other buttons should be added, with a knot between each.

This necklace can be worn high as a choker, or at whatever position the wearer prefers, within the length of the ribbon.

Broderick Crawford is making personal correspondence notes to give to his friends to mail to *their* friends—an idea that is tops in practicality.

Without the knowledge of his friends, Brod photographs their dog in an appealing pose (such as chasing Brod out of the front yard!), or their home, or their children. He prints up 50 of his best snapshots and mounts one on the front of each of 50 plain white single-fold notes.

He packages the 50 notes with 50 envelopes and wraps the whole in red Cellophane. Any camera bug can copy this idea with vast credit to himself.

PRACTICALLY universal of appeal is Mona Freeman's dream-up for a welcoming front door during the holidays. For her friends she makes Christmas wreaths which can be used over and over again each December, and which can be stored successfully during the other eleven months of the year. For this you will need: 1 plastic foam doughnut about 15 inches in diameter, obtainable from your florist; 2 spools of florist's wire; 2 pounds of medium-sized Christmas hard candies such as peppermint pillows, large gum drops, fruit wheels; 1 yard of 3-inch red satin ribbon; 6 to 9 sheets of red Cellophane.

Mona starts by cutting each sheet of Cellophane into 16 sections, or into squares which are roughly about 5 inches by 6.

She places a piece of candy in the center of each Cellophane square, closes the Cellophane in knapsack manner with a twist; she cuts a four-inch length of florist's wire, fits the midsection of the wire around the neck of the covered candy and turns twice. This results in a perky, flower-like bulb with two short wire stems. She thrusts the wire stems into the plastic foam doughnut. This operation is continued until the white foam is completely covered by the candy bulbs.

Finally, Mona ties the wide red ribbon, with perhaps an added pine cone or two, around the top of the wreath.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks make large size fireplace stockings for both children and adults. For the children they fill the stockings with inexpensive and bulky toys, but for the grown-ups they use fruits. These are festive conversation pieces when they are hung from the mantel. Two yards of red felt 36 inches wide is enough to make 3 stockings.

Betty makes a stocking pattern by drawing the outline of one of her own nylons, only much wider. She cuts two felt pieces for each stocking. With white yarn, she blanket-stitches around the top of the stocking, then sews the other three sides of the stocking together.

Near the top, Betty writes, using dark crayon or eyebrow pencil, the name of the person for whom the stocking is intended. She outlines the name by embroidering on this line, using a feather stitch, a loop stitch, or a small cross stitch.

Added fillip: Betty suggests that those who live in mountainous regions where pine needles are available, might make up such stockings well in advance and stuff them with pine needles so that the felt could absorb the fragrance of the evergreen. The needles would be emptied, of course, before the stocking was given as a gift.

MARGARET PHILLIPS glamorizes her friends with dainty evening veils. She buys a yard of veiling for each and 1½ yards of quarter-inch ribbon or velvet tubing. She weaves the ribbon or tubing along entire length of veil (if the wide mesh kind) or turns a hem over the ribbon, being careful not to stitch the ribbon to the veil, since the ribbon is to be pulled under the chin. Then she gathers each end of the veil into a knot and stitches, leaving ribbon ends free for tying in back. When finished, veil is worn over the face, with ribbon or tubing under the chin, tied at the back. For extra glitter Margaret attaches a small pearl bead near one eye in front.

Carole Mathews likes to give her friends ceramic choir boys to be used as a nucleus for holiday table centerpieces, or on mantels. She buys chalk-white figurines (available nowadays in almost every gift shop) and the specified paint by which they are supposed to be colored. (If your town does not stock these ceramic figurines and their color kits, you may secure full information by writing to Laagco Sales Company, 253 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 4, California.)

Carole likes to paint her choir boys with golden hair, blue eyes (one in the group should have a discolored orb to indicate that his angelic expression is a fresh acquisition), bright red surplises, white cassocks and black shoes.

Jeanne Crain spent last summer (while awaiting her third son) preparing for Christmas. One of her most successful bits of gadgeteering provided her friends with a series of delightful little Christmas sprites to use in window decorations and on Christmas trees.

Jeanne first fashioned a pair of legs, a body, two arms and a head (made by coiling the end of the furry wire) out of pipe cleaners. Next, she cut a crepe paper circle—using pink crepe paper—about two inches in diameter; in the center of the circle, she placed a small lump of cotton about the size of the end of her thumb, then pulled the crepe paper evenly over it to make a head about the size of a small marble.

This, she fastened over the "head" coil of pipe cleaner and secured it around the sprite's "neck" by wrapping florist's wire around it several times.

On this small head, Jeanne drew an impish face, using black crayon for eyebrows, eyes and nose and red crayon for the mouth.

Next, she designed various types of clothing, such as a Peter Pan suit, a pair of rompers, a Santa Claus outfit, a fluted skirt below a tiny ruffled blouse; she cut these out of crepe paper and sewed them onto the pipe cleaner torsos. Finally, she made tiny shoes and gloves, stuffed them lightly

"That Formfit Look"



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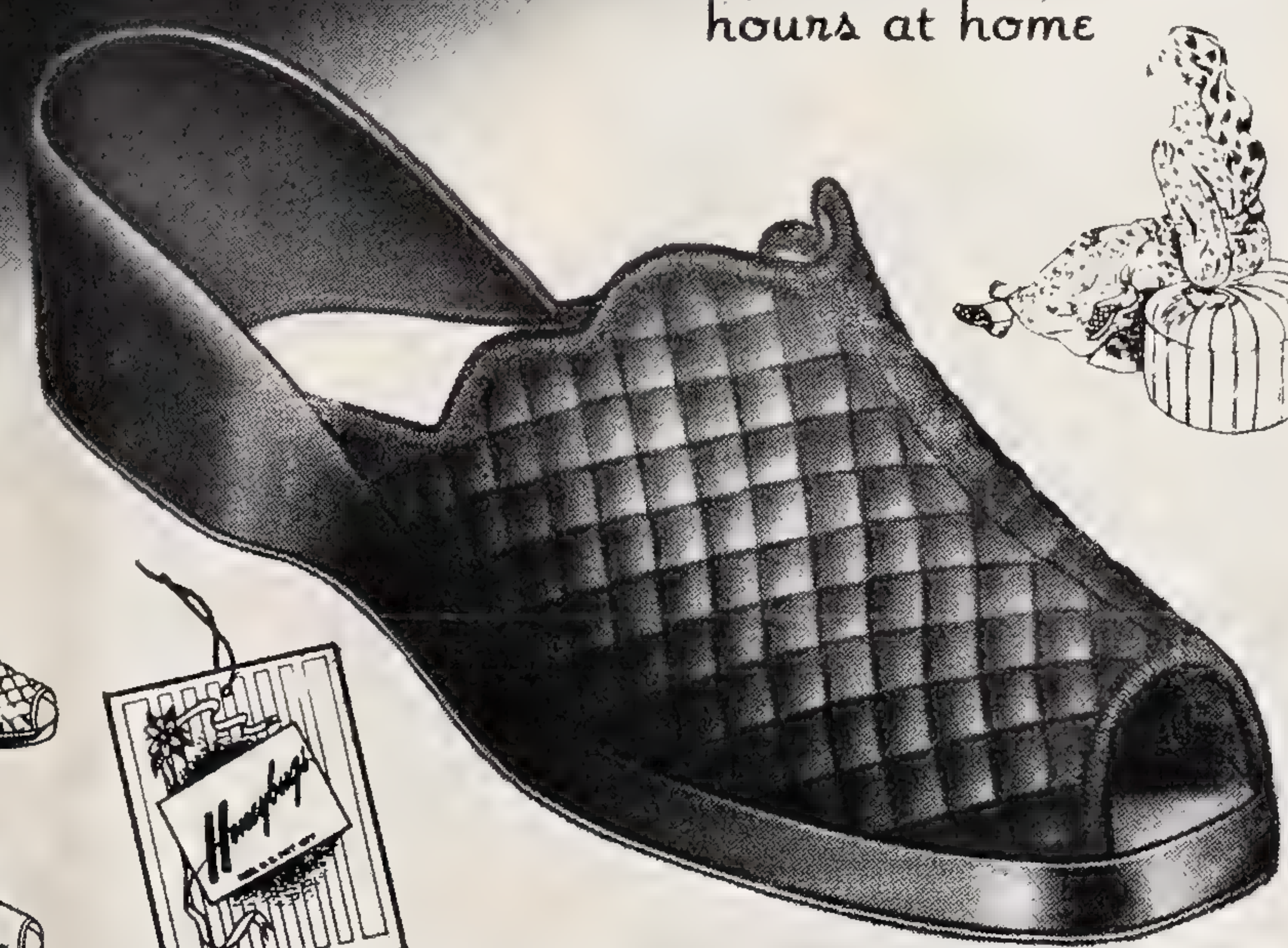
More women wear Formfit than any other make! And Life Bras are made only by Formfit. Designed from *live models* to fit your exact figure proportions, Life Bras **LIFT — MOLD — CORRECT — HOLD**. They give you a high, young, natural lift with real separation. Be fitted and see!

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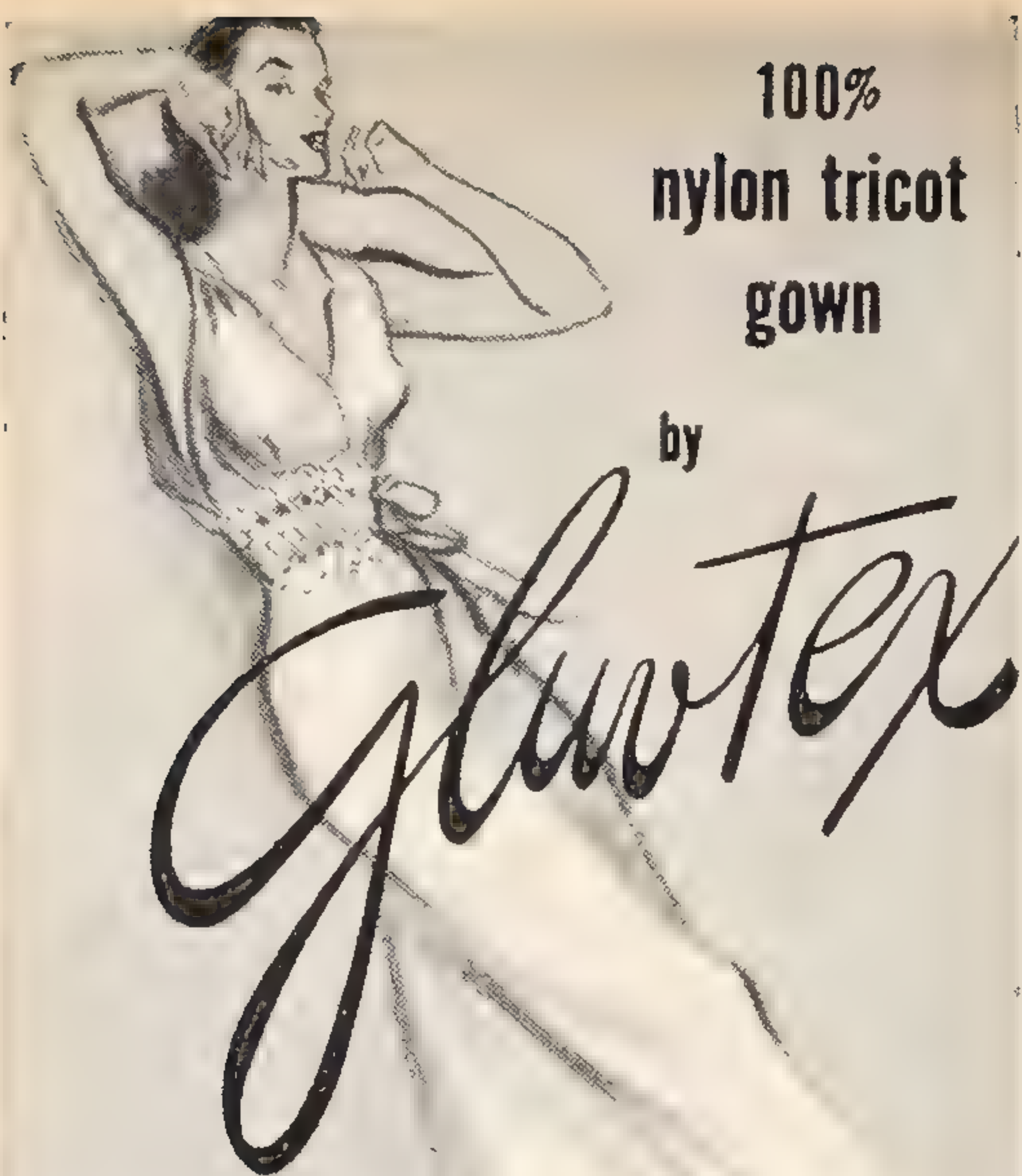
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with cotton, and sewed them onto the pipe
cleaner wrists and ankles of the sprites.

Naturally, the possibilities of this handi-
craft are endless, because a reasonably
deft person can fashion miniature gnomes,
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Do you know a pair of newlyweds in the
throes of furnishing a small house or an
apartment in modern style? Philip Reed's
gift idea for such people is an easy one for
the amateur craftsman to copy. He ob-
tains a three-tier bookcase from a dealer
handling unfinished furniture and then cov-
ers the outside with the vivid dust jack-
ets by which all new books are protected.

Philip likes to store his own books with-
out dust jackets, so he saves the jackets
from year to year and makes excellent use
of them.

He uses a dependable airplane glue to
affix the dust jackets. After this application
has dried thoroughly, Philip paints the in-
side shelves with a quick-drying forest
green lacquer. Next, he finishes the jacket
decoration by applying two coats of white
shellac.

Incidentally, if you have no dust jackets
for this work, you will find that the slick
colored advertisements from magazines
can be used to advantage.

ALSO appropriate for newlyweds or for
singletons living in compact apartments
where storage space is at a premium is
Helene London's trick gift idea. She buys
small metal skillets at the dime store, then
applies two coats of quick-drying lacquer
to each skillet. When this coloring is dry,
she applies ivy decals to the bottoms of the
skillets, pink elephant decals to the inside
surfaces.

These neat containers can be hung on
the kitchen wall as interesting decorations
when they are not in use, and when the
apartment-dweller is giving a party, they
can be pressed into service to hold pea-
nuts, olives, or spreads surrounded by
small crackers.

John Derek, a new father and furiously
proud of it, is making nursery plaques for
the children of his friends. He conceived
the idea one day when he was meandering
through the toy department of one of Los
Angeles' department stores and his atten-
tion was captured by a woodburning set.

He bought one of the kits and set to work
that evening with burning needle, paints,
and carbon paper with which to transfer
some of his own designs to wood blocks
for burning. He used 1/2 inch red plastic
gummed tape to make a border around
each completed block.

Penny Singleton believes that it is pos-

sible to be glamorous while removing a
roast from the oven, and backs up her be-
lief by giving her friends terrycloth kitchen
mitts for Christmas.

Penny made her own pattern, mitten
form, out of heavy brown paper by draw-
ing around her own hand, then enlarging
this outline 1 1/2 inches from wrist to thumb
tip, 1 inch from thumb tip to tip of the in-
dex finger, 1 1/2 inches from this point
around the rest of the fingers (closed to-
gether) and thence to the wrist on the op-
posite side. This procedure results in a
glove pattern about 6 inches wide at
the wrist so that the gloves are easily
donned.

She pins the pattern on four layers of
terrycloth and cuts around it to start each
glove. Between the two layers of cloth
which will form the palm, she slips 4 pieces
of unbleached muslin and—using a sewing
machine—quilts the palm, placing the
stitchings an inch apart.

That done, she fastens the palm and
back together by stitching bias tape from
the left side of the wrist, up the thumb,
around the fingers and down to the right
side of the wrist. Then she separates the
palm and back, at the wrist, and binds off
this circular opening. Onto this circular
binding she whips a series of tiny Christ-
mas bells.

When Penny knows that a friend's
kitchen is done in yellow and brown, or
some such modern and diverting color
scheme, she adapts the color of the mitts
to their surroundings. Occasionally she
embroiders the initials of her giftee on the
back of the left mitt. Depending on the
size you choose, 1 yard of muslin and 1
yard of terry cloth will make 3 or 4 mitts;
2 yards of bias binding is needed for each.

Jeff Donnell is a great believer in keep-
ing a house beautiful by avoiding That
Cluttered Look. She likes to give her
friends sets of felt-covered match boxes
for Christmas.

For those who own a king-size coffee
table, Jeff covers standard kitchen match
boxes with shades of felt which go well in
the living room color scheme; for friends
living in small homes or apartments in
which the coffee table is of modest size, Jeff
likes to use the small safety match boxes.
In either case, she is careful to leave un-
covered the sandpaper striking strip on
the side of the match box.

One of the nice things about these boxes
is that, as rapidly as the matches are used,
new filler matches can be inserted into the
same felt-covered slide container, making
the Christmas gift last around the year.

Once the actual covering is accomplished,
Jeff adds a monogram, made from a con-
trasting color of felt; or she adds bright

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Your Favorite Pin-Up Girl

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felt bouquets, or some other appropriate decoration. Sharp scissors are absolutely necessary because the felt must be cut with a ruler-straight edge to avoid a hacked, homemade look. Airplane glue does the best job here, too.

Faith Domergue starts her Christmas work in June of each year, because she needs plenty of working time. Her favorite method of remembering her friends is to present them with an heirloom-value petit point picture. These can be obtained in the art needlework section of any large department store and they vary in price from \$4 to \$15, including background, directions, yarn and frame.

GENE NELSON is another Hollywoodite who likes to help equip his newlywed friends at Christmas time. Gene and his wife have discovered a wonderful way to prepare china starter sets.

They purchase dime store dishes, either white or yellow, entirely without decoration. Then, using Dekall paint (a commercial product available at your paint store) they prepare a monogram, or a simple design and inscribe it on each piece of china to be included in the gift.

This china is then placed in a cold oven and the indicator is turned up to 300 degrees. At the end of 15 minutes, the heat is turned off and the china is allowed to cool in the oven. This is a simple glazing process which seals the design (because it has been applied with a specially prepared "thermo" paint).

Barbara Hale's gift idea can be copied by anyone, and would be welcomed by any girl who has caught sight of herself in a mirror shortly after putting up her hair in pin curls for the night.

Barbara borrowed the notion from the hair protectors picture people wear going to and from the commissary at lunch time.

From a length of tulle she cuts a triangle, the short sides of which are 23 inches and the third and long side of which is 28 inches. Using 2½ yards of one-half inch satin ribbon of a contrasting color, Barbara binds the edges of the tulle.

Method of wearing: the long side of the triangle goes to the back of the head. This places the point of the triangle over the forehead. The two sides are brought up over the ears and tied securely over the point, then the point is swept back over the first knot, and a second knot is tied. Keeps hair in better condition than a net.

Joan Evans makes up big batches of Christmas cookies for special friends. Her favorite recipe is for Christmas Wreath Cookies, which are so pretty and, at the same time, pack and keep well. Joan packs them carefully in boxes between layers of waxed paper, then seals the boxes with gummed tape and wraps them in gay metallic paper. Here is her recipe, enough for 72 cookies, which should fill at least three boxes:

Work 1½ cups shortening (½ butter) with a wooden spoon until soft. Gradually add 1 cup sugar, beating well after each addition. Add the grated rind of one orange and 2 eggs. Beat together until thoroughly mixed. Sift, then measure 4 cups flour and add to mixture. Wrap dough in waxed paper and chill thoroughly. Break off small pieces. Roll with palm of hand into a cylinder about 6 inches long and ¼ inch thick. Form each piece into a circle. Bring one end over and through in single knot. Leave ½ inch end on each side. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Beat 1 egg white until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Brush tops of wreaths with eggwhite mixture. Decorate with bits of red candied cherries and green citron. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes.

THE END

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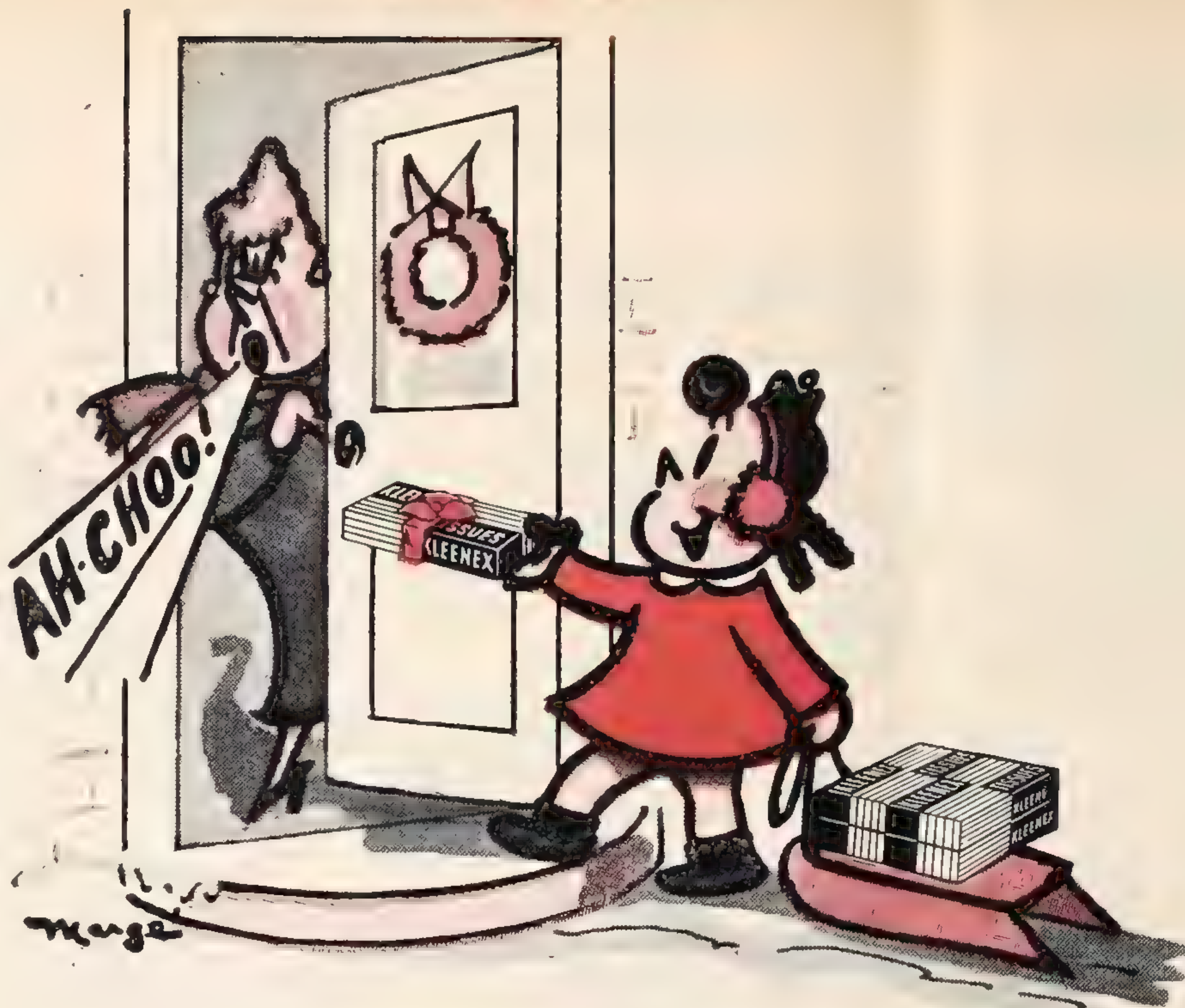
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Where Will They Go From Here?

(Continued from page 32) Hollywood eatery he went to the tooling department at Douglas Aircraft. There he was encouraged to study singing. His lead in the London Company of "Oklahoma" came later, then his M-G-M contract and "Annie Get Your Gun."

Howard, whose fan mail with this picture zoomed from fifty letters a week to a handsome four figures, just finished "Three Guys Named Mike," with Jane Wyman. In "Show Boat," with Kathryn Grayson, he will be *Ravenal*.

Howard is lot-hunting for the first home he ever will have built or owned. "A place with lots of space and trees, with a big living room. A house you can walk into and be comfortable," he says.

IT was seven years ago that Sally Forrest (first feminine winner) who had signed with M-G-M as a dancer, brought her family north from San Diego. When her option was dropped she went to other studios and protested, "I'm an actress." But nobody seemed to believe her—except her agent Milo Frank—to whom she's now engaged. Sally proved herself quickly enough, however, when Ida Lupino provided her with a break in "Not Wanted." Sally, now co-starring with Red Skelton in "Excuse My Dust," has been given Garbo's old dressing room. "Isn't it all wonderful?" she sighs. "I'm so happy about winning first place in the contest. But now that it's all over—I must admit I cast a vote for myself."

Sally still takes dramatic and singing lessons. "But I never get tired," she says. "When you're doing something you love, you just don't."

Anthony Curtis (second) found his first dramatic self-expression as a teenager at a Bronx settlement house. He'd say to the kids he was looking after, "Let's play a game. You, Johnny, and Bill are the robbers. Frankie, you can be the detective, Tim, you're the chickie for the cops, now then—everybody act."

Evenings, when the settlement house was closed, he would subway downtown to the backstage door of the theater where Bert Lahr was doing "Burlesque." And if somebody said, "Here, kid, go buy us some coffee and doughnuts," he was thrilled. Finally he got with the Dramatic Workshop. "I remember," he says now, "when they put a broom in my hand to sweep the stage. I stood there as proud as a prince thinking, 'Well, here I am—I've finally gotten on top of this thing.' I always knew something would come of it. It had to."

He jumps from supporting player to stardom in the U-I Technicolor production of "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

"I nearly 'flipped' when I found out I'd won in the 'Choose Your Star' Contest," says Tony. "I didn't even think people knew who I was, but being recognized and identified by the public—that's the big kick . . ."

Peggy Dow's father has a bottled gas business in Athens, Tennessee. But Peggy (second) never let her family's security hold her back. At twenty-two years of age, she has worked as a model, secretary, receptionist and radio bit player.

Peggy, who lives at the Hollywood Studio Club, rooms with a girl who's secretary for an NBC television producer. She loves it. "When you live with 96 girls who would like to be in your shoes—you can't help knowing how lucky you are," she says. Her good performances in "Harvey" and "Lights Out" prove it's more than luck in her case.

Craig Hill (third) was born and brought up in Laguna Beach. By car, Laguna's just

an hour or two away from Hollywood. But it would have been a million miles away as far as Craig was concerned until Henry Willson spotted him in a "little theater" play. Craig flunked his first screen test. But he was given another chance when Twentieth Century-Fox was looking for a boy to play the lifeguard in "Cheaper by the Dozen."

Craig, too, almost "flipped" at winning Number Three position in the "Choose Your Star" poll, on the strength of just this picture. It helped him recover from his disappointment recently when he learned that his part in "All About Eve" had been cut out. "The picture ran too long," Craig explains. "As it stands, if you don't wink, you'll see the back of my head."

"I live simply but—well—it takes \$3,000 a year minimum for an actor to hold his own in Hollywood. You need more clothes for this job than for any other."

Mercedes McCambridge (No. 3) hails from a farm in Joliet, Illinois. While she was a sophomore at Chicago's Mundelein College, she had an NBC contract to do ten radio broadcasts a week. Orson Welles hailed her as the "greatest living radio actress." But she never was offered a film part until Robert Rossen signed her for "All the King's Men"—for which she won an Oscar.

Now Mercedes's salary has sky-rocketed from her original \$750 a week to \$7,500. Mercedes, a free lancer who picks her scripts, has done "Lightning Strikes Twice" with Richard Todd, and "The Scarf." Currently, she is making "Inside Straight" with John Hodiak and David Brian at M-G-M.

YOUR votes were important also to ambitious and agile Gene Nelson (No. 4) who used to bicycle between a three a.m. job in a bakery to an afternoon stint in a haberdashery store and a third job from five until eight in a cafeteria on Wilshire Boulevard. "This is it," Gene thought when he was signed to a contract at Twentieth Century-Fox. A year later he was out of work, then Bill Eythe signed him for "Lend an Ear," and Warners took over from there.

Now Gene's name goes up in lights with Doris Day's in "Lullaby of Broadway." His work in "Tea for Two" and "The West Point Story" confirmed the highest expectations the studio had for him.

Piper Laurie (No. 4) was discovered in a Los Angeles High School play when she was sixteen. After she played a little theater presentation, Universal signed her and put her in "Louisa." She's just been given her first co-starring role opposite Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

Six years ago, when Universal dropped Keefe Brasselle (No. 5) after he appeared with Gloria Jean in "River Gang," he wondered how he would support his family. He knew his way around Hollywood—after all, his mother is Betty Grable's hairdresser. But the best job he could get, before Ida Lupino gave him the male lead in "Not Wanted," was as a shoe salesman at \$35 a week. "I remember one period," Keefe says, "when we ate mostly cereal and saved the lamb chop for the baby."

Speaking of his "Choose Your Star" honor, Keefe said, "I didn't think I'd have a chance—a lot of fellows have done so much." Keefe has one of the best roles of his career in Metro's "Dial 1119."

Nancy Davis (No. 5), daughter of a prominent doctor, gave up Chicago society to compete for small parts on Broadway and in television. Then she was signed by M-G-M. "I've never thought of anything but acting," says Nancy. "But that's the way it has to be. If you do it with any reservations, you shouldn't be in it."

When M-G-M entrusted Nancy with the feminine lead in "The Next Voice You Hear" a future seemed assured. Nancy

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"Lucky Me— Jan's My Friend"

Warm reminiscence by Fran Allison about her early days in radio when her best friend was Janette Davis, this month's cover girl.



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considers the fact that she got that part a pretty tall "miracle" in itself. Now she's starring in a college story, "People in Love," with John (Professor) Hodiak.

All your "Choose Your Star" winners had the same goal as Nancy. They all wanted, above all, to act. David Wayne and Jean Hagen (both sixth on the list), to gain their end, went through a succession of tough breaks on Broadway.

David will star next in "M," and in "Up Front," in which he plays Bill Mauldin's famous G.I. Joe. He won't sign an exclusive contract with any studio. He prefers to commute between movies, stage, and television—wherever the part is right.

"There's nothing," Jean Hagen says, "as exciting as playing in front of a live audience. But the screen offers a greater variety of parts. On the stage, either you're out of a job, or else you're in a hit and you do the same thing for three years." Next Jean would like to do a comedy. She thinks the world needs entertainment.

Jean's older brother, a pilot, was killed in World War II. Her younger brother, Paul, is stationed in Texas now . . . "but you never really know the kind of feeling mothers with sons must have about war—until you have a child of your own," says Jean, with a tender glance toward her baby daughter, Christina Patricia (named after her college roommate, Pat Neal).

ROCK HUDSON (No. 7), an ex-gob, who was working as a mail carrier, attracted the attention of an agent who lived on his route. Universal is giving Rock a slow careful build-up. He's been given roles in four pictures in four months—all of them different. In "The Fat Man" he plays a romantic lead. In "Lights Out," "Tomahawk," and "Air Cadet" he's featured.

Barbara Bates (No. 7) modeled and won a beauty contest, then was signed by Warners and later dropped. Barbara is almost as surprised at the comments she's getting from "All About Eve" as she was to know she was a winner in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" Contest. "I didn't dream I could win," she says wonderingly. "I was in such fast company!" She laments the fact that on the screen she still looks eighteen. "I have the hardest time getting older parts. But when I have a sophisticated hairdo and use more make-up and really dress—I can look older."

Jeff Chandler (No. 8) was appearing on the "Our Miss Brooks" radio show when his screen break came in "Sword in the Desert." Now Jeff's a U-I contractee, has attained star status, not only on his home lot, but through three loan-outs at Twentieth Century-Fox, too. He's found his services in such demand that he's been commuting between Honolulu and Hollywood—to make his "Our Miss Brooks" radio show with Eve Arden and catch the Sunday night plane in time to go on location for "Bird of Paradise" with Debra Paget Monday morning.

Nancy Olson (No. 8)—like Piper Laurie—was discovered while she was still in school and whisked out of a school play to sign a Paramount contract.

Nancy is now commuting between her husband's (Broadway playwright Allan Lerner's) farm in Suffern, N. Y. and Hollywood.

Knowing that she was "in" was very welcome to Nancy because the four pictures in which she's been featured have been so slow getting release dates that she often is unrecognized. During the making of "Union Station" a little girl crawled under the ropes at the Los Angeles depot to get Bill Holden's autograph. "You should ask this young lady for hers," Bill said. "She's going to be one of the biggest stars in pictures." To which the little girl replied merely, "When?" And that, as Nancy says, "stopped me. I only wish I knew . . ."

Bob Patten (No. 9) after he was discharged from service, joined the Actor's Lab. Under his Twentieth Century-Fox contract he was given only bit roles until the part of Jesse Bishop in "Twelve O'Clock High."

Now, like most of the veterans of the last war, Bob, who has a Reserve Commission as Second Lieut. in the Air Corps, is wondering when he will be called back.

His thoughts are how—if ever—we can achieve a lasting peace. "I'm a nationalist—and an idealist," he says. "I can't help thinking that we lose sight of the fact that people must be generally much the same the world over. I don't think the average Joes of any nation really want to fight the Joes of another nation. We can only hold the hope that somehow, someday, we will be able to spread the 'Voice of America' and get the truth through to those people about what this country stands for . . ."

Bob is in "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" with Micheline Puelle.

Micheline Puelle (No. 9)—a star in France—waited almost a year in Beverly Hills before Twentieth cast her in "Under My Skin." During the location trip Micheline made when she co-starred with Tyrone Power in Twentieth Century-Fox's "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," she earned the admiration of the otherwise all-masculine location cast and crew. The hardships they encountered were many—they met up with pythons, wild boar and had to cut their way through the archipelago with bolo knives. But there were no complaints from Micheline. Of the trip, she says, "Why, I was a regular jungle princess. I couldn't even wash my own clothes. The boys were that considerate of me." Now Micheline is in France making "The Bargain" for her husband William Marshall and Errol Flynn.

MARLON BRANDO and Judy Holliday (both No. 10) came to Hollywood, of course, after they had had great success on Broadway in "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Born Yesterday" respectively.

Judy lives in New York, where her husband, David Oppenheim, is a musical director. When she's in Hollywood, making her one picture a year for Columbia, the latest being "Born Yesterday," she races home to her apartment from the set. She doesn't even take time to remove her make-up. Her husband calls her nightly long distance.

Marlon Brando, now appearing opposite Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire," wants to buy a ranch near Broken Bow, Nebraska—"population two." But he can see now that he will have to wait for somebody to die—or something. "You just don't give up good land." That's where Marlon and his father have a ranch—the "Penny-Poker"—leased now and are in the cattle-raising business, having started with 1600 head.

Marlon asks of life only "to always have that feeling of waking up in the morning and being glad that I'm alive."

Ben Johnson (tying with Marlon as No. 10), a cowpoke from Pawhuska, Oklahoma, risked his neck doubling for stars until he attracted the attention of John Ford, who signed him to a personal contract and put him in "Three Godfathers," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" and the starring role in "Wagonmaster." Ben, despite his increasing success, still can be found, between pictures, with a rodeo or working along with cowpokes on his Valley ranch.

These are the stars you have chosen, their background, their successes and failures. The future looks bright for them. They have their talent, their ambitious vision, their hard work and their humility. And they have you behind them—you who voted them already well on their way. . . .

THE END

Merrily They Roll Along

(Continued from page 54) little sausages, corn muffins and coffee.

The long table in the lanai, overlooking the magnificent gardens and swimming pool, was festively decorated. Branches of long needle pine, cones and brilliant red, blue and gold Christmas balls formed luxurious and colorful table decorations.

After everyone had enjoyed the hearty repast, Bob said, "Now, all of you stay here until you hear the jingle bells." A few minutes later he pulled the gaily decorated trailer he had rented for the occasion into the driveway—and then the fun began. The presents Bob had for other friends in various parts of town were piled into his roving "Open House." The Tom-and-Jerrys were properly flavored. The little portable organ stood ready for accompaniment to the caroling. The idea was to roll merrily along to the home of each of the chosen friends, bring them out by carol singing, have them pick up their gifts and enjoy a little Christmas cheer.

BOB, making out his guest list for the brunch, put Wanda Hendrix at the top. Not only because Wanda is an old friend but because she, too, probably will be away at Christmas time since she's starting with Bob in "Rio Grande."

The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor (Phyllis Avery), Mr. and Mrs. Hall Bartlett (Lois Butler), Phyllis Kirk, Cathy O'Donnell and John Dall. John, however, came later, in time for the ride, but not for brunch.

Little Gretchen Williams, the child of a neighbor from whom Bob borrowed the organ, went along to play and Janet Lee Schultz was a special guest. Janet Lee, visiting Hollywood for the first time and attending a Carnation broadcast, had been picked out of the crowd by Bob Finn who does the show, as a special Carnation guest. When Bob had asked Janet Lee what she would like best on her Hollywood trip, she'd said, "To meet Bob Stack."

"You're in," Bob Finn had told her. "He's a good friend of mine and if he's home we'll run out to his house." When Finn had called and asked Stack what he was doing Bob had said casually, "Having a Christmas party." Of course Janet Lee had been practically breathless when Bob Finn had told her she was invited.

Bob's timing of his pre-Christmas celebration at the same time Santa Claus Lane opened on Hollywood Boulevard brought everyone to the party in a holiday mood.

The trailer was fun. Riding a trailer on the move produces somewhat the same sensation as riding in a boat when the sea is very rough. And with such a load of talent as Bob's party carried, there was never a dull moment. Practically every one of the guests had played in stock at one time or another in their lives, so as they rolled merrily along productions were put on that ran from Shakespeare to minstrels. And Bob did some of the fancy cape tricks he had had to learn for "Torero." Bob is probably the first person to have held Open House, served Tom-and-Jerrys and told some guests they were not invited to indulge. Rude? No, downright sensible, as everyone agreed. Even for Holiday fun it doesn't make sense to bend an elbow, however slightly, in a moving object. But after the roving was over, Bob's riders returned to his house and relaxed over a Tom-and-Jerry.

If you hanker for a holiday caravan and cannot rent a trailer, maybe you can borrow a horse and wagon or a truck. Or a caravan of cars would be fun.

Lois Butler is in "High Lonesome," John Dall is in "The Gun," Wanda Hendrix is

in "Saddle Tramp," Phyllis Kirk is in "Two Weeks—With Love," Cathy O'Donnell is in "The Miniver Story," Phyllis Avery Taylor debuts in "Queen for a Day" and Don Taylor is in "Father's Little Dividend." Bob Stack will also be seen in "Mr. Music." The following recipes serve eight.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CLAMS

Drain: 1 ten-ounce can minced clams
Combine in bowl:

8 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup milk

Beat until well combined. Melt in skillet:

3 tablespoons butter

Add drained minced clams and cook over low heat 1 minute. Add egg milk mixture, and cook over low heat. Stir gently and constantly up from bottom to form soft creamy flakes. Place on platter. Garnish with parsley and cooked, drained bacon.

VEAL LOAF WITH SAUSAGES

Combine: 4 cups soft bread crumbs with 2/3 cup milk. Let stand until milk is absorbed.

Add: 2 pounds ground veal
2/3 pound ground beef
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
3/4 teaspoon leaf thyme
1/2 teaspoon ground sage
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 eggs, well beaten

Mix lightly, but thoroughly, with fork. Shape into roll. Place in lightly greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes.

Twenty minutes before veal loaf is to be done place 1/2 cup water in a large skillet. Arrange 1 pound small link pork sausages in skillet. Cover and cook over low heat 10 minutes. Remove cover and pour off water. Cook over moderate heat 10 minutes (turning frequently) or until sausages are well browned. Drain on absorbent paper. Place veal loaf on platter, and slice. Arrange sausages around it. Garnish with parsley.

TOM AND JERRY

Beat until stiff but not dry: 8 egg whites
Add gradually: 3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

Beat well after each addition.

Add: 8 egg yolks; beat until blended. Dip 2 tablespoons full of mixture into each china mug. To each mug add: 1/2 jigger brandy and 1 jigger rum. Fill mugs with very hot water. Stir well. Sprinkle top with grated nutmeg.

THE END



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84

"I'll always be," Paulette promised. So you can imagine her wounded feelings when that magazine came flat out and stated that she used falsies to bolster her morale or something. Following some legal prodding, Paulette was vindicated via a retraction. She wears shorts a lot if you notice. That is naturally to let you see her lovely legs. Marlene Dietrich, who is supposed to have the best gams of all, covers 'em with slacks.

If Gertrude Stein had known about Hedy Lamarr's nose, she would never have written "a nose is a nose is a nose." Hedy's nose is something special. She rarely fails to mention it, even in casual conversation. It is beautiful. And you can imagine her lacerated emotions when another weekly magazine suggested two years ago that plastic surgery and not Nature was responsible for the swell symmetry of the Lamarr proboscis. Fortunately C. B. De Mille, then starring Hedy as *Delilah*, effected an all around reconciliation. But to pick on Hedy's pride and joy—her nose! I'd as soon start the rumor that Jane Russell needed falsies!

JANE incidentally accepts her Amazonian proportions with casual indifference. You can take it or leave it. But she is *very* proud of her ability to memorize every chapter in the Bible.

Tough guys Paul Douglas and Howard Duff are vain of their cooking! When I asked Paul after his marriage to Jan Sterling, "Does she cook?" he replied, "No, thank goodness. I'm the cook in the family." "What do you cook best?" I wanted to know. "Everything," said Paul modestly. "You name it, I cook it." Some day I'll take him up on it.

Mr. Duff's specialty is breakfast. He calls it "The Concoction." He chops bacon with onions and tomatoes, fries the mixture with eggs. But now when you ask him, "What's cooking?" he no longer replies "Ava." (P.S. He never did. He's a gentleman.)

"I don't play tennis any more because it makes my muscles so big." Ginger Rogers speaking, B.G.B.—before Greg Bautzer. Ever since I've known Ginger, she has had a weak spot for her body. And what a body! And I wasn't surprised when she gave up her favorite sport because she wouldn't spoil her shapely shoulders. But, to heck with being a fragile flower, said Ginger, when Greg, an excellent tennis player, hove into view on the courts. Now she's prouder of her prowess as a champion player than she is of her still gorgeous figger.

Frank Sinatra is pretty much convinced that he's a fascinatin' feller with females. In the past whenever he had the tiniest doubt on the subject, Frankie-boy just fell madly in love with another girl. And in her eyes he always found the reassurance his ego demands. Wife Nancy understood and sympathized with the quirk and kept quiet, until Frankie came so much into the open with Ava. Then her ego took over. And the marriage was over.

The prize for the man who believes most of his prowess with the opposite sex has to go to Mr. Pinza. Ezio gives the same fascinating routine to all the girls from sixteen years old to—if they were alive—six hundred. When you meet him, he looks longingly into your eyes, breathes hurriedly, says deeply, "I like you," etc. The worst of it is, we gals all fall for him and there's nothing we can do about it because he's happily married!

I hope I don't sound smug writing so freely about other folks' vanities. I have a couple of my own that make me blush. Any star mentioned in this story is at liberty to name them!

THE END

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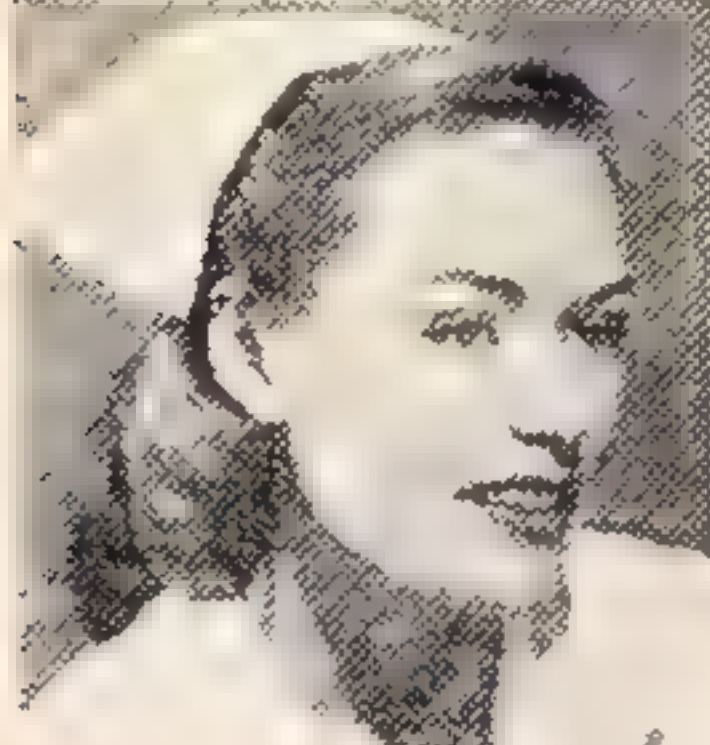
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On This Enchanted Eve

(Continued from page 34) just stay home, like other folks other places—the family people. You'd definitely find the Ladds, the Crawfords, both Joan and Brod, Susie Hayward and Jess Barker and their twins, the eight Farrows, the six DeFores, the whole Tierney (Lawrence, that is) tribe, Betty and Harry James with Vicky and Jessie, all huddled around their various hearths.

But you'd find just as many or more stars out. Bob Hope wouldn't be home, nor June Haver, nor any of the Crosby boys, nor Jeanne Crain after midnight, nor Joan Evans.

IN solid communities Christmas seldom starts coming before December 22nd and ends approximately January 2nd. Out here, there's not a special ballroom, dining room or hall to be hired for love, money or prestige from December 10th to January of the same date.

The wassail wails and the welkin rings for a minimum of a month, after which everybody in town goes on a diet and swears never, never again will they plunge into such Christmas extravagance, financial, spirituous or edible. And they don't—until the next year.

Joan Crawford, for instance, with her four children and her hundreds of friends, has a gift list that runs up to almost five hundred names. Every year she swears she will cut it down—and every year she does nothing of the sort. She wraps every gift personally, and writes every card. Other stars, however, take it more easily. There are gift wrapping services around Hollywood, who thrive during the holidays, doing up small packages for \$1.50 and anything large enough to hold a nylon slip for \$5 and from there on up. There are special tree trimmers, too, who get \$75 for trimming average four or five foot trees, but \$150 for the super-dupers of ten feet and upward. But they do bring their own ornaments.

And the gifts! A \$75 plant is a commonplace to send to the friend for whom you couldn't think of anything original. A case of liquor is considered par in that category. But there is also that topmost agent, whose client's ten per cent makes him practically a million dollars yearly. He sends everybody a one-pound box of candy, regardless. And then there are the junior stars, like Keefe Brasselle and his adoring wife, who are giving one another the key to their very first home this Christmas and who have pooled all their other Christmas money to make the first payment on their mortgage.

Over at the Williams-Gage house the celebration is three days long. All Esther's relatives—a house full—arrive for Christmas Eve. All Ben's relatives come for Christmas night—and that's another packed house. On the 26th, Esther and Ben have their personal Christmas.

You never can tell who will have the greatest feeling for Christmas. Betty Hutton is so full of bounce, so beautifully dressed and so alert, you'd hardly expect her to be as sentimental as a Grandma Moses card—but she is. Not later than the fifteenth of December, and usually a week earlier, Betty has a big old-fashioned green tree set up in her living room and everybody starts trimming it.

"Everybody" is Ted Briskin, her husband; Lindsay and Candy, the two small daughters; Betty's mother and dad and her sister, Marion—if Marion's in town—and Marion's child. If any of the Briskins turn up from Chicago, they also get into the trimming act.

The tree has never yet been trimmed all in one day—it's about ten feet high,

which is one reason—but every time anybody goes by it, something more gets added.

If you should look through their windows on Christmas Eve, you'd see Lindsay and Candy hanging up their stockings over the mantelpiece about eight o'clock and going off to bed each with a shiny new dime to tuck under her pillow, to make her Christmas wishes come true. After the little girls are asleep, Betty and Ted bring out their own presents, unwrap them, but leave them in the boxes under the trees.

If it comes true—and it always does because Lindsay and Candy always wish for something they have wished for about a hundred times before department store Santas—they put the dimes in the poor box at church, which they attend every Christmas morning.

Christmas morning, after church, is entirely reserved for the children. The adults don't bring out their packages until late afternoon. Then they sit in a big circle around the tree—grandmothers and grandfathers, Betty, Ted and Marion and each opens one present in turn, so that the whole group can see and admire it.

In Beverly Hills, groups, mostly of teenagers, sing carols outside the houses. Betty, missing the snow and icicles of an Eastern winter, encourages them to come by her house yearly as the next best substitute.

Little does she dream that June Haver is often in these groups, also the Crosby boys. Not necessarily at the Hutton house, but going the rounds. June does it for the pure love of singing. She dolls herself all up in a red hood and a red coat, and tags along with her sister, Evie, and she's yet to be recognized. Whatever money she collects, she puts in her parish poor box. As for the Crosby boys, no less an authority than their father says, "They make a very good thing of it."

They do indeed. They turned up at Bob Hope's house a couple of years ago and asked for a donation. Bob said he didn't have any cash in the house at the moment. "Well, give us a couple of bonds," said Lindsay, the youngest Crosby boy.

HOW they ever managed to catch Bob in, is a miracle. The four junior Hopes, and lovely Dolores, can barely snatch him for an hour, either on December 24th or Christmas Day. Yet they are proud that he isn't with them. Because what this wonderful guy does is to spend all Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at veteran hospitals. Bob goes into the bad wards—the "locked wards"—as they are called. For the armless and the legless and the ones who know full well they will never leave the hospitals for home, he brings the most giddy laughter, the gayest songs. Last year, Bob enlisted Maggie Whiting to go along with him and Maggie says she wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Scott Brady was one of the boys who escaped all wounds in the war. So, too, did his brothers, Eddie and Larry Tierney. They were all in different branches of the service and the Christmas that seems the most wonderful one of their lives was Christmas, 1945, when for the first time in four years they were all together again with their parents. This year they will restage that sentimental reunion as they have every year since 1945.

Sally Forrest has her own little restaging which she does by way of buying herself a party dress of the loveliest tulle. That's because tulle reminds her of her childhood, when she was very poor, but determined to be a dancer. The one and only gift she wanted was a ballet skirt. She told her parents, but they told her they

couldn't possibly afford such a present. So she told her grandma, and later she told her aunt. And yes, she got three ballet skirts come Christmas morning.

If you went calling at Jeanne Crain Brinkman's house, you'd find a third new son there this Yuletide, and if you arrived up until eleven-thirty on Christmas Eve you'd find Jeanne at home. During the early evening, three small boys would have been gathered around her. Later, you'd discover her mother and sister and Paul's parents. But by eleven-thirty, she and Paul would be out, heading for mid-night Mass. And if this year they follow every other year's custom, they'll leave the tree lights burning, and the ones outside their house.

Coming back from church, the effect always bowls them over. Paul jumps for his color camera, Jeanne poses, and the next thing they know, it's three a.m. They tumble into bed, only to have the children wake them at six, so Christmas day finds them utterly exhausted and happy.

Christmas Day finds Joan Evans exhausted, too, but for a quite different reason. Too many parties the night before. Last Christmas Eve, she attended five. Right this moment she's booked for seven this season. And, being so modern, right now she knows what her parents are giving her. For her sixteenth birthday, last July, they gave her a heart-shaped ruby ring. She knows they won't be able to resist giving her matching earrings.

Ann Sothern has a Christmas Eve for "strays," by which she means the people who aren't parts of families—girls who are divorced or have never married—men in the same singular situation.

John Hodiak and Anne Baxter have Christmas with a Mexican flavor—and beautiful it is, too. They start making their tree as early as October—as Anne's mother had always done—tying on boughs, creating "snow" and stuff. Then they make their own ornaments—sequins, rhinestones, paillettes and the like. They bring up those wonderful Mexican tin angels and candle holders from Tia Juana to decorate their rooms and it is all very chic and lovely, and worldly, as these two much-in-love people are.

And it is utterly unlike Doris Day's Christmas. On Christmas Doris has just her son and her mother at the house—just as she has them every other day of the year. She grins, this warm-hearted, sweet, uninvolved girl, and she says, "We never make a production of Christmas. There's a fir tree out in our yard that we trim and on Christmas Eve my boy and I tie red bows on our two dogs, and we have just one simple gift for one another. You see, with us, we give presents whenever we think of it, all year 'round. That way, you get Christmas three hundred and sixty-five times a year. Not just once."

Merry Christmas to you.

THE END



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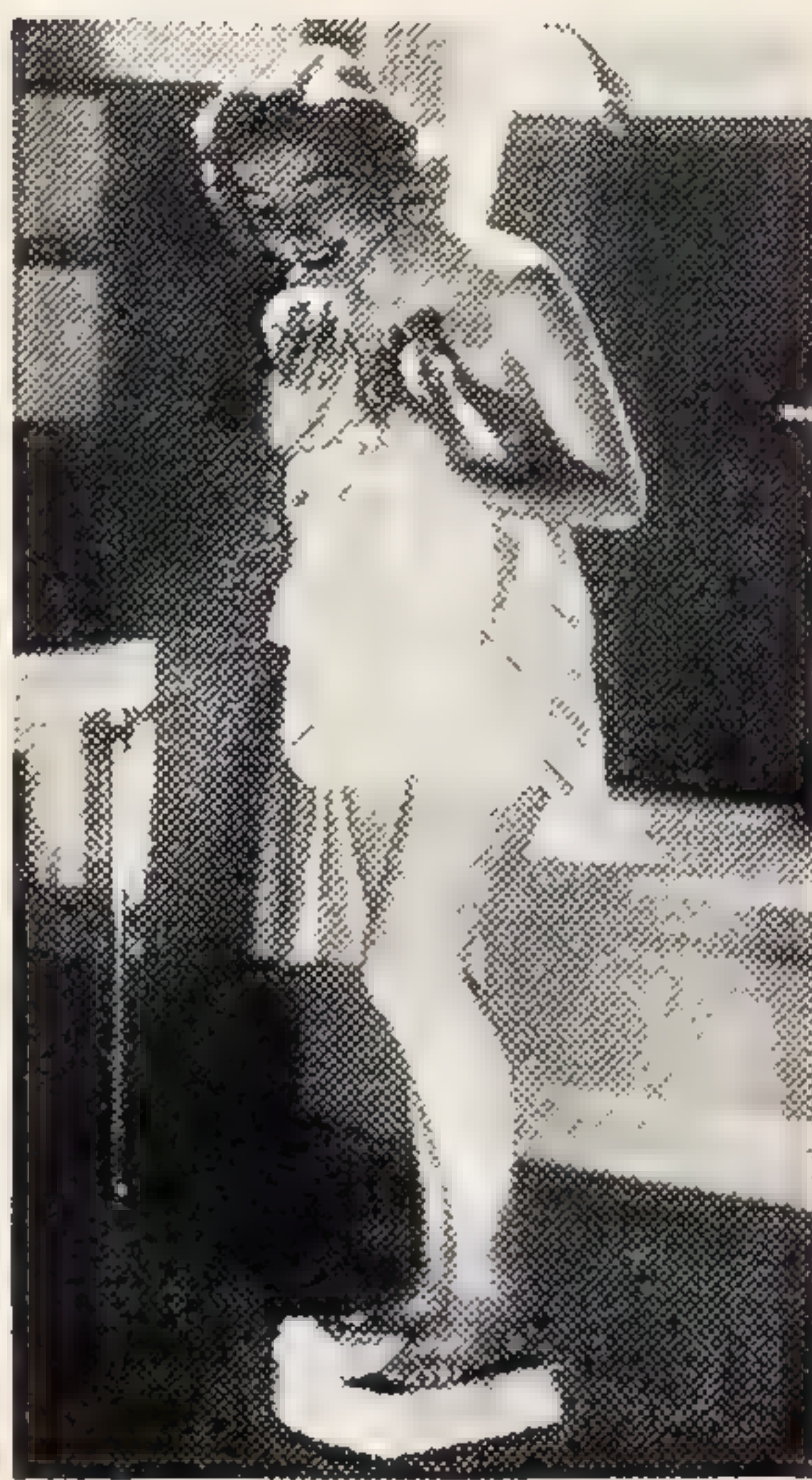
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"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

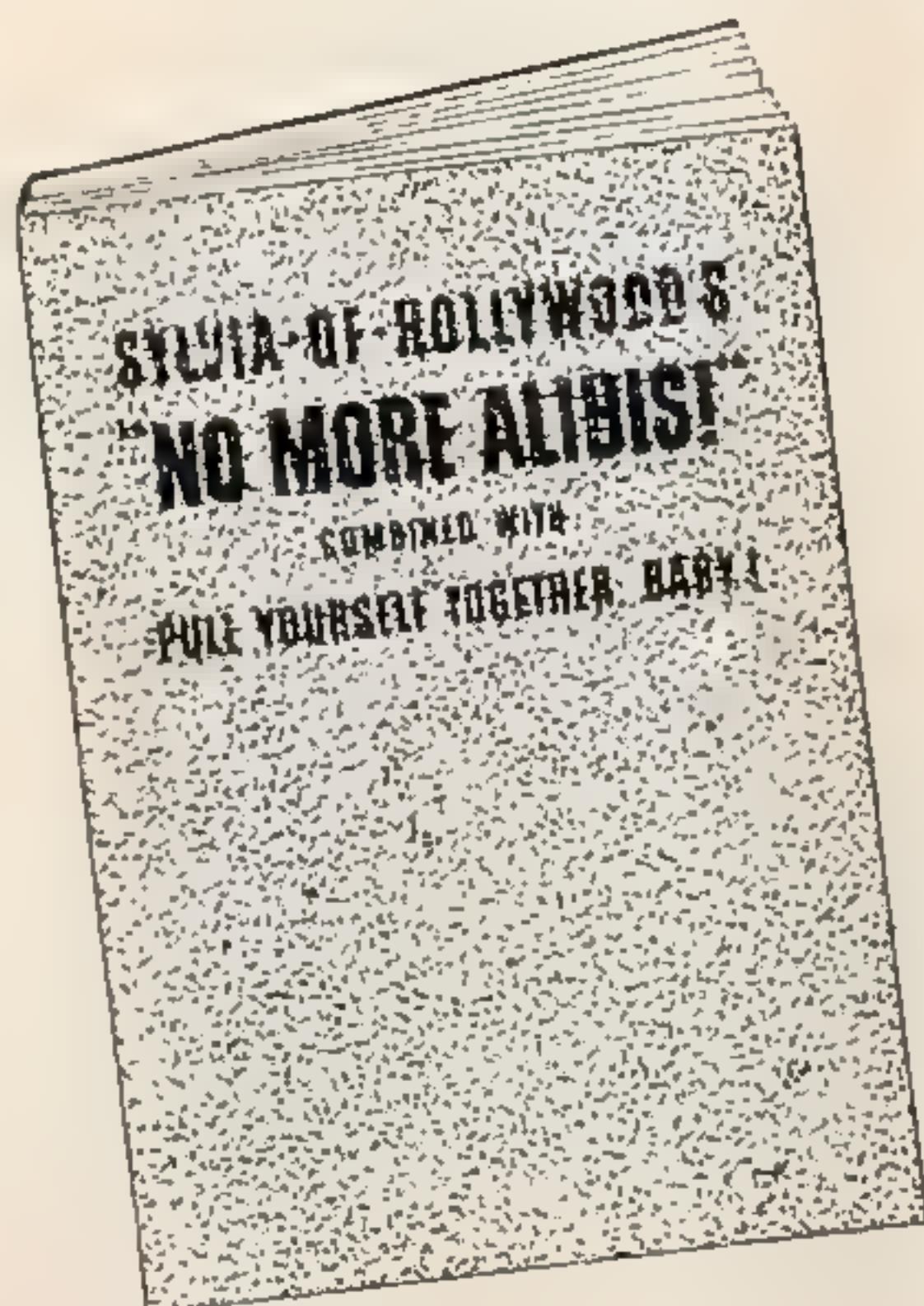


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That Mad Man Marlon

(Continued from page 41) a T-shirt. But if a hostess hands him a jacket and requests that he wear it he puts it on, docile as a lamb, and smiles at her so sweetly she goes off in a daze.

He's contrary, too. He wasn't, for instance, as discreet and politic as most stars would have been, about "The Men."

"It's a good picture, with reservations," he says. "I think it should have told the whole truth about paraplegics—and if that shocked all the good people who went to see it—too bad!"

"All that stuff about paraplegics being able to live married lives, have babies." His voice became more and more scornful. "They can't. One-half of one per cent maybe . . . We didn't give that impression. We prettied it up!"

HE'S young in his attitude about money, too. Which, undoubtedly, is why his entire income—minus agents' fees and taxes—goes to his father who sends him \$150 a week and invests the handsome remainder in Marsdo, Inc., a cattle-raising firm the name of which, according to his father, means "Marlon's dough."

"Every month," Marlon says, "my father sends me long papers covered with numbers. I suppose he understands them. I don't. For all I know he could be spending my money on a chorus girl."

Exactly two days after Marlon receives his weekly checks he starts borrowing again. Always five dollars at a time. His one hundred and fifty hasn't gone into riotous living. Most of it has gone into the empty pockets of friends and into his glass bank from which money is easily extracted by anyone who needs it.

When Marlon was doing "Streetcar" on the stage he never could remember the unfashionable address of his cold-water flat on Tenth Avenue. "Go uptown," he would direct new friends, "until you come to about one hundred feet south of 57th Street. I live right next door to the fruit store. Walk up five flights."

His apartments change but never vary; one room with a bed that is rarely made up, a chest of drawers about as empty as his closet, an easy chair with sagging springs, a desk—and a telephone.

His closet holds one old tweed suit and one pair of dungarees or two pairs of dungarees, depending upon his costume that day. His chest of drawers holds a small collection of socks and undergarments and a few T-shirts. Unless, as sometimes happens, he has used his T-shirt to stuff a bed-pillow that lacks sufficient feathers to be comfortable.

Not long ago Marlon ran an advertisement in the Saturday Review of Literature. "Apartment Wanted—Any Old Thing." Landlords do not take kindly to Marlon. He keeps his radio tuned up, to a station that plays symphonic recordings twenty-four hours a day. And he plays Afro-Cuban drums. At odd hours. Once or twice the hours were so odd and the drums were so loud the police called on him.

He thinks girls are wonderful but drives the glamour species slightly crazy because he ignores them. He prefers the girls he meets at drama classes and in offices. He arrived at a preview of "The Men" with a girl friend who wore blue jeans and an old sweatshirt, across the chest of which was emblazoned "United States Navy."

They tell me that when Shelley Winters, all dressed up, sought Marlon at a party he turned the other way. The next day, however, when he met her at the studio and she had on an old pair of slacks and a sweater and her hair was awry and she was minus make-up he thought she was fine; right away asked her to dinner.

To say Marlon thinks girls are wonderful is only half the story. Not long ago a young actress moved into an apartment that Marlon, Hollywood-bound again, had just vacated. At all hours of the day and night young women trying to meet Marlon beat a tattoo upon her door. At last, in self-defense, she put up a sign: "Marlon doesn't live here any more."

I first met him following the New York opening of "A Streetcar Named Desire." George Cukor gave a party for Irene Selznick, the producer, and the cast at the 21 Club. Marlon arrived with his parents who, he had said, might not prefer to come. They were very humble people, he had explained, very simple indeed. They were shy, too, and did not have the right clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Marlon Brando Sr., and Marlon's sisters, Frances and Jocelyn, were quite equal to the occasion. It developed they have lived comfortably all their lives. Mrs. Brando, for a time, was associated with a "little theater" company in Omaha. Mr. Brando owns a large company that produces mineral food for stock. Jocelyn, an actress, has played the one woman in the cast of "Mr. Roberts." And Frances is an artist with a Greenwich Village studio where Marlon stayed when he first came to New York.

Marlon at that time was nineteen. Two months earlier he had left the Shattuck Military Academy, upon request of the headmaster. In the interim he had been affiliated with a drainage construction company as a tile fitter. "I dug ditches," he explains. He did not like it. So when his father offered to finance his education in any field he admitted he was in love with the theater.

For a year or more he studied drama and worked in summer stock. Finally, after several moderately important engagements, he was considered for "The Glass Menagerie." However, Laurette Taylor, the star, thought he did not look sufficiently masculine and strong.

For Tennessee Williams, the playwright, Marlon developed the greatest admiration. Sometimes Tennessee let him read his unproduced plays. "A Streetcar Named Desire" Marlon admired especially. So it was arranged for him to meet Irene Selznick, the ex-Mrs. David O. Selznick, who produced it—and Elia Kazan, who directed it—at a party. Again Marlon's lack of brawn and his shy manner proved obstacles. His reading of the part, however, could not be overlooked. When he is acting, he loses his shyness, submerges himself completely.

"PERHAPS you can play Stanley Kowalski . . ." Kazan told him. "If you will place yourself completely in my hands—undergo intensive physical training."

Marlon did just that. And the critics hailed him. "His talent," they said, "is the kind that comes to the theater once, at most, in a generation."

Hollywood wanted him, of course. But he didn't want Hollywood. He turned down over one million dollars' worth of offers. And when "Streetcar" finally closed a triumphant run, he went to Europe. He was in Paris, having a grand old time, when Stanley Kramer got him on the trans-Atlantic telephone, told him the story of "The Men" and asked him if he would come home to play in it. Marlon liked the story and respected Kramer. He'd seen "Champion" and "Home of the Brave." "When do you want me?" he asked.

He talks in the thick slurred way he talks on the screen. Or at least he talks that way usually. But when something absorbs or excites him he lapses into a speech that is crisp and clear.

His thick speech, so a friend insists, is a hangover from his extreme youth when he went all out for the underprivileged and, not wanting them to find him different, aped their manner of talking.

In "A Streetcar Named Desire" the role which made him famous, his thick speech served him well. But there was criticism of his diction, or lack of it, in "The Men." Now again, in the screen version of "Streetcar," his speech presents no problem. Following this picture, however, he plans to work with a voice teacher. He's going to college, too, he tells me, to study psychology, French and philosophy.

"I don't care how much money they offer me to do a play or a picture," he says, "I won't make it. I'm going to college for six months. It doesn't make sense to work all the time if you don't have to, and there are other things you want to do."

"I got \$40,000 for 'The Men.'"

"This year I'm getting \$75,000 for the movie of 'Streetcar.' Come 1951 I'll get \$125,000 for another movie..."

In Hollywood, in spite of his handsome salary, he stopped at no fine hotel. Instead, he bunked on the living-room sofa in his aunt's bungalow over in Eagle Rock. Also, for four weeks, at his request, he lived as a paraplegic patient at the Birmingham Veterans' Hospital, in a thirty-two-bed ward, spending all of his waking hours in a wheel chair.

One evening, he went with a group of the boys to a cafe. A woman there, inspired by liquid refreshment, was in a crusading mood. "Faith," she told the boys in the wheelchairs, Marlon among them, "can move mountains." If they tried hard enough, she assured them, they could leave their chairs, walk.

Marlon appeared to give her rapt attention. As her talk became ecstatic he began straining at the sides of his chair. At last, with tremendous effort, he got to his feet, took a couple of halting steps and went into a buck-and-wing.

The woman departed. And Marlon and his companions laughed for hours, whenever they remembered the terror in her eyes or her retreating form.

Jokes are wonderful things, Marlon thinks. He has a repertoire of telephone gags. But unlike many prone to this form of amusement he is extraordinarily kind.

Recently, being photographed for a magazine layout, he was required to buy a frankfurter from a pushcart in a tenement neighborhood. Frankfurter in hand, he returned to the car where his press agent waited. "Throw that away if you don't want it," his agent said.

Marlon looked horrified. "Not here! The pushcart man's feelings would be hurt. I'll chuck it out after we get going."

There are those who do not like Marlon. They see only his unconventional appearance. They hear only his deliberately shocking language. They will tell you he is slightly mad. Others respond to his sweetness, his constantly inquiring mind, his generosity. And there are still others who scream, loud and long, that it doesn't make any difference what Marlon Brando does or doesn't do—that he's an actor.

THE END

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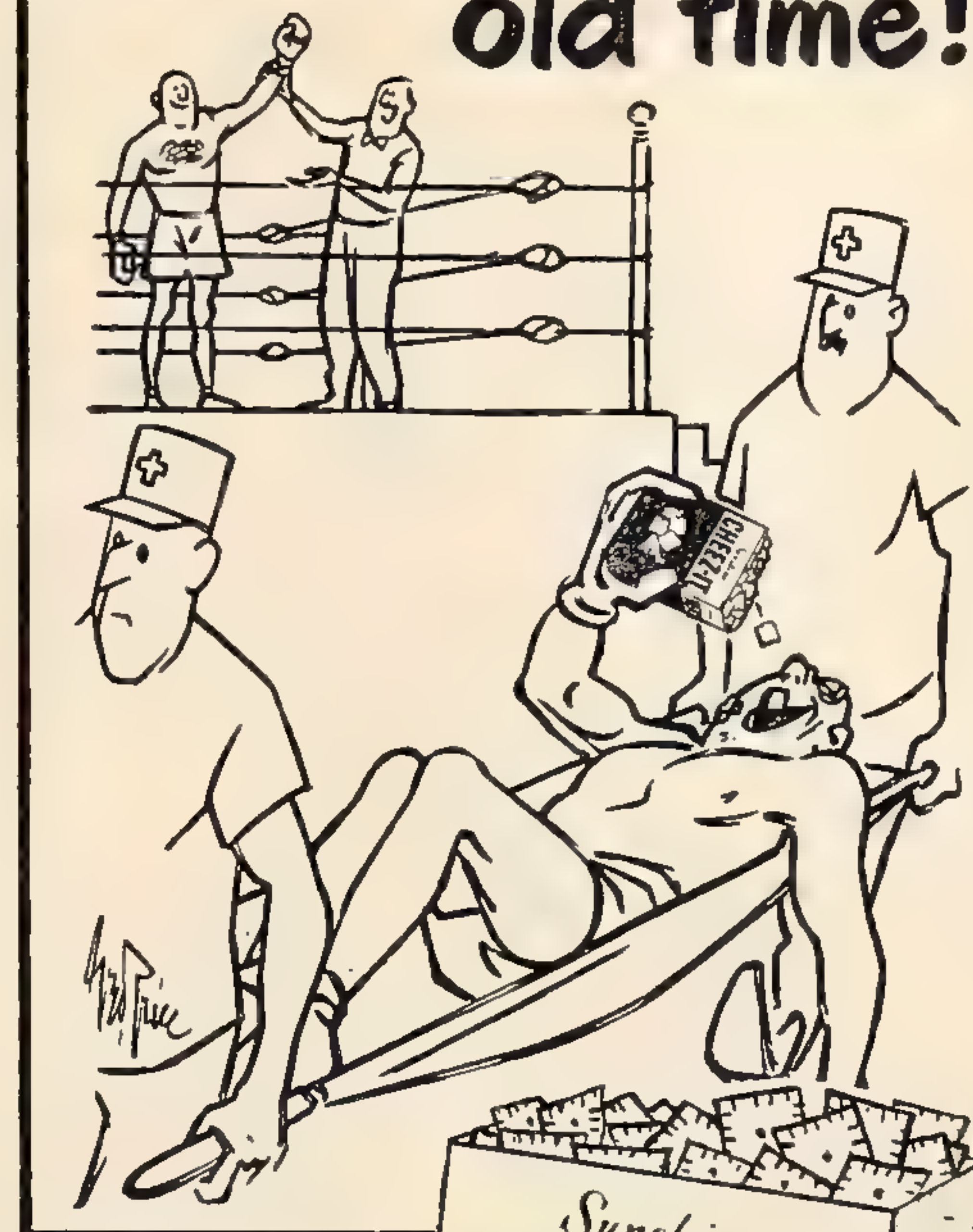
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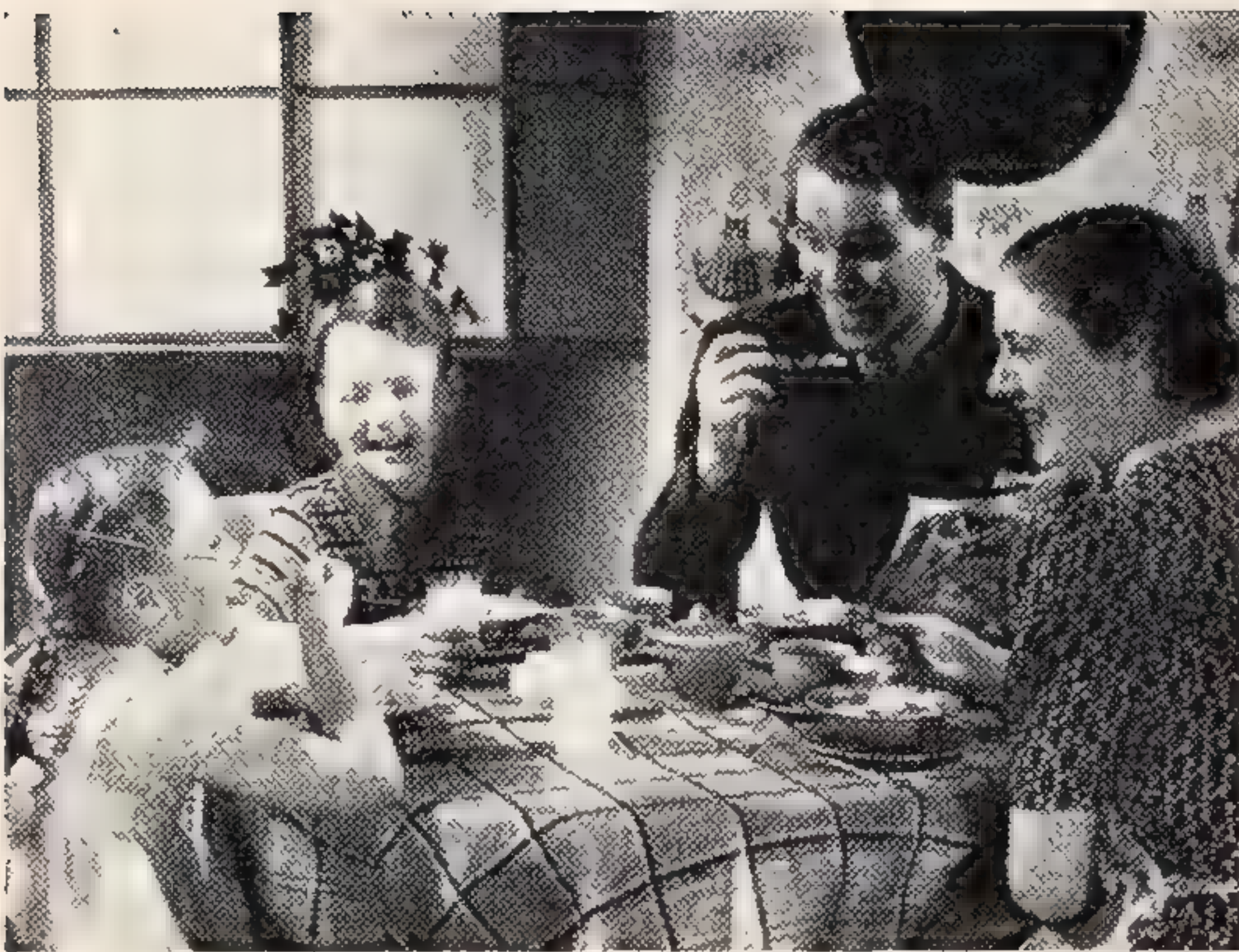
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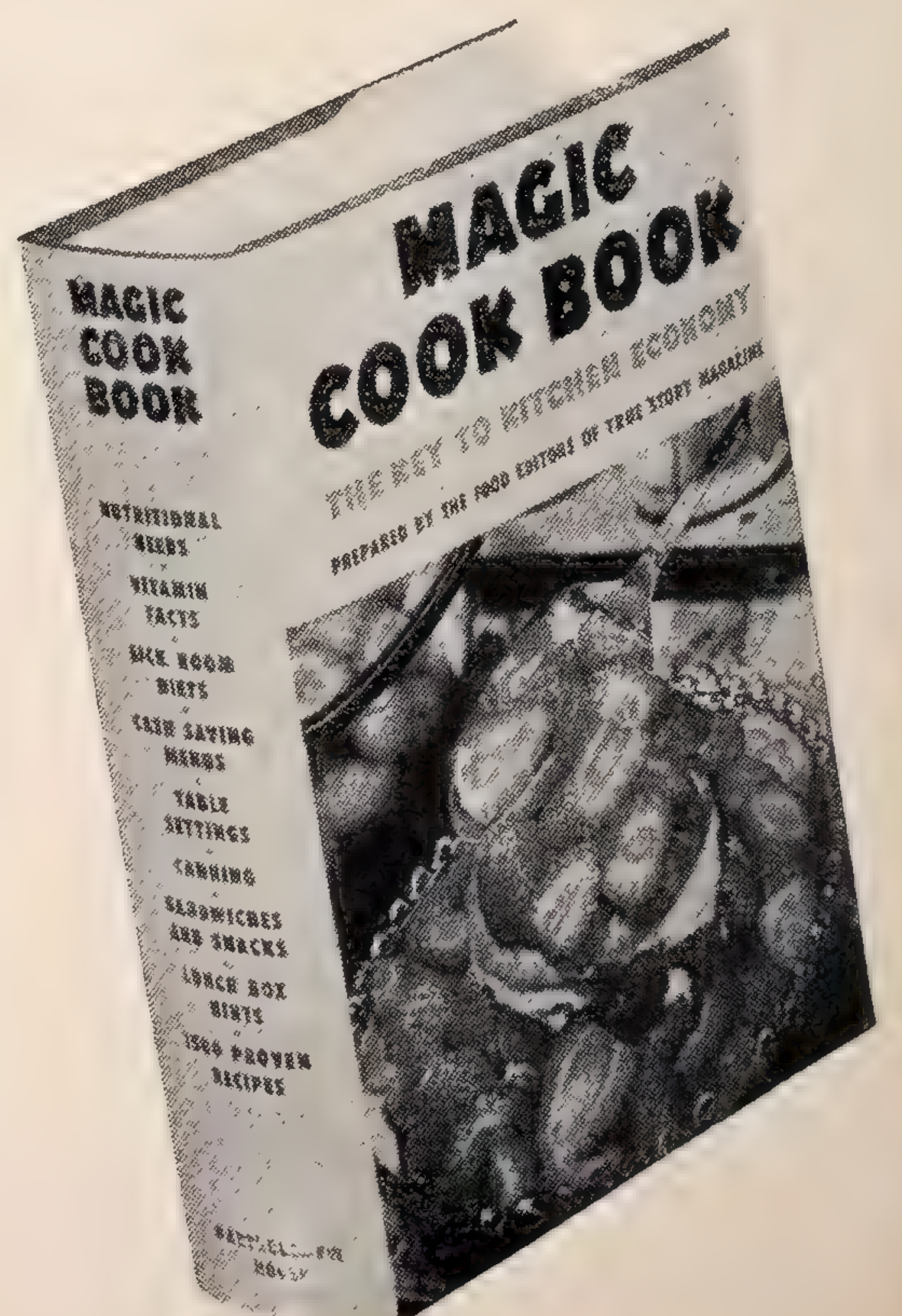
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Glad Hands

(Continued from page 59) There's more to hand care than manicuring. And there's more to manicuring than a change of polish. But when it comes to polish changing, have you thought of what fun you can have with many colors? Think of a bright, bright red for Christmas Eve. Think of a delicate pink when you're wearing your white formal. You certainly don't wear one lipstick color all the time. So don't wear one polish, either.

No star thinks of going out without first checking her hand make-up any more than she would go without checking her facial make-up. I don't know what a professional manicure costs in your home town but in Hollywood the better shops charge two dollars. You'd get a giggle to know how many top stars are scared by that two dollars, plus tip, into doing their manicures at home.

Of course, any girl, with practice, can give herself a completely professional manicure. For those who haven't really tried it, we asked Ann Miller (who everybody in movietown says has the prettiest hands) to be photographed giving her nails their weekly manicure. Ann also gives herself three or four polish changes a week. You may not need that many. It depends upon what you wear and how soon you chip your polish. But make it a flat rule to have a complete manicure once a week.

Under Ann's pictures are the directions for this procedure. So I won't take up space repeating them. I have other hand tips!

For girls who do housework and have their hands continually in hot water, rubber gloves are ideal. But—and here's the advice of a leading dermatologist—cream your hands first, and then be sure to wear an old pair of white cotton gloves under the rubber ones. When your hands are immersed in hot water, the warmth melts the cream, which soaks into the skin, thus giving your hands a beauty treatment while you work.

Above all, hands must be kept clean. But—and this is a big question: Do you dry them dry, after every washing? Too many girls just sort of wave their hands around, after washing them, or merely flick a towel at them. It takes only a second longer to make hand-washing a beauty treatment. If the water at your house is hard, a few drops of boracic acid will correct that. When the soap is on your hands, give them a quick little massage. If you've got stains on them, a quick rub with a section of lemon will remove these. Dry thoroughly. Then rub in your lotion or baby oil—and don't use so much you have to rub it off again. Let the skin absorb it. And, before you go out, use this Hollywood trick: A little of your favorite perfume rubbed into the palm of your hand. This will leave your particular perfume on the hand of everyone who extends his palm in greeting.

Hand massage is too often neglected. If you are a typist, or do similar hand work, you don't need it. But idle hands develop those brown liver spots in old age, unless you see to it that they keep up their circulation through massage. If you are mature enough to be plagued with these, you can conceal them very well with foundation cream. This is even good for freckles, for concealing them, that is. Use the foundation cream exactly as you would on your face.

Also, give your hands and nails an oil bath. It's beyond me why girls, sitting in the sun, will protect their faces and their legs, but let their hands just plumb dry out. When you've got an idle hour and

you're not on display, really pour the baby oil on—and let it stay on. You'll be perfectly amazed at what it will do for you.

In winter weather, don't wear gloves merely for warmth. They too can be a hand beauty treatment, protecting you against chapping and winds. Hollywood girls usually don't wear kid gloves. They prefer woolens, for better hand circulation and ease in handling car wheels. Besides, they are cheaper and come in cuter colors. Or you can knit your own. Joan Crawford, for instance, made herself some for this holiday season that are green with red Christmas trees on their backs. She sewed some old sequins on the trees for ornaments and the effect was adorable.

As for the manicure business, you don't necessarily have to use liquid polishes. Some girls are allergic to them and some girls are so conservative (or their dates are so conservative) that they use dry polishes. Okay, if you do, but with the latter you should use more nail whitener under the nails. You can get good whitener pencils at the dime store. You must buff powder-polished nails every day, and really should buff them after every hand washing.

For girls who are allergic, it's good news to know that there are now hypo-allergic liquid polishes and removers on the market. You'll have to go to a regular medical drugstore probably to find them, but they do exist, have a fair range of colors, and cost only what regular polish costs.

Whatever liquid polish you use, if it thickens up add a little remover to it and give it a good shake. Don't ever try to apply polish that is too thick. Also, it's a good rule to cut the brush that comes in the polish to a fairly thin width. A wide brush tends to spread the polish too close to the cuticle. Here in Hollywood, the girls apply polish with three strokes, the first two on either side of the nail, the third one in the middle. To finish, when the polish is absolutely dry, wrap your orangewood stick in cotton, dip it in remover, then go carefully around the cuticle outline and remove any excess polish.

If your polish smears, take it all off that particular finger and start over again. Actually, practice makes perfect in manicuring, so the more times you put on polish, the lovelier you'll get.

Not once, you'll notice, have I mentioned manicuring scissors. Don't use them. Use clippers for hangnails. That's much more effective. And never, never cut cuticle. Push it back every time you wash your hands. That will be all you need to do.

As for rings on your fingers, the Hollywood girls are still going in for big, gobby rings, but they never—or hardly ever—wear more than one ring at a time. The girls who haven't a Mrs. before their names, of course, want the one ring every girl dreams about—and they guard their hands for that very reason.

To dye or not to dye—that is the question to which many glamour conscious gals would like to get an answer. Look for it next month.

THE END

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How a Star Is Born

(Continued from page 50) A little part at first, then a better one, then a much better one, and finally, that part in which he "goes all through the picture" and has some chance of being noticed by audiences and by those who produce and cast pictures within Hollywood.

At about this time, the player has the experience of hearing himself fitted verbally into the Hollywood picture. If his humility has begun to deteriorate from lack of use, and his ego has begun to grow, the experience of finding himself neatly categorized is likely to be dangerous.

In Hollywood, players are called "properties." From Clark Gable to the newest cowboy signed by a one-picture independent outfit, all players are—at one time or another—designated as "properties." Properties constantly gaining in value currently are Gene Nelson at Warner Brothers, Hugh Marlowe at the same studio, Terry Moore at Columbia, among others.

BY the time you read this, Gene Nelson will have had three pictures released: "Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" opposite June Haver; "Tea for Two" in which he co-starred with Doris Day and Gordon MacRae, and "The West Point Story" which also stars Doris and Gordon MacRae. A fourth picture will be "Lullaby of Broadway" in which Gene will be given co-starring billing with Doris Day—a milestone.

Any day now someone will comment on the "meteoric" rise of thirty-year-old, blond, dynamic Gene.

The fact is that Gene has been in show business for *seventeen years*. He was first under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox in 1946. He did two dance routines with June Haver in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"; he felt that he was heading for the big time. He hoped. He was seriously considered for the part opposite Betty Grable in "Mother Wore Tights," but lost it to a chap named Dan Dailey. He was mentioned for "Apartment for Peggy," but the studio decided that they needed "a name" to carry the boy's part, so Bill Holden was signed.

He was discussed for the starring role opposite Judy Garland in "Easter Parade" (by that time Gene was free-lancing, as his Twentieth contract had lapsed) at M-G-M and he was ecstatic. This deal, he felt certain, would go through. But out of retirement came a dancer of some repute, a chap named Fred Astaire, and newcomer Gene Nelson lost out.

Instead of giving up, he joined a group of determined, talented, and resourceful local Thespians and played in a musical show, "Lend an Ear," which had a successful run in Los Angeles and then went on to Broadway. Gene remained with the show eight happy months before accepting a Warner contract.

This is what Gene has to say about his 1946 film experience, "If I'd been ready, the parts would have paid off. I was over-anxious, nervous, tied up by tension. I had to learn what I now know with all my heart, everything can't always go right."

Terry Moore's experience is an excellent example of the building years and the many slips twixt cup and lip when the cup contains success.

She has been in the picture industry since she was eleven and doubled for Shirley Temple as a little girl. Terry's first important picture on a Terry Moore basis was "The Return of October." The picture was so well received and her own reviews were so promising that she had every reason to believe that her next film would be a star-maker.

One of the dreams of her life was to

play the title role in "Lorna Doone." Originally Farley Granger was set as the male lead, but he refused the part. At that point Richard Greene was secured, but there were supposed to be only two years difference in age between *Lorna Doone* and her young lover, so Terry had to be replaced. She looked too young to play opposite Mr. Greene.

Hugh Marlowe, brilliant leading man at Twentieth Century-Fox, could give any newcomer a lesson in patience and hard work. He began his career in 1932 as a radio announcer in Davenport, Iowa, where he remained for a year. (Incidentally, Marlowe's job—when he left for California—was taken over by an earnest young chap named Ronald Reagan).

Hugh enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse where he studied for three years and worked in seventy-five plays before he was tested for a part in a picture starring George Raft and Carole Lombard. He didn't get the part. He was tested twice by M-G-M, after the Raft-Lombard try, didn't succeed at either reading. However, he had scarcely returned to New York before Metro paged him for a part in a Franchot Tone-Virginia Bruce picture and he was placed under contract. He did nothing for six months, then went east.

He worked on Broadway in six plays, the final one being "Lady in the Dark" opposite Gertrude Lawrence, before Metro paged him again, this time for a small part in "Mrs. Parkington." He also did a part in the Lana Turner picture "Marriage Is a Private Affair" before asking for his second release from the studio.

He returned to the stage for a highly successful road run of "The Voice of the Turtle" (Hugh's old friend, Ronald Reagan, enacted the motion picture version), followed by parts in three other plays before Twentieth Century-Fox asked him to take the part of the young composer in the Loretta Young vehicle, "Come to the Stable," on a free lance basis.

Practically everyone in America saw "Come to the Stable" and many persons in the audiences wrote to Hugh Marlowe to inform him that he was a "brilliant newcomer to the picture business." He was grateful, but he didn't lose his perspective.

However, Twentieth signed him and cast him to advantage in "Twelve O'Clock High." Then came the picture for which he had great hopes: "Night and the City." This was to star Richard Widmark, but as the picture was planned, Hugh was to be seen all through the script.

THE entire company was taken to England to make the picture. For three months, Hugh worked in the film, getting acquainted with as much of England as possible and using his free time to fly to Paris and Rome.

He could scarcely wait to see the completed film, but when he did, he had to accept one more of the routine disappointments in an actor's life. The picture had been too long, so it had been cut. Whenever there was a doubt about the story line, the camera stuck with Dick Widmark who was, after all, the star of the picture. Hugh appeared in only one scene.

Hugh has a philosophy about the theatrical business: "A player should go into acting for the sheer love of it, not with any idea of making big money. In that way, the exertion of doing a good job in the profession one loves is pay-off enough. And, oddly enough, money—in the presence of honest effort and dedicated interest—takes care of itself."

About his loss of roles and his occasional disappearance from a picture in

which he had thought he had a good part, Hugh says, "In the theatrical business you lose a little and you gain a little. You give up gracefully, and the equivalent of the thing you gave up is returned to you."

In brief: The first years of studio contract status for a player are likely to be years of *character building* instead of years of steady advance in career prestige, fame, and salary.

Among other problems are those of the emotions.

The free lance actor or actress in Hollywood, whether single or divorced, has some problems. Those of the man consist of choosing carefully, and of side-stepping advances without causing enmity. There is and probably will always be a shortage of men in Hollywood. Consequently, it is entirely possible for a fairly attractive man, rugged in appearance but suave in manner, having proper background, good manners, and principles, to have a wonderful time in the film colony and to squire the most beautiful women in the world.

For a girl, the situation is quite the reverse. Her telephone may ring seldom for a date. Also, as she gains prominence, a girl is occasionally forced to wonder whether a man is dating her because he likes her and finds her good company, or because he hopes to get his picture in the fan books and his name in the columns.

Something loud and clear should be said at this point about the folly of a girl becoming a Give-Inny. Today in Hollywood, one of the surest ways for a girl to ruin the promise of a great career is to follow any such course. For every girl who has overcome the handicap of scandal (and it is still scandal), any Hollywood observer in-the-know can name in ten seconds at least four girls who, during the past ten years, could have become brilliant stars if they hadn't done their twinkling on a private basis.

The truth is that Hollywood is a town which is fascinated by every one of its citizens who has attained or is attaining prominence. Sooner or later, everything about everyone becomes known. Right at the moment, for instance, there is a world-shattering romance going on between a great star and a slightly lesser star. Neither realizes that everyone in town knows. This includes the wife in the case, who says stonily that she has been through this before and her husband will be home for Christmas. Where will the woman in the case be then? Crying her eyes out in a lonely house.

This romance will break up eventually, and then the girl will be in desperate trouble, because of a strange fact of masculine psychology. Every man (unless he's hopelessly introverted or magnificently civilized) considers himself the equal of every other man. So, the instant this

poor girl is abandoned, every Joe Doakes in Hollywood is going to beat a path to her door. Because she is essentially a fine, sweet, clean—although mistaken—person, she is going to rebuff the pack. At least one of the wolves is likely to hold the girl's belated honor against her regarding it as a personal affront and he will use whatever influence he has to spoil her next break. That wonderful little word, "No," said firmly, but with good humor, is a girl's best friend.

In addition to the emotional problems, there are always career problems for the young contractee. Money is one. Usually, the newcomer is desperate for clothing and goes on a spending spree, to the detriment of the bank account.

There is a strong temptation to buy a car in eighteen "easy" (it says here) payments. Newcomers, taken by Southern California's preoccupation with hilltop houses, are often romanticized into renting such a house and furnishing it or buying it in two hundred and forty payments.

A SALARY of \$250 per week (people signed from Broadway productions start at a much higher amount, of course) seems extremely princely to a person who has been living on an intermittent five-spot. Then comes the day when the income tax is due and there are enough headaches in the Hollywood younger set to dissolve an aspirin factory.

Also, it is at about this time in the career cycle that the steady income and the lure of Southern California's superb restaurants begin to pad the torso. For the first time in the lives of both men and girls, a bulge appears below the belt, sleeves grow too tight, and the kindly casting director calls in his round-faced neophyte and orders a diet of black coffee, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, small portions of lean meat.

Next, there are times when nothing happens. Utterly nothing. The young player arises early in the morning (in training for those nine a.m. set calls) and hurries to the studio. He or she works out in the gym or in the dance rehearsal hall. Perhaps there is to be a screen test for a newcomer, so the hopeful contractee serves as a test pony. Lines are learned, then rehearsed. Scenes are worked out. "Lights, Camera, Speed. That was wonderful; let's try it once more. Fine. Just right. Casting office has your telephone number; we'll let you know."

Another test is finished. The tested one looks up into the eyes of the contractee and says, "Oh, to be in your spot." But the contractee has only lived through another day. No picture is set. No picture test is even to be done the next day. Tomorrow will be like today: Eager awakening, hard work, hopeful calling on a producer, watching the shooting on the various sound stages, dropping in on the



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publicity department to pick up the latest gossip. Saying to those who inquire: "I'm not set at the moment, but there's talk of shooting 'Forever,' that marvelous Mildred Cram story, and I understand I'm to be tested." The publicity department quickly plants the "news" in Louella's column, or with Hedda Hopper, Harrison Carroll, "Skinny" Johnston, or Sidney Skolsky. A day or so later, the item appears in the paper. You clip it for your scrapbook. You receive a letter of congratulation from back home. Two weeks later, Corwin Kensington is said to have been tested for the same part. Two weeks after this, the studio owning the picture rights announces that it has been shelved.

Bored, you make another mistake of the neophyte. You begin to hit the night clubs. You spend your money too fast, you feel terrible the next morning, you begin to get mentioned in all the columns—out with a different girl, or man, every night. Eventually everyone tags you as a playboy or a playgirl. The casting director in your studio reads the items; he calls the gym instructor or the diction coach or the dancing instructor and wants to know when you were last in a class. Your option turns white with apprehension. You have long since turned blue with frustration.

OR, and here is the paradox, you may be an exceptionally pretty girl whom the studio is building steadily, but with caution. You are being held back for some specific studio purpose, but you are to be kept active. You pose for a coat layout, to be syndicated; you pose for a hat layout; you serve as mannequin for a Junior League fashion show; Local 1065 of the Pinmaker's Union wants a "starlet" to be photographed as "The Girl We Would Most Like To Get Stuck On." You are offered by your studio. You attend the banquet of Local 1065; you go through a pin factory, followed by a photographer.

You get a "bit" part in a colossal picture and are sent out on a personal appearance tour to help publicize the opus. You hit forty-two major cities in fifty days. Your ears ring with Southern accents, Northern accents, train whistles, sirens, airplane motors, the cries of autograph seekers.

You come home and test for seven successive parts; you find you are not the type. You cry yourself to sleep (and men have done this as well as girls) and the next morning you are called to test for the part of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." Pale and shaken, listless and disillusioned, you sleepwalk through the test. And—you get the part!

In this, your first big break, you are given every advantage. Everyone is pulling for you. The electricians (juicers) call you "Baby" and fuss about the lights on your hair. The make-up department knocks itself out to give your hair every attention and your make-up is specially designed to do the most for you. One of the best designers in the studio is assigned to execute your wardrobe.

The dialogue director spends hours with you, listening to every inflection—suggesting—coaching. The oldtimers in the cast, glorying in your break and welcoming you to the fraternity of the theater, give you sage advice. The star of the picture—probably a big name player—gives you every advantage. He is on your team.

If you are a man you might, like Gig Young, get your first big break opposite Bette Davis, and you might make a friend, as Gig has, forever. Bette still praises Gig at every opportunity. Or you might be like David Brian and find yourself working with Joan Crawford, one of the most generous stars in the business.

Even the director, whom you had seen before in the distance as someone awe-

some and frightening, turns out to be a kindly and affable man.

Before the picture is over you test for a part in a remake of "Smilin' Through," and you are set for the part. You walk around in a roseate daze. You are on your way. Without a test, you are cast as Beverly in a remake (with political significance) of "Beverly of Graustark." You are to be co-starred.

The newly launched star has the sometimes irritating, sometimes delightful experience of being recognized in public places. Youngsters will ask for autographs. Oldsters will occasionally stop someone like Frances Langford to say, "My boy saw you in the South Pacific just the week before he was shot down. He said you gave him the first real taste of home and fun he had known since he left the States. Thank you, ma'am."

You give your first interview. You are mildly apprehensive as you go to the studio. You don't know what to say, how much to enlarge upon your background and experience. You hope you will be able to think of anecdotes and you hope you won't say something which, if published, will make you sound absurd.

You will find, once the interview starts, that although some writers act like black widow spiders, most of them will prove to be journeymen newspaper people and responsible reporters.

At the end of your first year or thereabouts under contract, you—like every budding star in Hollywood—would have golden glimpses of the future. There might come a moment when you would see your name on a marquee in small type, under the huge name of a picture's stars. At this point you would subscribe to a clipping service (about \$7.00 per month) and some member of your family would start a scrapbook.

Stardom is earned by planning, perseverance, perspiration, patience, the power to believe, to hold steady, to pay off when the time is right, as well as by possessing talent and the training to showcase it.

Stardom pays off in professional satisfaction, prominence, a varying amount of financial success, and—since everything has its price—in unexpected obligations, in unpredictable heartaches and in goldfish exposure.

However, few are those who—having seen their names in lights—would give up the theatrical profession for any other calling on earth.

Perhaps you think that if you finally achieved recognition in Hollywood, all your troubles would be over. But the rising star faces many new problems. We'll tell you about them next month.

THE END

not yet—
but soon

"How a Star is Born" has brought too many queries to be answered by mail. At the conclusion of this series, Fredda Dudley will answer these questions in a supplementary feature.

Winter Gaieties

(Continued from page 70) will allow—and the skirt straight! Outside of that, there's no limit to the smart choices you can make in fabric, cut or detail. Jane Wyman makes a slick suit into a daytime wardrobe—with a jacket, vest and two skirts. The tailoring is mannish. Coat is brown suede-flannel that sometimes tops a brown and white striped skirt of slightly lighter weight wool. The other skirt is of matching brown flannel, slit for walking ease. With the monotone combination goes Janie's high-necked vest of soft wool checked in brown, tan, white and sporting a thin red stripe.

One of Ann Sheridan's favorites is slightly on the dressier side but a suit, nevertheless—and one that can go from morn till night—right through a dinner date. It's a yarn-dyed wool suit in deep gray, and the coat has a black velvet notched collar (that makes a nice background for jeweled or hunky lapel accessories). The color and type of this outfit gives limitless opportunities for colorful hats, bags, gloves, etc.

THE vogue is continuing for velvet—velvet and more velvet! At least a half dozen things you own can be converted, with little cost, into a brand-new wardrobe. How about a black velvet top (high or low necked) for that full-skirted, pastel last year's party dress? Or how about the reverse: A slim or full black velvet skirt for that dress that had such a flattering top that you hate to "let it hang"?

Even if you've got a raft of new clothes in other materials, the velvet accessories are your best buy. Wanda Hendrix does something really casual and cute by attaching a rather large black velvet change purse to the belts of brightly colored dresses, and just lets it dangle.

You can safely load up with any type of hat—but be sure it's small! So say Sally Victor and Hollywood's own Keneth Hopkins. Keneth is even bringing back the head-hugging turban! And plenty of tiny cap-type hats, worn toward the back of the dome. Some are fashioned of tiny velvet leaves (all colors) with bits of sparkling beads or sequins over them.

Liz Taylor and Irene Dunne went for lots of French duds while in Paris—examining just about everything that Fath, Dior or Balmain had to show. The Taylor gal bought four Balmain—among them an evening gown in pink wool mousseline, its bodice embroidered all over with varicolored pastel gem-like beads. A belt of gray taffeta and a gray taffeta scarf-stole lined with pink, go with this dress.

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini borrowed Joe Cotten's house for a dinner and dancing party for about sixty. Gals who think their gala gowns should remain long "in opposition" to the sudden rush for short evening dresses needn't despair. For Gene's white lace formal, designed by Oleg, swept the floor.

The weather remained warm enough this late autumn for Dinah Shore and George Montgomery to give another of those outdoor garden parties on the beautiful grounds of their valley rancho. Sipping and sampling the very informal buffet dishes (hot dogs, baby hamburgers, barbecued ribs and such) and strolling among the Montgomerys' massive old oaks were Claudette Colbert, the Bill Bendixes, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, the Charlie (Mocambo) Morrisons, the Johnny Greens (all over the place snapping people with their cameras) and Nancy Sinatra, looking like a doll in a chic but demure gray, tight-bodiced, full-skirted ballet-length dress. Greg Bautzer, present with-

out Ginger Rogers, disappeared like lightning when Joan Crawford (alone) arrived. Joan left early to pick up two of her kids and take them to the Vets Hospital at Long Beach to entertain the boys.

Believe us, amidst all the gaiety and fun of recent soirees, the seriousness of what's going on in the world isn't being forgotten by those who dine and dance. There is as much war-scare talk as there is small talk and lots of the stars, particularly the gals, have been discussing ways and means to organize campaigns that would, with the help of their propaganda, stop the senseless and unpatriotic hoarding of food and clothes by some scummy citizens.

JANET LEIGH, so long romancing with Arthur Loew, Jr., that everyone was sure they'd be altar-marching by now, has a new, terrific crush and vice versa. He's young actor Bob Quarrie and Janet brought him to a little get-together at our house. Janet and Bob never left each other's side the whole evening.

Joan Fontaine came without her best beau, Bill Gillette, because he hadn't arrived from New York on time. He's a radio exec. Sonja Henie and her Winnie couldn't talk of anything but the thousands of feet of color film that amateur-photog Winnie has made of her latest ice show. And you can bet you'll be seeing it on your TV screens soon. George Burns and his darlin' Gracie Allen, Dinah Shore and her George, the V. Johnsons and songsmith Jimmy McHugh were a few who midnight-suppered, sang and stayed with us till the small hours.

Marie Wilson and Allan Nixon (watch the boost his career will get from the hit-film "Pickup") dinner-partied for the Jack Kellers who were leaving for Honolulu as guests of the Jerry Lewises. The Dean Martins (golly! is she purty!), the John Lunds, Shelley Winters—who showed up with Scott Brady on their first date—Constance Dowling, just back from movie-making in Italy, with director Cy Endfield, were among the diners and charade-players at the Nixons.

Nancy Sinatra gave a big, old-fashioned hoe-down and greeted her seventy-five guests in the cutest calico dress, with little Nancy alongside in an exact replica. Everybody was seated for a wonderful Mexican dinner and boy! how they went for the "hot" food. Janet Leigh and Bob Quarrie (again!) won the prize as the best square-dancers and everyone had fun.

Lana Turner wore a strapless, tight bodice dress of silver and white brocaded satin topping (no pun!) several skirts of white net at a recent dancing party. Each must have been at least thirty yards around the bottom! Seemed to be wired out a bit at the hips—and oh, how it floated! Van Johnson and Roz Russell nearly knocked each other out jitter-bugging, plus Charlestoning. Vivien Leigh at the same party was simply gowned in a net dress of varying shades of violet, very full-skirted, floor-length. It was strapless over one shoulder, but over the other crept a "vine" of purple velvet leaves from the waistline up over the bust and shoulder—and down the back to the waistline again. Ginger Rogers was in white chiffon—full flowing floor-length skirt, with much draping and a huge, long, draped scarf that fell across her back and over her arms. Most elaborate gown was on Joan Bennett—a heavy white satin trimmed with countless vertical rows of narrow white lace and heavy masses of silver sequins and beads all over it. A fabulous bit of frippery, believe us!

THE END

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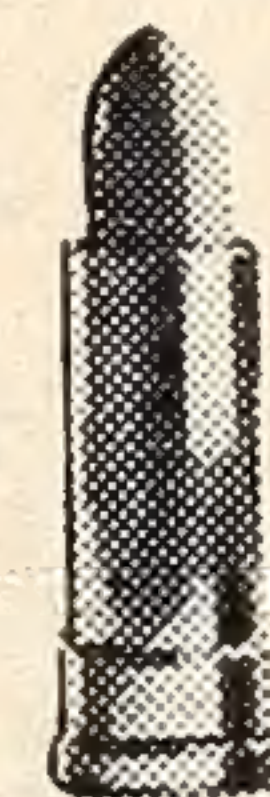
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(Continued from page 53) acutely unhappy. He is in that transitory state of a man who is reconciled and adjusting himself as sensibly as possible.

"When I talked with you and Elizabeth after your first trouble, you were both so sure you could make a success of your marriage," I reminded this tall, good-looking young song-and-dance man who is also making a name for himself as a fine actor.

"Not sure," he corrected. "Hopeful, and prayerful, perhaps, in spite of our better judgment. The first time we parted, I wanted to make up with Liz more than anything else in the world. There seemed too much invested in our marriage to break it up after the years we had spent together."

Liz had told me the same thing. In her cool social way, Dan's slim, blonde wife had told me, "I love Dan, and he loves me. We both love our little son. We're not the type of people who thrive on bickering. I want more than anything else in the world to reconcile with Dan. But it must be right!"

Trying to make it right between themselves took several months. During that time, Dan wooed his estranged wife as ardently as though she were a girl he had just met and with whom he had just fallen in love. He would call her for "dates."

So what had happened?

"Was the basic difference between your temperaments too much to weather?" I asked Dan.

"That is as good an excuse as any," he said with rare honesty. "Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that many things beyond our control happened to change us from the couple we had been eight years ago when we met and married."

I knew something of what he meant. Dan was not the big success then that he is now. He had plenty of time to spend with Elizabeth and with her friends, riding, yachting and yes, loafing. Because she comes of a rich and socially important family she never has known too much about the demands of hard work.

Then came the war and Dan was called to the service of his country. It was their first separation and both were miserable. Liz's friends told her it was wrong for her to stay home all the time and brood about Dan. He did not want her to, either. But men have a way of talking out of both sides of their mouths. They may say they want their pretty wives to enjoy themselves—but about ninety per cent of them would like the little woman at home all the time they are away.

When Dan came back from the war the

big breaks started happening in his career. His musical comedies with Betty Grable were sensational hits at the box office. More and more there were demands on his time, his attention and his interests.

I believe that Liz could never understand that the studio was spending a lot of time and money building Dan and so, when he was asked to do personal appearances, or to work late at night, or over weekends, he had a responsibility too. She had interests and friends which she thought as important to their happiness as Dan's career. Little by little the demands of Dan's fame became more irksome to her.

"How long were you and Liz happy after you went back together?" I asked.

"THE first few months were wonderful," he answered, "I was like a lover courting her all over again. We tried so hard to please each other. It was heaven."

"But the old problems came back. We began to lose patience. The misunderstandings, the petty bickering started all over again."

"I was typically masculine, I suppose. I don't think I'm a hard fellow to get along with—men seldom think that. Maybe I expected too much—but when a fellow works as hard as I do going from one picture to another, all he wants is for his wife to put her arms around him when he comes home and say, 'How are you, old boy? No matter what went wrong at the studio today, everything is all right now you are home.'"

"But, instead, we began to spend our evenings carrying on the disputes that had begun in the morning. Quarrels, quarrels, quarrels—little ones, then big ones. Almost everything we talked about brought on some sort of temperamental outburst from one or the other of us."

"I would accuse Liz of not being interested in my work. She would accuse me of having no interest in what she had been doing or in her friends. We were both right, I suppose—and both so wrong. It is only fair that you talk with her after this talk with me. I am sure she has her side that may explain our troubles."

But Liz would not discuss this separation. She told me the last time I talked with her, "I am interested, of course, and proud of Dan's success. But I cannot be content, as so many Hollywood wives are, to talk, eat and sleep nothing but pictures and what is going on at the studio."

Because I am the friend of many actors and am a Hollywood reporter, I have always felt that Liz believes I am more on Dan's side than on hers. I am sorry she

feels that way because I pride myself on always reporting both sides of any dispute, particularly anything as serious as the break-up of a marriage. Often I have been accused of being too much on the woman's side. Men, the best of them, are none too easy to live with and, believe me, it takes rare tact, understanding and the patience of Job to make a success of any marriage!

I am sure I startled Dan half out of his wits when I asked, suspiciously, "Does any other girl enter into this?"

He jumped, reached for a cigarette, lighted it and sat down before he exploded with, "No! Absolutely not! I can look you right in the eye when I swear to that."

"Like any other man, I am attracted by a pretty girl. But after a marriage has lasted as long as Liz's and mine, a man has a right to expect his wife will understand that he is not in love with every charming girl he may admire. I have never honestly been in love with anyone but Liz in all the time we were married."

"Oh, Dan," I said, "why didn't you and Liz try just extra hard when you feel that way about her and there is the love you both bear for the little boy? Why didn't you both try to pretend you were happy—maybe a miracle would have happened?"

"Let me tell you something, Louella," he said, seriously. "Several weeks ago my father was here to visit us. I felt I had rather die than for him to think that everything wasn't all right between Liz and me. She felt the same way."

"I can't tell you how wonderful she was all the time Dad was with us. You would have thought we were on our honeymoon. It must have been good—because he went away happy, never suspecting anything was wrong. But when the door closed behind him—we came to the awful realization that it was just an act! We had sincerely tried. But it just didn't work."

"We both realized that it was over, finished and done with between us. As sad as it was—and it was heartbreaking—we could no longer find happiness together."

Dan sighed ever so slightly. "After that, there were no more quarrels or scenes. No more hot words or slammed doors. No more sighs or tears. There was no longer any need to try. We had failed."

There were no big dramatics about the second parting. Dan did not immediately move from their home. He went out to dine with his friends. Liz was seen at different parties with hers.

Finally when Dan found a small apartment he moved out—and it was on the advice of his studio that he admitted the truth to me when I discovered he had moved away from home.

This time there will be a divorce. They are both coolly, calmly sure of that.

"What about the baby?" I asked.

"He's three years old now," said Dan, "and such a wonderful little fellow. He is the reason we both fought so hard to hold our home together. But it is not good for children to be raised in an atmosphere of unhappiness. Maybe it is better for him, in the long run, that he will see his parents at their best—and not at their worst! At least, I want to believe this is true."

Since I had this talk with Dan, I have seen him several times. Sometimes it is early in the morning, walking down to Delhaven's to have breakfast at the counter before reporting at the studio. Sometimes it is at night—with a party in a night club.

He seems lonely—like a man trying to kill time. But he does not seem tormented, restless and miserable as he did when he still hoped his marriage could be patched.

For better or for worse—the final chapter is ended on the Dailey marriage.

THE END

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